

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,040

NOVEMBER 2, 1889

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

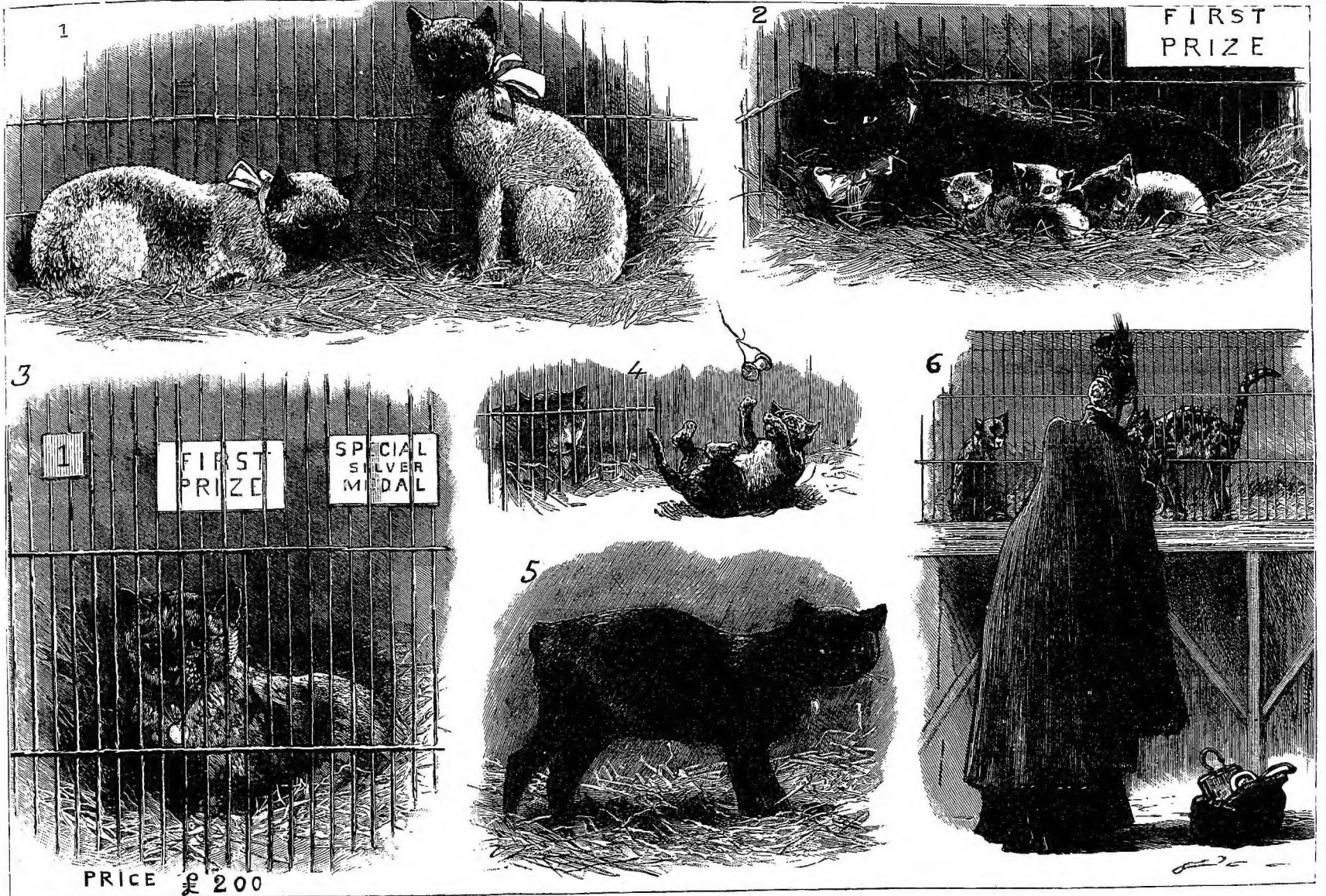
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,040.—VOL. XL.  
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1889

THIRTY-TWO PAGES  
AND EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



1. The Siamese  
2. Maternal Pride

3. The Tortoiseshell Tom  
4. "The Sports of Children satisfy the Child"

5. Manx  
6. "Absence Makes the Heart grow Fonder"

THE ANNUAL CAT SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE



THE GREEK ROYAL WEDDING—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AND PRINCESS SOPHIE AT VENICE ON THEIR WAY TO ATHENS



FRANCE AND GREECE. — The Greek marriage seems to have produced a very unfavourable impression on French politicians. They complain that Greece has forgotten her obligations to France, and has shown an unfriendly feeling in establishing an intimate relation between her reigning family and the House of Hohenzollern. It is true that the Greeks owe a considerable debt of gratitude to the French Republic. At the Berlin Congress M. Waddington exerted himself to the utmost on their behalf, and it is probable that, but for his efforts, the satisfaction of Hellenic aspirations might at least have been postponed. Gratitude has never counted for much in politics, but the French would have had a right to complain if Greece had done anything that could have tended to injure their national interests. It is difficult to see, however, in what way the marriage of the Duke of Sparta with the Princess Sophie can do the slightest harm to France. Greece has no wish to obtain anything that France possesses, or desires to possess, and, if she had such a wish, this marriage would not necessarily bring her nearer to the attainment of her object ; for the policy of nations in our time is determined by solid interests, not by dynastic alliances. The Duke of Sparta and his young wife are in every way well-fitted for one another, and their union has simply nothing whatever to do with any question by which France can be even remotely affected. But since the French, whether reasonably or unreasonably, feel rather bitterly about the matter, the statesmen of Greece ought to miss no opportunity of conciliating them. France has always been a good friend of the Hellenic kingdom, and no one can tell how soon difficulties may arise in the settlement of which her influence might be of priceless value. Greece cannot afford to allow so powerful an ally to be alienated by misunderstandings which may be dispelled by a little tact and courtesy.

SALVATIONISTS AT WHITCHURCH. — A great many people who do not often agree with Sir William Harcourt must have read with pleasure his sensible letter on the position of the Salvation Army in Whitchurch. A number of intolerant busybodies in that town have made themselves remarkably prominent by the persecution of the Salvationists. For no greater offence than that of beating a big drum and preaching to crowds in the open air, members of the Army have been dragged to prison, and a vast amount of unwholesome excitement has been stirred up among classes who, in the ordinary course of things, would have paid little heed to the doings of "General" Booth's eccentric soldiers. That the methods of the Salvation Army irritate a good many persons is certain; and it is not always easy to understand how those who delight in sensational appeals and frantic noises can have much opportunity of listening to "the still, small voice" with which religion is supposed to be intimately related. But, whether we like the Salvationists or not, the point is that they have a right to give effect to their ideas in their own way, so long as they do not cause real inconvenience to other people. Of course, if they obstruct the public highways, they must expect to be told to "move on," and to be punished in the event of their declining to obey lawful orders. But we do not understand that either in Whitchurch or elsewhere they desire to block the streets, or to annoy any one who wishes to have nothing to do with them. They are always perfectly ready to submit to regulations which are enforced in the case of other processionists and street-orators. This being so, it is monstrous that the law should be strained against them, and that they should be harshly treated. It is not by proceedings of this kind that England has won the reputation of being the freest country in the world. "Live and let live" must be our motto in dealing even with enthusiasts whose proceedings we dislike.



**AMERICAN WORKING WOMEN.**—A most interesting Report on the Working Women of the United States has just been issued by the American Commissioner of Labour. Most of the facts recorded were collected by women who served as agents of the Commissioner. These indefatigable inquirers interviewed no fewer than 17,427 women engaged in 343 industries in twenty-two of the chief American cities. The result of their investigations is to show that the circumstances of working women in the United States are not essentially different from those of the same class in our own country. In towns where the demand for the work of women exceeds the supply, wages are high; in towns where the conditions are reversed, they are low—so low that in multitudes of cases women have the utmost difficulty in making the pittance necessary to keep body and soul together. The closest resemblance to the position of

The largest assortment of Engravings in London in Stock  
GEORGE REES, 115, Strand (Corner of Savoy Street).

Office : 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

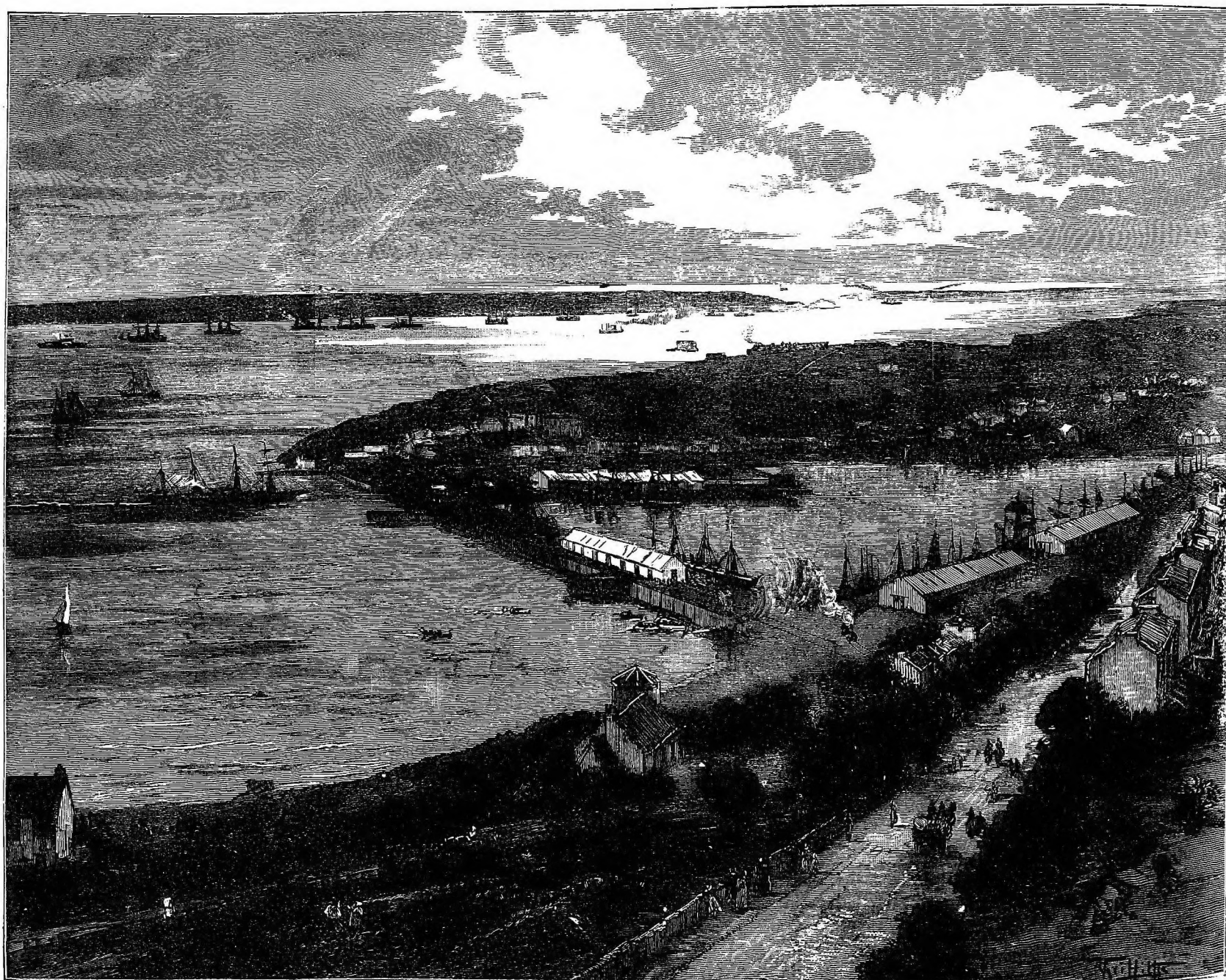


MAJOR LE CARON



MR. MICHAEL DAVITT ADDRESSING THE COURT

## THE RE-OPENING OF THE PARNELL COMMISSION AFTER THE LONG VACATION



THE NEW DOCKS AT MILFORD HAVEN, SOUTH WALES

*This new Atlantic port, by means of which the journey from America is considerably shortened, was inaugurated last week by the arrival of the Anchor Line S.S. "City of Rome"*





THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN VENICE—FEEDING THE PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S  
THE GREEK ROYAL WEDDING





## THE CRYSTAL PALACE CAT SHOW

ALTHOUGH the Countess de la Torre was not represented at the Show held on Tuesday and Wednesday last week, there was no lack of numbers. More than five hundred cats, together with kittens innumerable, sat in their cages, and received with silent dignity the attentions of the visitors. That is the peculiarity of Cat Show. Unlike dogs, the competitors make no noise, and take all the proceedings as a matter of course. That is, to say, the adults do; the younglings are full of restlessness and animation. In the cat-world there is an aristocracy of hair. Fluffiness is the criterion of merit; and the long-haired tabby, the fluffy Russian blue (which reminds one of "the rugged Russian bear," of the Jingo jingle) and its Persian cousin quite look down upon their smooth-haired rivals. Nevertheless, there were a good many of these latter on view, especially in the Working Men's Class, where good mousing qualities are more regarded than an elegant appearance on the hearth-rug. The fashionable cat to-day is the Siamese, which, with its black muzzle and fawn coat, resembles a pug-dog; of these there were several. Manx cats were in favour not long ago, but on this occasion their tale was short, for there were but two of them! Perhaps the greatest curiosity of the Show was a real Tortoiseshell Tom, a rarity which cat-fanciers regard much as stamp-collectors do a black penny V.R. English. However, it was not this cat upon whose head was set the prohibitive price of 1,000/. Needless to say there was no bid, but business was pretty brisk among the cheaper sorts, prices ranging from two guineas for a kitten to as much as 25/ for a "grown-up."

## PRINCESS SOPHIE AT VENICE

THE Empress Frederick, accompanied by the Princess Sophie (then the bride-elect, but now the wife of the Crown Prince of Greece) and her three other daughters, arrived at Venice at 3 P.M. on October 20th, *en route* for Athens. The Royal party were received at the station by the civil and military authorities, and escorted on board the chartered steamer *Imperatrix*, which started on the following Tuesday for Corinth. On the night of the arrival at Venice of the distinguished travellers the city was illuminated, and next evening there was a serenade.

## THE PARNELL COMMISSION

ON Thursday, October 24th, the curtain drew up for the last act of the long drama which is being enacted in the Royal Courts of Justice. Since the Commission opened, five hundred witnesses, save one, have answered nearly 100,000 questions; and the report of the proceedings fills more than six thousand foolscap pages, containing words to the number of nearly three million and a half. Mr. Murphy, Q.C., for the *Times*, has examined more than a hundred witnesses; Sir Charles Russell, for the Parnellites, has cross-examined 175. The proceedings began last week with Mr. Biggar's speech in his own behalf. The New Law Courts have not apparently the inspiring influence of St. Stephen's, and, after he had paid a few exceedingly left-handed compliments to the Attorney-General and Mr. Soames, Mr. Biggar was actually at a loss for words, and incontinently sat down. At no loss for words was Mr. Davitt, who followed, and, in spite of the presence in the court of Major Le Caron, whose appearance generally seems to have a disturbing influence upon the Parnellites, he spoke without interruption through Thursday, Friday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.

## MILFORD DOCKS

THAT splendid expanse of almost land-locked water, Milford Haven, is now provided with the indispensable adjunct of a set of first-rate docks, after severe vicissitudes of fortune had been undergone by the Company which undertook their construction. They have cost a million sterling; there is a graving-dock over 700 feet long; wet docks capable of receiving a dozen great liners at once; miles of quays; a railway running close to the landing-place; and, above all, the power of entering and leaving at any state of tide. At length everything was finished, and the contracts with steamship owners and the Great Western Railway were not only signed, but, on Thursday, October 24th, carried into actual performance. On that day, at 5.30 P.M., the Anchor Line steamer *City of Rome*, from New York, anchored at Dale Road, one of the many inlets within Milford Haven. She had on board 160 packages of luggage and 122 passengers, all of whom were members of Mr. Barnum's troupe, which is just about to open Olympia with "the Greatest Show on Earth." Having landed her passengers, &c., the *City of Rome* left for Liverpool. The train containing the passengers and baggage started for London at 10.20 P.M., and performed the journey to Paddington in a few minutes over six hours. Sanguine expectations are formed that for passenger, as distinguished from goods, traffic, this route to and from America will become popular, as it will save the fogs and difficult navigation of the Irish Sea. For passengers whose ultimate destination is London or the Continent Milford is very little further off than Liverpool, with the advantage of avoiding what is often the most unpleasant and dangerous part of the sea-passage.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT VENICE

AT 10 P.M. on October 15th the Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters arrived at Venice, and slept on board the *Osborne*, after having received the officials of the city. On the following morning they visited the Cathedral of St. Mark and the Ducal Palace. In the evening there were musical *fêtes* on the Piazza of St. Mark in honour of the Royal visitors, and on the following day, as depicted in our issue of last week, a water *fête* was held on the Grand Canal. On October 19th their Royal Highnesses left for Athens.

DR. JOULE

DR. JAMES PRESCOTT JOULE, who died on the 11th inst., at Sale, near Manchester, was born at Salford on Christmas Eve, 1818. Being a delicate child, he was educated at home, and at the age of fifteen was set to work in his father's brewery. But he and his brother were sent to learn chemistry from the distinguished chemist, Dalton, of Manchester; and an affection for science was thus implanted in young Joule's mind. At first he turned his attention mainly to magnetism and electricity, but he soon began to interest himself in heat, and as early as 1843 he promulgated his famous law of the mechanical equivalent of heat. It was this discovery, which has been of inestimable value in commercial as well as scientific undertakings, which made Joule's reputation, though many other important discoveries are associated with his name. Dr. Joule received the Royal Gold Medal of the Royal Society in 1852, the Copley Gold Medal of the same body in 1870, and the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts in 1880. In 1878 his services to science were recognised by Lord Beaconsfield, and he was given a pension of 200*l.* a year. But he lived a most retired and modest existence; even his death was not publicly known for several days

after its occurrence. Dr. Joule married in 1847 Amelia, daughter of Mr. John Grimes, Comptroller of Customs, Liverpool, by whom he had a son and a daughter. His wife died a few years after the marriage, but his children survive him.

SIR DANIEL GOOCH,

SIR DANIEL GOOCH.

CHAIRMAN of the Great Western Railway Company, died, after a protracted illness, on October 15th, at his Berkshire residence, Clewer Park, near Windsor, aged seventy-three. He was born August 24th, 1816, at Beddington in Northumberland, and it was his delight as a child to wander about among the machinery of the Beddington Ironworks. George Stephenson was a frequent visitor at his father's house, and it was at Stephenson and Pease's Forth Street Works in Newcastle that the young Daniel served his apprenticeship to practical engineering. He was employed in the locomotive works at Warrington under Robert Stephenson, when, at the early age of twenty-one, Brunel recommended him to the directors for the appointment of Locomotive Superintendent of the Great Western Railway, a post which he held for twenty-seven years. He at once took rank as one of the leaders of his profession. His "North Star," still to be seen at Swindon, is a marvel of symmetry and compactness, though made over fifty years ago. The engines that work the broad-gauge expresses to-day are practically unaltered from what they were when he put the first of the class, the "North Briton," on the road in 1846. Nor has their speed been bettered since that date. In 1864 Mr. Gooch retired from the service of the Great Western, in order to devote himself to the establishment of telegraphic communication between England and America. He and his associates succeeded, after many arduous struggles, and he was rewarded with a baronetcy. Soon after he was summoned back to the Great Western to assume the position of Chairman, the company being in imminent danger of bankruptcy. That it has emerged from this distressful plight and become one of the most prosperous of English railways is largely due to the upright and able management of Sir Daniel Gooch. For twenty years he sat in Parliament as member for Cricklade, but his real title to fame is centred in his connection with the G. W. R. Sir Daniel was twice married—first, in 1838, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Tanner, of Bishopwearmouth, by whom he had several children, including a son, Henry Daniel, born in 1841, who succeeds to the baronetcy; and secondly, in 1870, to Emily, daughter of the late Mr. John Burder, of Norwood, who survives him.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Hills and Saunders, Eton.

## THE NEW M.P. FOR BRIGHTON

THE seat left vacant by the death of Sir Tindal Robertson (C) was contested last Friday by Sir Robert Peel (G L), who polled 1,625 votes, and Mr. Gerald Loder (C), who polled 7,132 votes. The latter was therefore declared duly elected. Mr. Gerald Walter Erskine Loder is the fourth son of the late Sir Robert Loder, who was M.P. for Shoreham from 1880 to 1885, by his marriage with Maria, daughter of the late Mr. Hans Busk, of Culverden, Tunbridge Wells. The new M.P. was born October 25th, 1861 (so that he won his electioneering victory on his birthday), and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. He has been for some time Private Secretary to the Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie, M.P., President of the Local Government Board.—Our portrait is from a photograph by W. A. and H. Fry, 68, East Street, Brighton.

"THROUGH THE NEW WEST"—ON TOUR WITH  
THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA OVER THE  
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

ONE of the most enjoyable routes to America during the summer season is *via* the Straits of Belle Isle, across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec and Montreal. On leaving Moville, in the North of Ireland, by the Allan Line of steamers, one generally sights land on the other side in five days. Though these steamers do not go at the fancy pace of their sisters on the Queenstown-New-York route, they get out of the boisterous Atlantic into comparatively smooth water in much less time, and are exceedingly comfortable and well-officed. From Rimouski, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, where the mails are landed, and as far as Quebec, the scenery is one panorama of forest-clad mountains, land-locked bays, and rocky islets, with here and there small settlements nestling in the foot-hills. Arriving at the abrupt promontory whereon stands the Citadel of Quebec, the scenery begins to soften, and fertile lowlands stretch from either shore, studded with bright little villages and townships, surrounded with rich foliage, forming the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. On landing at Montreal I took train for Ottawa, where I joined the Governor-General's party on the journey through the New West—a journey over a continuous line, the longest stretch of railway in the world, a direct route from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The Viceregal train is composed of three carriages. Next to the engine is the Canadian and Pacific parlour and sleeping-car, "The Nagasaki," the interior of which surpasses any car I have yet seen on the American Continent for beauty of design and upholstery. The second carriage is used for baggage, stores, and as a dressing-room for the aides-de-camp. The third and last is the Viceregal car, christened "The Victoria." The forward part of this car is the dining-room, comfortably seating twelve persons. Partitioned from this is a kitchen; then come three bedrooms and a bathroom. In rear of the car is Lady Stanley's apartment, looking with large windows on to the track, and furnished with sofas, easy chairs, and all drawing-room requisites. All the carriages are connected in the usual fashion adopted with American trains, so that passengers can visit each other at will.

Though his Excellency had many loyal ovations at the various points of industries *en route*, it was not till Lord Stanley and party arrived at the "bull's-eye" city of the West—Winnipeg—that the reception took the form of a large organisation. A torchlight procession, in which the whole populace seemed to join, surged round the Viceregal carriage *en route* to Government House. No Governor-General has had greater demonstrations of loyalty and affection than were shown to Lord and Lady Stanley in this great Western centre. Though it was pouring with rain, and the streets were a foot thick with the tenacious Winnipeg mud, the cheering crowds plodded on a full two miles to Governor Schultz's residence, where his Excellency and Lady Stanley remained during the few days of their stay in the capital of Manitoba.

One of the most important functions, following the advent of the Governor-General into Winnipeg was the address presented by the Mayor and Corporation in the Court House, the interior of a building which is one of the wonders of the "mushroom city."

On leaving Winnipeg for Regina, we paid a visit *en route* to the Crofter Settlement near Saltcoats, where we found the majority of forty-nine families, mustering 280 men, women, and children, sent out by the British Government last spring. Small wooden houses were already erected for them on arrival, and implements and oxen given them to break up the ground. They had already broken up several acres, dug wells and made clearings to avert the terrible prairie fires. In one hut the family had brought its own spinning-wheel and loom, and the women were busy at work preparing for the winter, while their menkind were also preparing for the cold "snap" by plastering the exterior walls of their wooden shanties with mud. There were a few grumblers among the settlers, and there were men who seemed to be loafing while the women were doing the work;

but the majority seemed more than satisfied with what the Government had done for them, and had a bright, hopeful look on their faces.

"THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 533.

# A CHILDREN'S SCHOOL TREAT

MR. HERBERT JOHNSON'S life-like drawings will recall to many persons—both teachers and pupils—the experiences of the past summer, when such scenes as are here depicted were visible at every railway station. Unfortunately, during July and August, the two most favourite months for these events, the weather this year was very often the reverse of what was wanted by holiday-makers; nevertheless, the buoyant spirits of youth rise superior even to a downpour of chilling rain, and even the icy heart of a cynic might be melted by the shrill hurrahs and vehement wavings of flags and handkerchiefs which proceeded from the crowded railway carriages. And, in a soberer way, the mothers, too, enjoy the fun. Besides, when it is all over, the recollection stands out as a pleasant landmark in the sluggish current of every-day monotonous existence.

THE SETTLEMENT OF CAPE JUBY, NORTH WEST  
AFRICA

THIS part of Africa was first visited by Mr. Donald Mackenzie in 1876, with a view of founding a commercial settlement, and ultimately of opening up a route to the Western Soudan, and thus tapping the trade of that populous district. After examining two hundred miles of coast-line, Cape Juby was selected by Mr. Mackenzie as the most suitable place for the settlement, for it is the only safe harbour on the coast for hundreds of miles. It has the advantage of being near the Canary Islands, and possesses a splendid climate. In 1879 Mr. Mackenzie founded the settlement, but not without bitter opposition from Spain and Morocco—Spain, because the conqueror of the Canaries occupied a portion of the same coast four hundred years ago; Morocco, because she feared that a settlement south of that empire would, in the end, interfere with the slave traffic, and take away much of the Soudan trade. Notwithstanding opposition, Mr. Mackenzie was able to build a castle on the rocks at the entrance of the harbour, and another large house on shore. This was accomplished with the consent of the natives and Chief, who ceded to him the port and the surrounding land for ever. Spain, anxious to thwart these operations, took possession of five hundred miles of coast to the south of Cape Juby; but the natives killed many of the settlers, and the whole project was a failure. The trading operations at Cape Juby have suffered considerably from the opposition of the Moorish Sultan, and lately one of the managers at Cape Juby was killed. In consequence of their appeals for help Mr. Mackenzie consented to visit the place again, with a view to endeavour to readjust relations with the natives and reorganise the place. He left England on the 2nd of August, accompanied by Colonel Baron Lahure, of the Belgian Royal Army, and Lieutenant Fourault, of the Belgian Navy. These gentlemen reached Cape Juby on the 5th of September, and they were able, with Mr. Mackenzie, to make journeys to various places in the neighbourhood. In order to overcome all the difficulties by which the settlement at Cape Juby is surrounded, Mr. Mackenzie proposes to incorporate a large company, which would take over Cape Juby, and, with the native Chiefs, protect the whole country, and without delay open up direct intercourse with the Western Soudan through a healthy district. He hopes in this way to make Cape Juby a prosperous settlement, and bring the interior under the influence of commerce and civilisation. During Baron Lahure's stay at Cape Juby he made numerous sketches, three of which we engrave.

"The Port of Cape Juby with Castle and Shore."—This Castle, which is a very substantial building, was commenced in 1880, and completed in 1882. It is a splendid place of defence as well as a residence; the shore house is also a strong building useful for trading operations. The centre engraving represents the projected town of Tarfaya, which Mr. Mackenzie proposes to build at Cape Juby. A battery will be built at the entrance of the harbour, with a long mole or sea-wall on the top of the reef, which will improve the port to such an extent that it will be as secure as a dock for vessels. The proposed town will be surrounded by a wall like all Eastern towns. It will have the advantage of an excellent supply of water, and its genial and salubrious climate should attract many Europeans as well as native traders.

"Sahara, Delta of the Saghiet El Hamra."—The Great Delta of the Saghiet El Hamra was visited by Mr. Mackenzie and Baron Lahure, accompanied by some friends. This is a great branch of the Wadi Draa, which takes its rise in the Atlas Mountains. It runs to the south, passing near Tendouf; it then turns to the west, and reaches the Atlantic Ocean sixty miles south of Cape Juby; it is about three miles wide and about 200 feet deep, lying between it and the coast; there are several very deep depressions covered with salt which seem at one time to have been submerged by the sea. The lowest engraving represents Mr. Donald Mackenzie, Baron Lahure, Lieut. Fourcault, and their companions making a journey on camels to examine the country near Cape Juby, which, although without settled inhabitants, is very fertile and might all be brought under cultivation.—The portraits of Mr. Donald Mackenzie, Baron Lahure, and Lieutenant Fourcault are from photographs.

THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON

NOT "the" season this time. Even at Brighton the weather is not warm enough in October to tempt one into the sea. The machines have long since been drawn up high and dry, and the favourite occupation of some of the visitors is with them departed. It is a curious pastime, this, of watching the bathers; yet it is one which never seems to pall. Perhaps it may be the contrast. "Here am I," thinks the onlooker, "high and dry, warm and comfortable; and there is poor Jones, vainly endeavouring to swim with one leg on the ground, and telling Brown, who lingers on the steps of the machine, that it is 'qui-ite w-w-warm,' while Mrs. J., hanging on to that rope, is jumping up and down as if she were a marionette." But, whatever the reason, the fact remains, and in Mr. Barnes's picture we may see Jew and Gentile, old maids and young maidens, alike enjoying the curious spectacle.

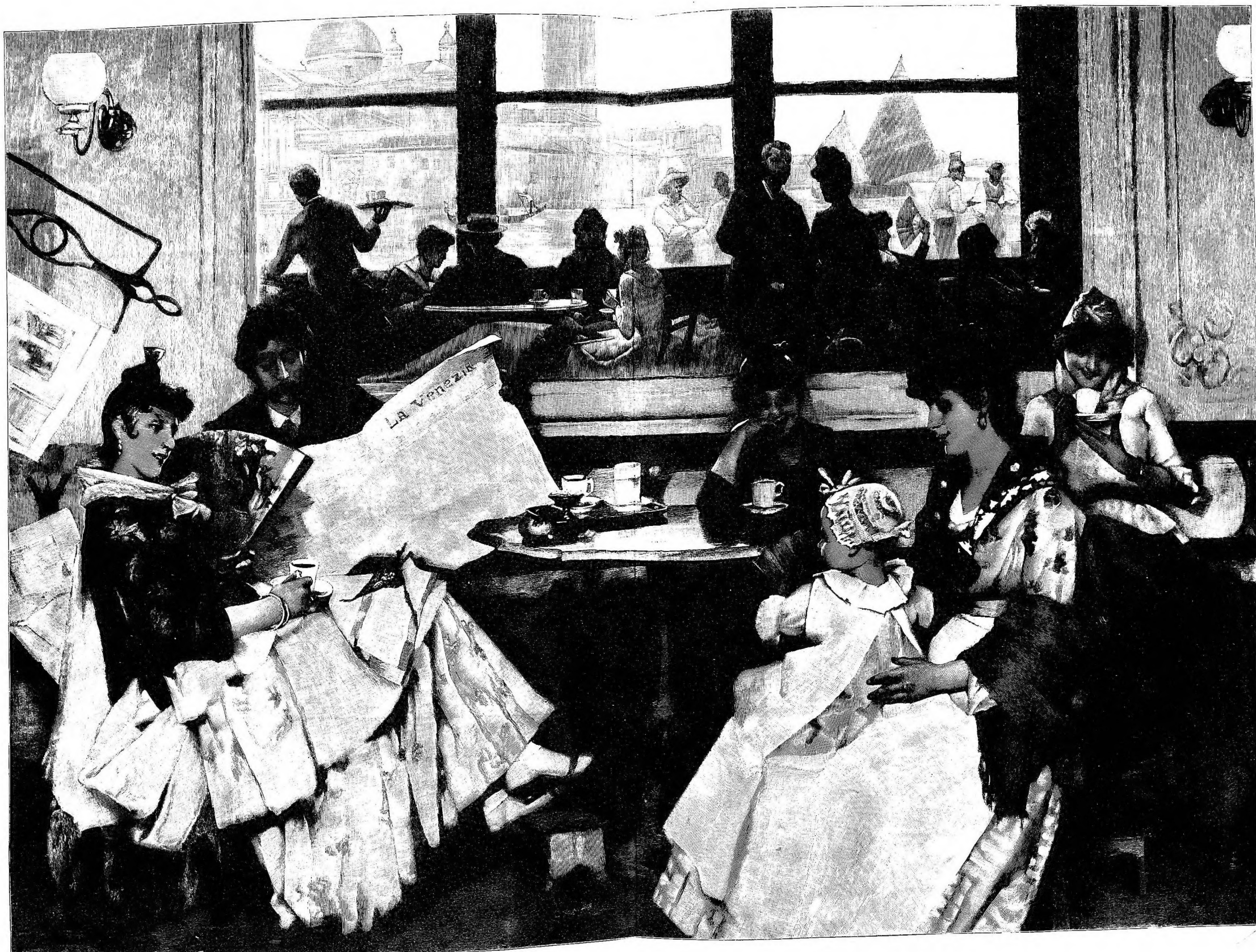
CUB-HUNTING

AND  
CONVICT LIFE IN WORMWOOD SCRUBS, V.

THE TERRIER'S STRATAGEM

THOSE who deny to dogs the possession of reason must admit that the instinct is often hardly distinguishable from the higher quality. The terrier in our pictures, for example, was a most Machiavellian animal. Like the fox which robbed the crow, he played upon his victim's vanity. He guessed that Rock, in his belief that nothing could go on properly without him, would for a moment forget his habitual Scotch caution, and drop his prize; and, as we see, his calculations were eminently successful. But we pity Bimbo if Rock gets the chance to pay off his old score, for dogs are sometimes revengeful as well as wily. We know of a case in which one dog, jealous of the attentions paid to another, deliberately drowned it.





FESTA, THE INTERIOR OF A VENETIAN CAFÉ  
FROM THE PICTURE BY S. MELTON FISHER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY



"FESTA"

VENICE, the unique, with its seventy-two islands, its network of canals, its ghostly gondolas, and its picturesque buildings, has, from time immemorial, been a favourite haunt for the artist fraternity. But whereas in former years painters devoted themselves chiefly to depicting the architectural glories of the Queen of the Adriatic, of late the human life of the canal-ridden city, under the influence and example of such men as Eugene de Blaas, Van Haanen, and Henry Woods, has exercised a still greater attraction. To this school belongs Mr. Melton Fisher's "Festa, The Interior of a Venetian Caffé," which was recently exhibited at the Royal Academy, and an engraving of which we have placed before our readers. The full title exactly explains the scope of the picture. It is not the everyday aspect of the café which is represented, but the holiday aspect, when more of the feminine and of the domestic element is present than on ordinary occasions. Those who know Venice will agree that Mr. Fisher has gone to Nature for his *dramatis personæ*; they are genuine Venetian types.

"THE SILENT FRENCHMAN."—A correspondent sends us the following extract from a contemporary:—"A curious incident in journalism happened on Friday last. An article appeared in *The Graphic* entitled, 'The Silent Frenchman and the Vivacious German'—a bold title, but one apparently justified. On the same day the *Times* printed a lengthy review of Arthur Young's travels in France in 1787, 1788, and 1789, and notes that there must have been 'one great change in manners' since those days. 'He (Young) complains continually of the unsociability and reserve of the taciturn company at public tables. With twenty or thirty at table there was no general talk, and everybody was inclined to mistrust a stranger.' 'Assuredly,' says the *Times* reviewer, 'nowadays there is no room for complaint of the kind when Frenchmen, and especially the *commis voyageurs*, come together in some provincial hotel; but this is exactly the complaint of the writer, 'J. B.,' in *The Graphic*; and, most strangely, it is of the provincial hotels and the *commis voyageurs* that he most complains. In fact, the writer of 1889 uses almost the same words as did Young in 1789 to describe the silent Frenchman. Probably the effect is from the same cause—the anxious times, when each man is inclined to distrust a stranger. But it is certainly a curious and striking coincidence that the two articles should have appeared on the same day."



POLITICAL.—There was a great display of political oratory on Tuesday, Lord Hartington speaking at Wolverhampton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer at Hull, Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, Mr. John Morley at Bristol, and Lord Ripon at Selby. Lord Hartington referred indignantly to such promises made by anti-Unionist leaders as Sir W. Harcourt's to the Welsh Liberator, that they should have Disestablishment in Wales if they would support Home Rule for Ireland. The holding out of "bait and bribes" was, he said, to import into what ought to be the highest regions of political statesmanship all the arts of the log-roller and the wire-puller.—Mr. Goschen replied to the boasts of the anti-Unionists respecting some of the results of recent by-elections, that during the last nine of these the Unionists had polled 32,000 odd votes against 27,500 Gladstonian votes. He made a novel and telling point when alluding to Mr. Gladstone's remark at Southport on the danger to European peace arising out of the disturbances in Crete. Turkey, Mr. Goschen said, had done for Crete exactly what Mr. Gladstone wishes to see done for Ireland; the Sultan had given Crete Home Rule, the only tie remaining between it and Turkey being that of a Turkish Governor-General, and the payment of a tribute to the Turkish Exchequer. It was not the oppression of Turkey that produced the Cretan disturbances, but a conflict between men of different races and creeds which had necessitated the despatch of an Imperial army to quell them.—Mr. Chamberlain explained the steps being taken to terminate the misunderstanding between Liberal Unionists and Conservatives in Central Birmingham, and said that during the whole of his political experience, by-elections had always gone against the Government which happened to be in existence.—Mr. Morley could find no more effective reply to the demand for a disclosure of the new Gladstonian scheme of Home Rule—which, after three years of incubation, must surely have been hatched by this time—than the assertion that the framers of the American Constitution shut themselves up for five months, keeping their own counsel, and did not come upon a platform and produce their scheme bit by bit.—Lord Ripon discovered a new argument for Home Rule in the 30,000 soldiers said to be now in Ireland, not one of whom, he said, could be withdrawn if England were engaged in a great Continental war.—On Tuesday, too, the Speaker temperately, but emphatically, protested against the "growing latitude of political expression," hoping for the application to political life of the rules of the old prize-ring, and the disqualification of the combatant who constantly indulged in vituperative language.

MISCELLANEOUS SPEECHES.—Opening the new reading and recreation rooms of an Institute at Saltney, a suburb of Chester, Mr. Gladstone delivered himself of a discursive address, in which comparatively little was said about reading and recreation, and a great deal about what had been done for the working classes since the childhood of the speaker. At the same time Mr. Gladstone incidentally dropped a remark tending to neutralise the impression, which much of the speech might have produced, that before his appearance in the world the History of England was a blank. "Do not," he said, "believe the people who tell you that the English Constitution began in the year 1800. It is as old as the hills. I shall not be charged with immoderate language if I say that it is about a thousand, or certainly five or six hundred, years since your English forefathers developed those grand fundamental ideas which now constitute the basis of English liberty."—Lord Derby when delivering the prizes gained at the Ormskirk Grammar School, which has been of late years so reorganised as to make it what he called "popular in the best sense of the word," remarked that while the upper classes have a system of education which suits them, and the children of the poor are better instructed than ever they were before, our weak point in educational matters is admitted on all hands to be the want of good secondary or middle-class teaching.—At the opening meeting in Edinburgh of the Second Congress for the Advancement of Art and its Application to Industry, its President, the Marquis of Lorne, delivered a very interesting address, in the course of which he held out as worthy of imitation the course pursued by the Municipality of Paris in spending very large sums yearly in decorating their public buildings with historical and national pictures. When, he asked, shall we hear of a Scottish baillie rising in his place in council and moving, as a matter of course, that sums be given to our own people to decorate our public places?

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at their usual weekly meeting on Tuesday, approved of the report of the Finance Committee,

recommending the creation of a stock of a million sterling at 2½ per cent. interest, 88 per 100 being the minimum price at which tenders for it will be received.—In regard to the application to Parliament for powers to widen the Strand, &c., already agreed to by the Council, as previously detailed in this column, a resolution was adopted, partly with a view to preserve the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, making that application to include one for powers to the Council to acquire the land and buildings on the north frontage of Holywell Street, with sufficient land and buildings on the north side of the church, and a portion of the enclosure at its west end, so as to form a practicable roadway with suitable frontage.

IRELAND.—Mr. Parnell's new Tenants' Defence Association was inaugurated on Monday at Thurles, in Tipperary. In a speech full of the usual abuse of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Smith Barry, the Chairman, Mr. Sexton, M.P., affirmed that the new organisation was to employ only "legal means." Tenants evicted for any cause were to be supported out of a fund raised by a levy of at least 3d. in the pound on the Poor Law valuation of each subscribing tenant's holding. Among the speakers was Dr. Tanner, M.P., who had just been released from Clonmel Gaol. He appeared to be in robust health, and was in full possession of his beard.—On Tuesday, the very day on which Mr. John Morley, at Bristol, was denouncing the procedure of the Irish Executive in the matter of the trial of the men charged with causing the death of Inspector Martin at Gweedore, nine of Mr. Morley's injured clients pleaded guilty to the charge of manslaughter, and Father M'Fadden, another of the alleged victims of Mr. Balfour's tyranny, at whose door the ill-fated Inspector Martin was murdered, pleaded guilty to the charge of obstructing the police.—At Tralee the Judge congratulated the Grand Jury on the improved tranquillity of Kerry, formerly one of the most disturbed of Irish counties. During the corresponding quarter of 1888, twenty-three persons were boycotted in this district; in the present quarter, only two.

JOTTINGS.—By the gracious permission of the Queen, Constitution Hill has been opened to the public for light vehicular traffic.—The South London Tramway Company have offered their malcontent conductors and drivers several important concessions, one of which would, in many cases, effect a reduction of nearly three hours in the working-day.—A movement is being started to institute some "practical memorial" in honour of the memory of John Howard the philanthropist, the hundredth anniversary of whose death occurs on January 20th, 1890.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his seventy-first year, of Lord Teynham, at one time a prominent advocate of Parliamentary Reform and the Ballot; in his ninety-fifth year of Lieutenant-Colonel Basil Jackson, one of the four survivors of the Battle of Waterloo, at which he was present on the headquarters' Staff—subsequently, for twenty years, Professor of Military Surveying in the East India College at Addiscombe; of Deputy-Surgeon Thomas G. Hewlett, whose latest services were those of Sanitary Commissioner of the Bombay Presidency; in his eighty-second year, of Mr. Charles H. Lattimore, who was associated with Richard Cobden and John Bright as a pioneer of the Free Trade movement; of Mr. William Burgess, one of our foremost pisciculturists, founder and proprietor of the Midland Counties Fish Culture Establishment; in his seventy-fifth year, of Mr. William Westgarth, author of several works on the Australian Colonies, among them the "History of Victoria;" in his forty-third year, of Mr. Arthur Stocks, a well-known artist and frequent contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy; in his seventy-seventh year, of Mr. Percival Leigh, a contributor to *Punch* from almost the commencement until his death, and author of "Mr. Pips, His Diary," the "Comic Latin Grammar," the "Comic English Grammar," &c.



THE PRIMATE concluded his second Visitation of the Canterbury Diocese by delivering at Croydon an address on Lay Work, in the course of which he repudiated as a misconception the notion that a lay Church worker should be as much a clergyman as possible, and be authorised to read such portions of the Church Service as the Litany. At a subsequent luncheon the Archbishop spoke of the desirability of providing, especially in towns, some sort of quiet amusement for boys and girls after they had left school. Innocent amusement, he said, was undoubtedly a great counteracting power to the evils of the present day.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, summing up a discussion on Socialism, while presiding at the Diocesan Conference at Leicester, observed that many of its advocates, while holding doctrines which were very dangerous, ought to be fully credited with nobility of motive and tenderness of sympathy with suffering. Christianity, however, he added, made no claim to rearrange the economic relations of men in the State and in society. It was his firm belief that any Christian State carrying out in all its relations the Sermon on the Mount could not exist for a week, which rather striking thesis he proceeded to illustrate in detail.

THE BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL, in his Charge at the Triennial Visitation of his Diocese gave a succinct account of the results which modern advanced criticism of the authorship and date of composition of the books of the Old Testament claims to have established. While treating them as in the main "rash assumptions," the Bishop said that they would not be without some measure of usefulness in stimulating a more careful study of the Old Testament and in necessitating the acquisition of a competent knowledge of the language in which it is written.

THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS announced to his Diocesan Conference that, having reached fourscore years, he felt it his duty to retire.—The St. David's Diocesan Conference have approved of a proposal to constitute a new See, to be called Brecon and Swansea, to have an endowment of 2,000*l.* a year, with episcopal jurisdiction over the present Archdeaconry of Brecon and the Deaneries of Gower. Towards the required amount sums equivalent to 1,400*l.* per annum have been promised, and the Bishop of St. David's intends devoting part of his income to the same object.

WITHIN the memory of middle-aged persons Hornsey has grown from a rural hamlet into a populous suburb. The old familiar ivy-covered church is about to be replaced by a new building which was to be consecrated this day (Saturday) by the Bishop of London. It will seat 1,250 persons, and has cost 15,000*l.*, of which 10,000*l.* has already been subscribed, Lord Magheramorne and Mr. G. Attenborough being among the principal donors. The pulpit has been erected by parishioners and friends as a special memorial of Canon Harvey and his wife. The Canon was Rector of Hornsey for more than fifty years, and was respected and beloved by every one with whom he came in contact.

MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE, an institution of Unitarian origin, has been transferred to Oxford, and has been opened in that former stronghold of orthodoxy. The Master of Balliol, Professor Jowett, was one of those present on the occasion. Dr. James Drummond delivered the inaugural address, in which he referred to

the College as "an open Faculty of Theology," and pleaded for the extension to theological inquiry of the freedom which in everything else was acknowledged to be the condition of progress.

THE "NONCONFORMIST" gives the text of an address, with the subsequent discussion, of a paper read at one of the sectional meetings of the Congregational Union at Hull, advocating "free and unappropriated sittings" in Nonconformist places of worship. The system of fixed pew-rents was generally condemned by the speakers.



THE TURF.—Primrose Day maintained her place at the head of the Cambridgeshire quotations up to the fall of the flag, but at no time was she a great public favourite. There was not much popular disappointment, then, when she was soon seen to be beaten. It was soon seen, moreover, that, barring accidents, Mr. Hammond's Laureate must win, and so it proved. Mr. M'Calmont's new purchase, Claribelle, was second, and Captain L. H. Jones's Theophilus third. The value of the stakes was only 1,310*l.*, but Mr. Hammond and his connections are said to have taken 60,000*l.* out of the Ring. The only other event of importance on this day (Thursday last week) was the Cheveley Stakes, in which Signorina, with 100 to 1 laid on her, made an example of her solitary opponent, Messilina. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes was set for decision on the following day. It had been hoped that in this event Amphion and Donovan would meet, but the Duke of Portland's "crack" was scratched. As it turned out, however, Amphion could not give the weight away, and the race fell to the Duke of Westminster's Ormuz. Fred Barrett did two fine pieces of riding on this day. In the Houghton Stakes he brought Baron de Rothschild's Vermilion with a rush, and just made a dead-heat of it with the Duke of Westminster's Blue-Green, ridden by his brother George; and in the Free Handicap he landed the game little Semolina a clever winner from Formidable and Margarine. The stakes were worth 375*l.*, and this victory brought the Duke of Portland's winnings during this year and last to six pounds over the hundred thousand.

There was some unimportant racing at Gosforth Park this week; and also at Croydon, where, by the by, the authorities have succeeded in persuading the Surrey County Council to reconsider the question of their licence.

FOOTBALL.—Preston North End have fallen from their high estate. We chronicled in our last issue their defeat by Derby County, and since then they have succumbed twice more—to Notts Forest, and (in a League match, too!) to Wolverhampton Wanderers. No doubt they will improve again later on, but at present they are certainly not the North Enders of old. In the other League matches Blackburn Rovers inflicted a heavy defeat upon Burnley, West Bromwich Albion had to give in to their old rivals Aston Villa, and Accrington and Everton played a draw.—In the Association Cup matches decided on Saturday, Swifts beat Casuals, who had earlier in the week succumbed to Cambridge University; Clapton beat Rochester, and Crusaders Old St. Mark's; while, after two hours' play, Old Brightonians and Old Etonians were unable to arrive at a definite result.—Rugbywise, Blackheath and Liverpool were equally unsuccessful in their brief tours North and South respectively. The Londoners were defeated by Bradford and Halifax, the Liverpoolians by Richmond and Oxford University. The Dark Blues have also defeated East Sheen. Leeds St. John, in their Irish tour, were defeated by Dublin University, but beat Lansdowne.—Following an example extensively set in the North, the *Evening News* and *Post* now publishes on Saturday nights a special football edition, giving the results of the matches played that day.

BILLIARDS.—The spot-barred match at the Aquarium last week between Peall and McNeill was well-contested to the last, but the first-named eventually won by 193 points. This week the players are Cook and Dowland. Roberts's season at the Egyptian Hall began on Monday. Giving North 1,600 in 4,000, spot-barred, he scored somewhat slowly, for him, on Monday; but on Tuesday he was in great form, and with several big breaks, the largest of which was 238, eventually won by 214 points.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There was an amusing scene at the Royal Aquarium on Monday night. Samson, "the strongest man on earth," has a pupil called Cyclops, who performs astonishing feats in the way of lifting heavy dumb-bells, &c., and his master offered to give 100*l.* to anyone who should rival his performances. On this occasion a young gentleman accepted the challenge, stepped upon the stage, threw off his evening dress, thereby exhibiting a magnificent physical development, and to Samson's manifest disgust, performed the feats even more easily than Cyclops, and, after some wrangling, secured the 100*l.* This (Saturday) night, the youthful Hercules, who is a Pomeranian, Herr Eugen Sandow, is to antagonise Samson himself.

A WATCH FOR BLIND PEOPLE has been invented in Switzerland. In the middle of every figure is a small peg, which drops when the hour-hand reaches the figure. The owner feels that the peg is down, and counts back to twelve to determine the hour.

LONDON MORTALITY continues low. The deaths last week numbered 1,310, being a decrease of 100 and 355 below the average, while the death-rate went down to 15.7 per 1,000. Scarlet-fever and diphtheria continue the most prevalent diseases, and the fatal cases of the former rose to 27 (an increase of 2), while those of the latter declined to 37 (a fall of 4). There were 22 deaths from whooping-cough (a decrease of 4), 21 from enteric fever (a rise of 10), 17 from measles (a decline of 6), 15 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 7), and 1 from typhus. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs decreased to 281 from 300, and were 125 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 49 deaths, of which 40 resulted from accident or negligence, 6 were suicides and 3 murders. There were 2,580 births registered, being an advance of 62, but 287 below the normal return.

GLOWWORMS.—The last few warm and moist nights have brought out the glowworms in hundreds along the hedgerows near Storrington, Sussex. The wingless female of this interesting species of *Lampyris* has the power of increasing or decreasing the intensity of the phosphorescent glow emitted from the last four sections of the abdomen, and it is generally supposed the winged male, when flying about in search of a mate, is thus attracted by the light. This light, when examined in the spectroscope, shows a continuous spectrum, without lines, and if the glow-bearing abdomen is separated from the body, it continues to emit light, not only in gases that will not support combustion, as carbon-dioxide, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c., but even in *vacuo*. The light-bearing insects of India, Mexico, and Brazil, as the firefly and lantern-bearer, are frequently used by the ladies of those countries as ornaments in their head-dresses; but we hope the British *Lampyris noctiluca* will not be made use of in a similar way by our fair ones.





DR. JAMES PRESCOTT JOULE  
Born December 24, 1818. Died October 11, 1889



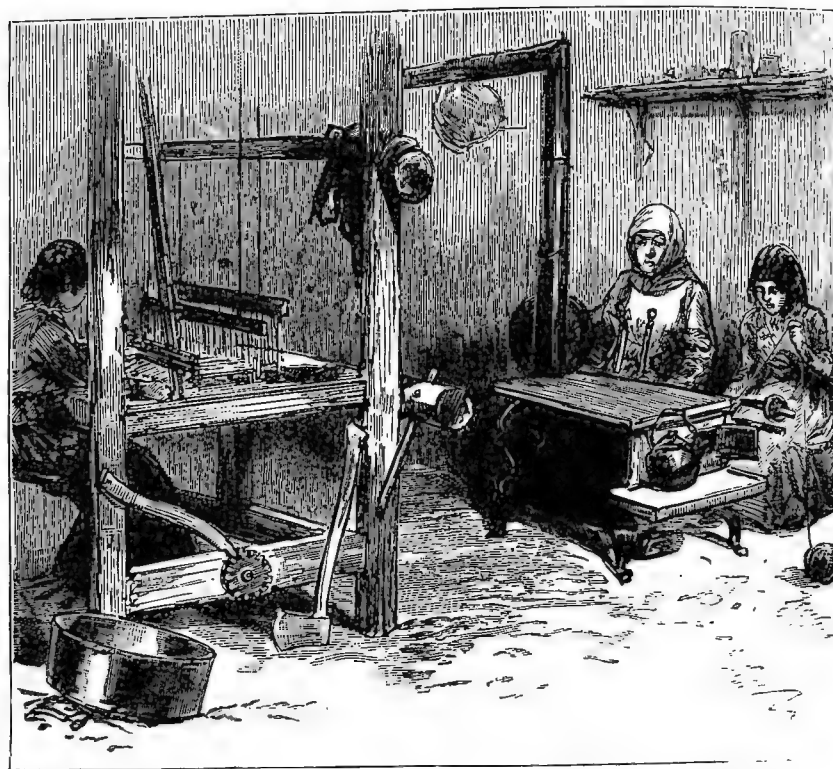
SIR DANIEL GOOCH  
Chairman of the Great Western Railway  
Born August 24, 1816. Died October 15, 1889



MR. GERALD LODER  
Conservative M.P. for Brighton



LORD STANLEY AND HIS FAMILY IN A DRAWING-ROOM CAR ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY



"THE CROFTER QUESTION"—INTERIOR OF A CROFTER'S HUT, NEAR SALTCOATS, NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES



THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN WINNIPEG—"ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW WEST"  
THROUGH THE "NEW WEST"—A TOUR WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

He knew a good many of the people in this slow-moving assemblage.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &amp;C.

### CHAPTER XVI. AN AWAKENING

LONDON is a dreary-looking city on a Sunday morning, especially on a Sunday morning in November; people seem to know how the hours are going to be, and lie in bed as long as they can; the teeming and swarming capital of the world looks as if it had suddenly grown lifeless. When Lionel got up, there was a sort of yellow darkness in the air; hardly a single human being was visible in the Green Park over the way; a solitary labourer, hands deep in the pockets of his overcoat, who wandered idly along the neglected pavement, had the appearance of having been out all night, and of not knowing what to do with himself, now that what passed for daylight had come. All of a sudden there flashed into the brain of this young man standing by the French window a yearning to get away from this dark and dismal town—there came before him a vision of clear air, of wind-swept waves, of an after-church promenade of fashionable folk in which he could recognise the welcome face of many a friend. He looked at his watch; there was yet time; he would hurry through his breakfast, and catch the 10.45 to Brighton.

But was there nothing else prompting this unpremeditated resolve to get away down to Victoria Station? Not some secret hope that he might perchance descry Lady Cunyngnam and her daughter among the crowd swarming on to the long platform? They had not definitely told him at the theatre that they were returning the next morning; but was it not just possible—or rather, extremely probable? And surely he might presume on their mutual acquaintance so far as to get into the same railway-carriage, and have some casual chatting with them on the way down? He had been as attentive as he could to them on the previous evening; and they had seemed pleased. And he had tried to arouse in Miss Honnor's mind some recollection of the closer relationship which had existed between her and him in the solitudes of far Strathavron.

When he did arrive at Victoria Station he found the people pouring in by shoals; for now was the very height of the Brighton season; besides which there were plenty of Londoners glad to escape, if only for a day, from the perpetual fog and gloom. And yet, curiously enough, although the carriages were being rapidly filled, he took no trouble about securing a seat. After he had gone down the whole length of the train, he turned, and kept watching the new arrivals as they came through the distant gate. The time for

departure was imminent; but he did not seem anxious about getting to Brighton. And at last his patience, or his obstinacy, was rewarded; he saw two figures—away along there—that he instantly recognised; even at a greater distance he could have told that one of these was Honnor Cunyngnam, for who else in all England walked like that? The two ladies were unattended by either man or maid; and as they came along they seemed rather concerned at the crowded condition of the train. Lionel walked quickly forward to meet them. There was no time for the expression of surprise on their part—only for the briefest greeting.

"I must try to get you seats," said he, "but the train appears to be very full, and the guards are at their wits' end. I say!" he called to a porter. "Look here; this train is crammed, and the people are pouring in yet; what are they going to do?"

"There's a relief train, sir," said the porter, indicating a long row of empty carriages just across the platform.

"You are sure these are going?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then we can get in now?"

The man looked doubtful; but Lionel soon settled that matter by taking the two ladies along to a Pullman car where the conductor at once allowed them to pass. It is true that as soon as the public outside perceived that these empty carriages were also going, they took possession without more ado; but in the meantime Lionel and his two companions had had their choice of places, so that they were seated together when the train started.

"It was most fortunate we met you," Lady Cunyngnam said, bending very friendly eyes on the young man. "I do so hate a crowded train: it happens so seldom in travelling in England that one is not used to it. Are you going down to Brighton for any time, Mr. Moore?"

"Mother," said Honnor Cunyngnam, almost reproachfully, "you forget what Mr. Moore's engagements are."

"Yes," said he, with a smile, "it is rather a cruel question. My glimpses of the sea and sky are few and far between. The heavens that I usually find over my head are made of canvas; and the country scenes I wander through are run on on wheels."

"But don't you think," said Miss Honnor to him (and it seemed so cheerful to be away from the London gloom, and out here in the clearer air: to find himself sitting so near this young lady, able to regard her dress, listening to her voice, sometimes venturing to meet the straightforward glance of her calm eyes—all this was a wondrous and marvellous thing), "don't you think you enjoy

getting away from town all the more keenly? I shall never forgive you in Strathavron: you were never bored like some of the other gentlemen."

"Each and every day was one to be marked by a white stone," he said, with an earnestness hardly befitting railway-carriage conversation.

"The wet ones, too?" she asked, pleasantly.

"Wet or dry, what was the difference?" he made bold to say. "What did I care about the rain if I could go down to the Avron or away up to the Geinig with you and old Robert?"

"You certainly were very brave about it," she said, in the most friendly way; "you never once grumbled when the sandwiches got damp—not once."

And so the three of them kept gaily and carelessly talking and chatting together, as the long train thundered away to the south; while ever and anon they could turn their eyes to that changing phantasmagoria of the outer world that went whirling by the windows. It was rather a wild-looking day, sometimes brightening with a wan glare of sunlight, but more often darkening until the country looked like a French landscape, in its sombre tones of grey and black and green. Yet nevertheless there was a sort of picturesque quality in the brooding sky, the russet woods, the purple hedges, and the new-ploughed furrows; while now and again a distant mansion, set on a height, shone a fair yellow above its terraced lawn. Scattered rocks swept down the wind and settled in a field. The moorhens had forsaken the ruffled water of the ponds, and sought shelter among the withered sedge. Puffs of white steam from the engine flew across and were lost in the leafless trees. Embankments suddenly showed themselves high in the air, and as suddenly dipped again; then there were long stretches of coppice, with red bracken, and a sprinkling of gold on the oaks. To Lionel the time went by all too quickly: before he had half said all he wanted to say, behold! here they were at Preston Park.

"You are at least remaining over until to-morrow?" Lady Cunyngnam asked of him.

"Well, no," said he, "I did not think of coming down until this morning, and so I had made no arrangements. I should think it hardly likely there would be a vacant bedroom at the Orleans Club at this time of year—no, in any case, I must get back by the 8.40 to-night."

"And in the meantime," she asked again, "have you any engagement?"

"None. I dare say I shall have a stroll along the sea-front, and then drop in for lunch to the Orleans."



"You might as well come down now and lunch with us," said she, simply.

Lionel's face brightened up amazingly: he had been looking forward to saying good-bye at the station with anything but joy.

"I should be delighted—if I am not in the way," was his prompt answer.

"Oh, Honnor and I are entirely by ourselves at present," said this elderly lady with the silver-white hair. "We are expecting Lady Adela and her sisters this week, however; and perhaps my son will come down later on."

"Are they back from Scotland?"

"They arrive to-morrow, I believe."

"And Lady Adela's novel?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about that," said she, with a good-humoured smile. "Surely she can't have written another novel already!"

When they got in to the station, a footman was awaiting them, but they had no bags or baggage of any description; they walked a little way along the platform and entered the carriage; presently they were driving away down to the sea-front. What Honnor Cunyngham thought of the arrangement, it is impossible to say; but the invitation was none of her giving; no doubt it was merely a little compliment in acknowledgement of Mr. Moore's kindness of the preceding night. However, when the barouche pulled up in front of a house in Adelaide Crescent, Mr. Moore had his own proposal to make.

"It seems so pleasant down there," said he, looking towards the wide stretches of greensward and the promenade along the sea-wall, where the people, just come out of church, were strolling to and fro; "every one appears to be out—don't you think we should have a little walk before going in?"

Honor Cunyngham said nothing; it was her mother who at once and good-naturedly assented; and when they had descended from the carriage they forthwith made their way down to mix in this idle throng. It was quite a bright and pleasant morning here—a stiff south-westerly breeze blowing—a considerably heavy sea thundering in and springing with jets of white spray into the air—the sunlight shining along the yellow houses of Brunswick Terrace where there were cheerful bits of green here and there in the balconies. Then the crowd was rather more gaily dressed than an English crowd usually is; for women allow themselves a little more latitude in the way of colour during the Brighton season; and on such a morning there was ample excuse for a display of sunshades. And was it merely a wish to breathe the fresh-blowing wind and to listen to the hissing withdrawal and recurrent roar of the waves that had induced Lionel to ask his two companions to join in this slow march up and down? Young men have their little vanities and weaknesses, like other folk. Rumour had on more than one occasion coupled his name with that of some fair damsel: what if he were to say now—Well, if you will talk, here is one worth talking about. He was conscious on this shining morning that Miss Cunyngham—the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother—was looking superb: he remembered what Miss Georgie had said about Honnor's proud and graceful carriage. He knew a good many of the people in this slow-moving assemblage; and he was not sorry they should see him talking to this tall and handsome young Englishwoman—who, also, appeared to have a numerous acquaintanceship.

"Why, you seem to know everybody, Mr. Moore!" she said to him, with a smile.

"You would think all London was here this morning—it's really astonishing!" he made answer.

Occasionally they stopped to have a chat with more particular friends; and then Lionel would remain a little bit aside; though once or twice Lady Cunyngham chose to introduce him, and that pleased him, he hardly knew why. But at last she said—

"Well, I think we must be getting home. Properly speaking we have no right to be in the Prayer-Book Brigade at all, for we have not been to church this morning."

Not unlikely the squire of these two ladies was rather loth to leave this gay assemblage; but he was speedily consoled, for to his inexpressible joy he found, when they got indoors, that there was no one else coming to lunch—these three were to be quite by themselves. And of what did they not talk during this careless, protracted, idling meal! Curiously enough, it was Nina, not Miss Burgoyne, who appeared to have chiefly impressed the two visitors on the preceding evening; and when Lady Cunyngham discovered that she was an old companion and fellow-student of Lionel's, she was much interested, and would have him tell her all about his experiences of Naples. And again Miss Honnor recurred to the difference between amateur and professional acting that seemed to have struck her so forcibly the previous night.

"Really, Mr. Moore," said she, "you must have an astonishing amount of good nature and tolerance. If I had complete command of any art, and saw a band of amateurs attempting something in it, and not even conscious of their own amateurishness, I don't know whether I should be more inclined to laugh or to be angry. I used to be amused, up there in Strathairn, with the confidence Georgie Lestrangle showed in singing a duet with you—"

"Ah, but Miss Lestrangle sings very well," said he. "And, you know, if Lady Adela and her sisters perform a piece like *The Chaplet*—well, that is a Watteau-like sort of thing—Sèvres china—force or passion of any kind isn't wanted—it's all artificial, and confessedly so. And then, when the professional actor finds himself acting with amateurs, I dare say he modifies himself a little—"

"Becomes an amateur, in short," she said.

"In a measure. Otherwise he would be a regular bull in a china shop. And surely, when you get a number of people in a remote place like Strathairn, the efforts of amateurs to amuse them should be encouraged and approved. I thought it was very unselfish of them—very kind—though they generally succeeded in sending Lord Fareborough to bed. By the way, Miss Cunyngham, did Lord Fareborough ever get a stag?"

For it was observable that this young man, whenever he got the chance, was anxious to lead away the conversation from the theatre and all things pertaining thereunto, and would rather talk about Strathairn, and salmon-fishing, and Miss Honnor's plans with regard to the coming year.

"Oh no," she said, "he never went out but that once, and then he nearly killed himself, according to his own account. We never quite knew what happened; there was some dark mystery that Roderick wouldn't explain; and, you know, Lord Fareborough himself is rather short-tempered. He ought not to have gone out—a man who has imagined himself into that hypochondriacal state. However, it has given him an excuse for thinking himself a greater invalid than ever; and he has got it into his head now that we all of us persuaded him to try a day's stalking—a conspiracy, as it were, to murder him. There was some accident at one of the fords, I believe. He came home early. I never heard of his having fired at a stag at all." And then she added, with a smile: "Mr. Moore, what made you send me such a lot of salmon-flies?"

"Oh, well," he said, "I thought you ought to have a good stock." How could he tell her of his vague hope that the Jock Scotts and Silver Doctors might serve for a long time to recall him to her memory?

"I suppose you have got the stag's head by now?" she asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed; and tremendously proud of it I am," he responded eagerly. "You know I should never have gone deer-stalking but for you. I made sure I was going to make a fool of myself—"

"I remember you were rather sensitive, or anxious not to miss, perhaps?" she said, in a very gentle way. "I thought of it again last night, when I saw you so completely master in your own sphere—so much at home—with everything at your command—"

"Oh, yes, very much at home," he answered her, with just a touch of bitterness. "Perhaps it is easy to be at home—in harlequinade—though you may not quite like it." And then once more he refused to talk of the theatre. "I am going to send old Robert some tobacco at Christmas," said he.

"I heard of what you did already in that way," she said, smiling.

"Do you know that you may spoil a place by your extravagance? I should think all the keepers and gillies in Strathairn were blessing your name at this very moment."

"And you go up in the Spring, you said?"

"Yes. That is the real fishing-time. My brother Hugh and I have it all to ourselves then: Lady Adela and the rest of them prefer London."

And then it was almost in his heart to cry out to her—May not I, too, go up there if but for a single week—for six clear-shining days in the spring-time! Ben More, Suilven, Canisp—oh, to see them once again!—and the windy skies, and Geinng thundering down its rocky chasm, and Aivron singing its morning song along the golden harlequinade of its shoals! What did he want with any theatre?—with the harlequinade in which he was losing his life? Could he not escape? Euston Station was not so far away—and Inverhin? It seemed to him as though he had already shaken himself free—that a gladder pulsation filled his veins—that he was breathing a sweeter air. The white April days shone all around him; the silver and purple clouds went flying overhead; here he was by the deep brown pools again, with the grey rocks, and the overhanging birchwoods, and the long shallows filling all the world with that soft, continuous murmur. As for his singing?—oh, yes, he could sing—he could sing, if needs were

*O lang, lang may his lady  
Look frae the Castle Doune,  
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray  
Come sauntering through the toon—*

—but there is no gaslight here—there are no painted faces—he has not to look on at the antics of a clown, with shame and confusion in his heart—

The wild fancy was suddenly snapped in twain: Lady Cunyngham rose; the two younger people did likewise.

"Now I know you gentlemen like a cigar or cigarette after luncheon," she said to Lionel, "and we are going to leave you quite by yourself—you will find us in the drawing-room when you please."

Of course he would not hear of such a proposal; he opened the door for them, and followed them upstairs. What were cigars or cigarettes to him when he had such a chance of listening to Honnor Cunyngham's low-modulated voice, or watching for a smile in the calmly observant hazel eyes? Indeed, in the drawing-room, as Miss Honnor showed him a large collection of Assiout ware which had been sent her by an English officer in Egypt (by what right or title, Lionel swiftly asked himself, had any English officer made bold to send Miss Cunyngham a hamper-full of these red-clay idioticities?) this solitary guest had again and again to remind himself that he must not outstay his welcome. And yet they seemed to find a great deal to talk about; and the elder of the two ladies was exceedingly kind to him; and there was a singular fascination in his finding himself so entirely *en famille* with them. But alas! even if he or they had chosen to forget, the early dusk of the November afternoon was a sufficient warning: the windows told him he had to go. And go he did, at last. He bade them good-bye; with some friendly words still dwelling in his ears he made his way down the dim stairs and had the door opened for him; then he found himself in this now empty and hopeless town of Brighton, that seemed given over to the low, multitudinous murmur of that wide waste of waves.

He did not go along to the Orleans Club; his heart and brain were too busy to permit of his meeting chance acquaintance. He walked away towards Shoreham, till a smart shower made him turn. When he got back to the town, the lamps were lit, throwing long golden reflections on the wet asphalt; but the rain had ceased; so he continued to pace absently along through this blue twilight, hardly noticing the occasional dark figures that passed. What was the reason, then, of this vague unrest—this unknown longing—this dissatisfaction and almost despair? Had he not been more fortunate than he could have hoped for? He had met Miss Honnor and her mother in the morning, and had been with them all the way down; they had been most kind to him; he had spent the best part of the day with them; they had parted excellent friends; looking back, he could not recall a single word he would have liked unsaid. Then a happy fancy struck him: the moment he got up to town he would go and seek out Maurice Mangan. There was a wholesome quality in Mangan's saturnine contempt for the non-essential things of life; Mangan's clear penetration, his covert sympathy, his scorn of mock-melancholy would help him to get rid of these vapours.

When Lionel returned to town a little after ten o'clock that night he walked along to Mangan's rooms in Victoria Street, and found his friend sitting in front of the fire, alone.

"Glad you've looked in, Linn."

"Well, you don't seem to be busy, old chap: who ever saw you before without a book or a pipe?"

"I've been musing, and dreaming dreams, and wishing I was a poet," said this tall, thin, languid-looking man, whose abnormally keen grey eyes were now grown a little absent. "It's only a fancy, you know—perhaps something could be made of it by a fellow who could rhyme—"

"But what is it?" Lionel interposed.

"Well," said the other, still idly staring into the fire before him, "I think I would call it 'The cry of the violets'—the violets that are sold in bunches at the head of the Haymarket at midnight. Don't you fancy there might be something in it—if you think of where they come from—the woods and copses—children playing, and all that—and of what they've come to—the gas-glare and drunken laughter and jeers. I would make them tell their own story—I would make them cry to Heaven for swift death and oblivion before the last degradation of being pinned on to the flaunting dress." And then again he said, "No, I don't suppose there's anything in it; but I'll tell you what made me think of it. This morning, as we were coming back from Winstead church—you know how extraordinarily mild it has been of late, and the lane going down to the church is very well sheltered—I found a couple of violets in at the roots of the hedge—within a few inches of each other, indeed—and I gave them to Miss Francie, and she put them in her Prayer-book and carried them home. I thought the violets would not object to that, if they only knew."

"So you went down to Winstead this morning?"

"Yes."

"And how are the old people?"

"Oh, very well."

"And Francie?"

"Very busy—and very happy, I think. If she doesn't deserve to be, who does?" he continued, rousing himself somewhat from his absent manner. "I suppose, now, there is no absolutely faultless woman; and yet I sometimes think it would puzzle the most

fastidious critic of human nature to point out any one particular in which Miss Francie could be finer than she is. I think it would. It is not my business to find fault; I don't want to find fault; but I have often thought over Miss Francie—her occupations, her theories, her personal disposition, even her dress—and I've wondered where the improvement was to be suggested. You see, she might be a very good woman, and yet have no sense of humour; she might be very charitable, and also a little vainglorious about it; she might have very exalted ideas of duty, and be a trifle hard on those who did not come up to her standards; but in Miss Francie's case these qualifications haven't to be put in at all. She always seems to me to be doing the right thing, and just in the right way—with a kind of fine touch that has no namby-pamby about it. Oh, she can be firm, too: she can scold them well enough, those children—when she does't laugh and pat them on the shoulder the minute after."

"This is indeed something as coming from you, Maurice!" Lionel exclaimed. "Has it been left for you to discover an absolutely perfect human being?"

"It isn't for you to find fault with her anyway," the other said, rather sharply. "She's fond enough of you."

"Who said I was finding fault with her?"—not likely I am going to find fault with Francie! Lionel replied, with sufficient good-humour. "Well, now that you have discovered an absolutely faultless creature, you might come to the help of another who is only too conscious that he has plenty of faults, and who is so dissatisfied with himself and his surroundings that he is about sick of life altogether."

Notwithstanding the light tone in which he introduced the subject, Mangan looked up quickly, and regarded the younger man with those penetrating grey eyes.

"Where have you been to-day, Linn?"

"Brighton."

"Among the dukes and duchesses again? Ah, you needn't be angry—I respect as much as anybody those whom God has placed over us—I haven't forgotten my Catechism—I can order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters. But tell me what the matter is. You sick of life?—I wonder what the gay world of London would think of that!"

And therewithal Lionel, in a somewhat rambling and incoherent fashion, told his friend of a good many things that had happened to him of late—of his vague aspirations and dissatisfactions—of Miss Cunyngham's visit to the theatre, and his disgust over the music-hall clowning—of his going down to Brighton that day, and his wish to stand on some other footing with those friends of his: winding up by asking, to Mangan's surprise, how long it would take to study for the bar and get called, and whether his training—the confidence acquired on the stage—might not help in addressing a jury.

"So the idol has got tired of being worshipped," Mangan said at last. "It is an odd thing. I wonder how many thousands of people there are in London—not merely shop-girls—who consider you the most fortunate person alive—in whose imagination you loom larger than any saint or soldier, any priest or statesman of our own time. And I wonder what they would say if they knew you were thinking of voluntarily abdicating so proud and enviable a position. Well, well!—and the reason for this sacrifice? Of course you know it is a not uncommon thing for women to give up their carriages and luxuries and fine living, and go into a retreat, where they have to sweep out cells, and even keep strict silence for a week at a time, which I suppose is a more difficult business. The reason in their case is clear enough; they are driven to all that by their spiritual needs; they want to have their souls washed clean, by penance and self-denial. But you," he continued—in no unfriendly mood, but with his usual uncompromising sincerity—"whence comes your renunciation? It is simply that a woman has turned your head. You want to find yourself on the same plane with her; you want to be socially her equal; and to do that you think you should throw off those theatrical trappings. You see, my dear Linn, if I have remembered my Catechism, you have not: you have forgotten that you must learn and labour truly to get your own living, and do your duty in that state of life into which it may please God to call you. You want to change your state of life; you want to become a barrister. What would happen? The chances are entirely against your being able to earn your own living—at least for years; but what is far more certain is that your fashionable friends—whose positions and occupations you admire—would care nothing more about you. You are interesting to them now because you are a favourite of the public, because you play the chief part at the New Theatre. What would you be as a briefless barrister? Who would provide you with salmon-fishing and deer-stalking then? If you aspired to marry one of those dames of high degree, what would be your claims and qualifications? You say you would almost rather be a gillie in charge of dogs and ponies. A gillie in charge of dogs and ponies doesn't enjoy many conversations with his young mistress; and if he made bold to demand any closer alliance, Pauline would pretty soon have that Claude kicked off the premises—and serve him right. If you had come to me and said, 'I am too well off; I am being spoiled and petted to death; the simplicity and dignity of life is being wholly lost in all this fashionable flattery, this public notoriety and applause; and to recover myself a little—as a kind of purification—I am going to put aside my trappings; I will go and work as a hod-carrier for three months or six months; I will live on the plainest fare; I will bear patiently the cursing the master of the gang will undoubtedly hurl at me; I will live on the plainest food, and sleep on a straw mattress'—then I could have understood that. But what is it you renounce?—and why? You think you would recommend yourself better to your swell friends if you dropped the theatre altogether—"

"Don't you want to hire a hall!" said Lionel, gloomily.

"Oh, nobody likes being preached at less than I do myself," Mangan said, with perfect equanimity, "but you see I think I ought to tell you, when you ask me, how I regard the situation. And to tell you, there is something very heroic—very impractically heroic—but magnanimous all the same—in your idea that you might abandon all the popularity and position you have won as a mere matter of sentiment. Of course you won't do it. You can't bring yourself to become a mere nobody—as would happen if you went into chambers and began reading up law books. And you wouldn't be any nearer to salmon-fishing and deer-forests that way; or to the people who possess these by birth and inheritance. The trouble with you, Linn, my boy, as with most of us, is that you weren't born in the purple. It is quite true that if you were called to the bar you could properly claim the title of esquire, and you would find yourself not further down than the hundred and fiftieth or hundred and sixtieth section in the tables of precedence; but if you went with this qualification to those fine friends of yours, they would admit its validity, and let you know at the same time you were no longer interesting to them. *Harry Thornhill*, of the New Theatre, has a free passport everywhere; Mr. Lionel Moore, of the Middle Temple, wouldn't be wanted anywhere."

"You are very worldly-wise to-night, Maurice."

"I don't want to see you make a sacrifice that wouldn't bring you what you expect to gain by it," Mangan said. "But, as I say, you won't make any such sacrifice. You have had your brain turned by a pretty pair of eyes—perhaps by an elegant figure—and you have been troubled, and dissatisfied, and dreaming dreams. If that is your conclusion and summing-up of the whole matter," Lionel said, with studied indifference, "perhaps you will offer me a drink, and I'll have a cigarette, and we can talk about something on which we are likely to agree."



"I'm sure I beg your pardon," Mangan said, with a laugh; and he went and brought forth what modest stores he had; and he was quite willing that the conversation should flow into another channel.

And little did Lionel know that at this very moment there was something awaiting him at his own rooms that would (far more effectually than any reasoning and plain speaking) banish from his mind, for the moment at least, all those restless aspirations and vague regrets. When eventually he arrived in Piccadilly and went upstairs, he was not expecting any letters, this being Sunday; and as there was on the table only a small parcel, he would probably have left that unheeded till the morning (no doubt it was a pair of ivory slippers, or a couple of ivory-backed brushes, or something of the kind) but that in passing he happened to glance at the note on the top of it, and he observed that the handwriting was foreign. He took it up carefully, and opened it; his carelessness soon vanished. This message was from Mlle. Girond; and it was in French.

"DEAR MR. MOORE,

"To day Mrs. Grey and I have called twice at your apartments, but in vain, and now I leave this letter for you. It is frightful, what has happened; Nina has gone, no one knows where; we can hear nothing of her. This morning when I came down to her room, she was gone; there was a letter for me, one for Mr. Lehmann, one for Miss Constance, asking her to be ready to sing to-morrow night, another for Mrs. Grey, with money for the apartments until the end of the month, and also there was this little packet for you. In her letter to me she asks me to see them all delivered; during the night she must have made these arrangements; in the morning she is gone! I am in despair; I know not what to do. Will you have the goodness to come down to-morrow as soon as possible?"

"ESTELLE."

And then mechanically he drew a chair to the table, and sat down and pulled the small package towards him: perhaps the contents might help to explain this extraordinary thing that had occurred. But the moment that he took the lid off the pasteboard box he was more bewildered than ever; for the first glimpse told him that Nina had returned to him all the little presents he had made to her in careless moments.

"Nina!" he said, under his voice, in a tone of indignant reproach.

Yes, here was every one of them, from the enclasped loving-cup to the chance trinkets he had purchased for her just as they happened to attract his eye. He took them all out: there was no later, no message of any kind. And then he asked himself, almost angrily, what sort of mad freak was this. Had the wayward and jealous Nina—forgetting all the suave and gracious demeanour she had been teaching herself since she came to England—had she run away in a fit of temper, breaking her engagement at the theatre, and causing alarm and anxiety to her friends, all about nothing? For he and she had not quarrelled in any way whatsoever, as far as he knew. One fancy, at least, never occurred to him—or, if it occurred to him, it was dismissed in a moment—that Nina might have had a secret lover—that she had honestly wished to return these presents before making an elopement. It was quite possible that Nicola Ciana, if he had heard of Nina's success in England, might have pursued her, and sought to marry so very eligible a helpmeet; but if the young man with the greasy hair and the sham jewellery and the falsetto voice had really come to this country, Lionel knew who would have been the first to bid him return to his native shores and his *zucchereilli*. Had not Nina indignantly denied that he had ever dared to address her as '*Aemina mia*,' or that his perpetual '*Antonietta, Antonietta*' in any way referred to her? No; Lionel did not think that Nicola Ciana had much to do with Nina's disappearance.

And then, as he regarded this little box of useless jewellery, another wild guess flashed through his brain, leaving him somewhat breathless, almost frightened. Was it possible that Nina had mistaken these gifts for love-gifts—had discovered her mistake—and, in a fit of wounded pride, had flung them back and fled for ever from this England that had deceived her? He was not vain enough to think there could be anything more serious, that Nina might be breaking her heart over what had happened to her; but it was quite enough if he had unconsciously led her to believe that he was paying her attentions. He looked at that loving-cup with some picking of conscience; he had to confess that such a gift was capable of misconstruction. It had never occurred to him that she might regard it as some kind of mute declaration—as a pledge of affection between him and her that necessitated no clearer understanding. He had seen the two tiny goblets in a window; he had been taken by the pretty silver-gilt ornamentation; he had been interested in the old-fashioned custom; and he had lightly imagined that Nina would be pleased—that was all. And now that he thought of it, he had to confess he had been indiscreet. It is true he had given Nina those presents from time to time in a careless and haphazard fashion that ought not to have been misunderstood—only, as he had to remind himself, Nina must have perceived that he did not give similar presents to Miss Burgoyne, or Estelle Girond, or anybody else in the theatre. And was Nina now thinking that he had treated her badly?—Nina, who had been always his sympathising friend, his gentle adviser, and kind companion? Was there any one in the world that he less wished to harm? He supposed she must have been angry when she returned these jewels and gewgaws: clearly she was too proud to send him any other message. And now she would be away somewhere—where he could not get hold of her to pet her into a reconciliation again; no doubt there was some hurt feeling of injury in her heart; perhaps she was even crying.

"Poor Nina!" he said to himself (little dreaming of the true state of affairs). "I hope it isn't so; but if it is so, here have I, through mere thoughtlessness, wounded her pride, and, what is more, interfered with her professional career. I suppose she'll go right away back to old Pandiani; and they'll be precious glad to get her now at Malta, after her success in England. Perhaps some day we shall hear of her coming over here again—as a famous star in Grand Opera; that will be her revenge." But I never thought Nina would want to be revenged on me."

And yet he was uneasy; there was something in all this he did not understand; he began to long for the coming of the next day, that he might go away down to Sloane Street and hear what Miss Girond had to tell him. Why, for example, he asked himself, had Nina taken this step so abruptly—so entirely without warning? How and when had she made the discovery that she had mistaken the intention of those friendly little acts of kindness and his constant association with her? Then he tried to remember on what terms he had last parted from her. It was at the theatre, as he patiently summoned up each circumstance. It was at the theatre, on the preceding night. She had come to him in the wings, observing that he looked rather vexed, and she had given him comforting and cheerful words, as was her wont. Surely there was no anger in her mind against him then? But thereafter? Well, he had seen no more of Nina. When Miss Cunyngham had come behind the scenes, he had forgotten all about Nina. And then suddenly he remembered that he must have been standing close by the prompter's box, absorbed in talking to Miss Cunyngham, when Nina would have to come up to go on the stage. Had she passed them? Had she suspected? Had she, in her proud and petted

way, resented this intimacy, and resolved to throw back to him the harmless little gifts he had bestowed on her? Poor Nina!—she had always been so wilful—so easily pleased, so easily offended; but of late he had rather forgotten that; for she had been bearing herself with what she regarded as an English manner; and in deed their friendship had been so constant and unvarying, so kind and considerate on both sides, that there had been no opportunity for the half-vexed, half-laughing quarrels of earlier days. He would seek out this spoiled child (he said to himself) and scold her into being good again. And yet, even as he tried to persuade himself that all would still be well, he could not help recalling the fierce vehemence with which Nina had repudiated the suggestion that perhaps she might let some one else drink out of this hapless loving-cup that now lay before him. "I would rather have it dashed to pieces and thrown into the sea!" she had said, with pale face, and quivering lips, and eyes bordering on tears. He remembered that he had been a little surprised at the time—not thinking what it all might mean.

(To be Continued)



MR. J. LOGAN LOBLEY, F.G.S., Professor of Physiography and Astronomy, City of London College, has just contributed to our knowledge of the great Neapolitan volcano a work entitled "*Mount Vesuvius*" (Roper and Drowley), which is a descriptive, historical, and geological account of the volcano and its surroundings. A book bearing a similar title, by the same author, appeared in 1868, but so much has been written on the subject since, that the author finds himself obliged to bring his work up to date, and thus what was a brief sketch is transformed into a formidable and handsome volume. In the interval between 1868 and 1889 much has been done for the elucidation of the problems involved in the earth's partial explosiveness. At the beginning of 1863, for example, Professor John Phillips issued "*Vesuvius*," a work which, while rich in classic poetry and ancient fable, gave an extended account of the volcano and its surroundings, as well as a history in considerable detail of its eruptive activity to the end of the preceding year. Since then we have the aural and ocular observations of Professor Palmieri, Mr. Mallet's introductory sketch, and Mr. Rodwell's descriptive lectures in *Nature*. There are other recent sources of information. Mr. Lobley has sought to combine all, and to give the latest sources of information on the subject, and to bring down the history of the mountain in a connected form through an interesting twenty years of its existence to the present time. He regards all the explanations of the causes of volcanic activity and its varied phenomena which have been advanced by previous authors as so admittedly unsatisfactory that in the eighth chapter of this work he formulates a new hypothesis in explanation of volcanic action, which theory we will not attempt to criticise. It is worth mentioning that in the appendix to "*Mount Vesuvius*" there are four contemporary accounts of the formation of Monte Nuovo brought together for the first time; the one by Simone Ponzio not having before been published in English. The work is lavishly supplied with maps and illustrations. There is that indispensable condition of usefulness and sign of care, a good index. Therefore we have small hesitation in coming to the conclusion that Mr. Lobley's volume will prove acceptable not only to the increasing number of Vesuvians, but to ordinary visitors to the marvellously interesting and attractive Neapolitan volcano.

We can congratulate Mr. J. A. Sparvel Bayly, F.S.A., on the pleasant fashion in which he has brought together odds and ends of research and information in "*New Studies in Old Subjects*" (Elliot Stock). His book is a neatly-bound, handy-sized collection of essays, treating of such subjects as "*Implements of War*," "*The Venerable Bede*," "*The Brewer and His Beer*," "*Mary Stuart*," "*The Norman Castles*," "*Old Pipes and Smokers*," "*Church Bells*," and so on. It will not be denied, therefore, that Mr. Bayly ranges over a wide field. We begin to doubt whether we have gained much by the introduction of repeating rifles when we are informed on the word of a great military authority, quoted by Mr. Bayly, that an English archer, who in a single minute was unable to draw and discharge his bow six times with a range of two hundred and forty yards, and who in those six times once missed his man, was very lightly esteemed. The author reminds us that James I. described smoking as "*a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black stinging fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless*." We have, too, the good old "*chestnut*" of Sir Walter Raleigh enjoying his pipe, and being "*put out*" by his faithful domestic, who thought he was on fire, with a tankard of ale.

Mr Marchamp Longway has been from "*London to Melbourne*" (Remington)—quite an ordinary event; and yet he writes a long book about it. An extract or two will show the imbecilities with which this book is crowded. They had Sunday service on deck in the Royal Mail steamer on which he was passenger. "As an instance of toleration on ship-board, I was amused at the case of a young Jewish lady who took her place as a member of the Protestant congregation when service was going forward. I was by her side, and can testify how well she behaved, and how diligent she was that all the places in the books should be pointed out to her in following the minister. It was only when a hymn was sung, where the words occur, '*Simply to Thy cross I cling*,' and hearing her so distinctly sing them, that I am afraid my conduct was not just what it ought to be. But every one knows how difficult it is to preserve the countenance in church when anything even approaching to a comical idea strikes one. I was exceedingly sorry for it on this occasion, for I made, in the first place, the poor girl appear to herself in a foolish light, and I may—though this I greatly doubt—have prevented the Church from gaining a convert."

A book of a very different type, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with the preceding, is that by Mr. Henry Montagu Doughty, author of "*Summer in Broadland*." It is entitled "*Friesland Meres, and Through the Netherlands: the Voyage of a Family in a Norfolk Wherry*." The North of Holland, as everybody knows, is only a greater Norfolk Broadland, and Mr. Doughty tried and proved, in company with four daughters, a son, a friend, one steward, and two sailor men, the capacity of Friesland Meres and other waterways to give passage and play to the sailing capacity of an East Country wherry. His craft was called the *Gipsy*. Like a house-boat on the Thames for size and comfort, she was yet safe, and fast and handy under sail. With other vessels of her kind, she could float in three feet of water, and could lead where nothing bigger than a boat could follow. The *Gipsy's* length was fifty-three feet, and her beam thirteen feet six inches. Her one mast, placed very far forward, is nearly as tall as she is long. As it is balanced in a tabernacle with a ton and more of lead, it can be raised and lowered by a child. Few bridges are too low for the *Gipsy*. Her rigging is of the simplest; there are no shrouds; but one sail, very high peaked, with an enormous gaff, to catch light airs over trees, and without a boom. The hull, moreover, is a very graceful model, and clinker built. Such craft have

been developing for centuries, and, as regards their special service, may be regarded as having almost reached perfection. Mr. Doughty tells us how they may be made to hold provisions for three months, and no end of conveniences. He and his family were bound from Yarmouth to Stavoren, whence they started on the charming water ramble, the description of which so agreeably fills the pages of this pleasant book. "*Friesland Meres*" contains two guide maps which are excellent, and an equally good store of illustrations.

We have before us the third volume of "*Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information: A Handy Book of Reference on All Subjects and for All Readers*." With numerous Pictorial Illustrations, and a Series of Maps. Edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., Editor of "*The Imperial Dictionary*." The present volume begins with "*Cone*" and ends with "*Firdusi*." Of course, in so compact a work there is no room for elaborate disquisition on each subject as in like ponderous tomes, as those of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" for example. The vocabulary, however, is judiciously and comprehensively extensive. If a man is a specialist he may, of course, come across terms not employed here; but this is scarcely likely to happen with the general public. To literary folk the work should be of great value, from its handiness, cheapness, and accuracy. There are abundant maps, and the definition in the work, when it is complete, will be supplemented by three thousand accurate and excellent wood-engravings.

The first volume of the *Scottish Art Review* is before us. It begins with the number for June, 1888, and ends with that for May, 1889. The volume is handsomely bound, is full of able and readable articles, and is richly adorned with highly-finished reproductions of pictures often of great beauty and attractiveness.



#### THE GROSVENOR GALLERY

THE managers of the Grosvenor Gallery might advantageously have confined their second exhibition of pastels within narrower limits, and fixed a higher standard for admission. But though they are rather overpowered by the mass of commonplace and uninteresting work about them, it contains many good drawings, and some of great beauty. Only a few of the members of the Société des Pastellistes Français, whose works formed the most important feature of last year's display, are exhibitors; but on the other hand several English artists of long-established reputation contribute drawings that suffer nothing by comparison with their pictures in oil or water-colour. The landscapes are less numerous, but of higher average merit, than the figure-pictures. None of them show more complete mastery over the technique of pastel than M. J. Aumonier's two pastoral scenes "*The Strayed Flock*" and "*October*." In neither of them is there any insistence on detail, but by reason of their finely-modulated tone and comprehensive truth of effect they convey a satisfactory sense of completeness. Mr. A. D. Peppercorn also appears to great advantage in a large drawing, "*The Cornfield*," evidently inspired by the example of Corot, and resembling that master's work in its felicitous rendering of vibrating light and vaporous atmosphere. Mr. R. W. Allan's "*Evening in Holland*," Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "*Twilight at Littlehampton*," Mr. C. Watson's "*Fisher-Boats*," and Mr. J. S. Hill's "*On the Blythe*," are capital examples of rapid outdoor work. In each of them an evanescent effect of light and colour is vividly suggested. Entirely different from these in motive, but excellent in their way, are the forest scenes by M. A. Nozal. Together with accuracy in the delineation of natural form, they have balance of composition and unity of design, the point of view from which the materials of the subject harmoniously combine being in every case chosen.

Mr. S. J. Solomon shows a great deal of power together with his accustomed tendency to exaggeration in his large study of "*An Amazon*." The foreshortened figure is well-designed, but the attitude is overstrained and the colour morbid. Far away the best rendering of the nude figure in the collection is a life-sized "*Étude d'Enfant*," by the distinguished French painter, M. Émile Lévy, who also sends a masterly and sympathetic study of extreme old age, "*Tête de Vieille Veuve*," and a portrait of a girl in Japanese costume, charmingly child-like in character and admirable in its quality and arrangement of colour. The well-known Belgian artist, M. Émile Wauters, has a bust-portrait of "*Hubert Vos*," full of vitality and executed with sure-handed dexterity and firmness. Of many large drawings by Mlle. Anna Bilinska, all marked by distinct individuality and artistic breadth of style, the very animated and expressive half-length, "*Un Gamin*," is the most striking if not the best.

A few only of the numerous portraits on a large scale by English artists can be regarded with entire satisfaction. The authors of some of them have pushed elaboration beyond the limits proper to the method, while many others seem to have aimed chiefly at making their works look like oil pictures. Mr. T. Blake Wirgman's "*Cécile*" is an excellent example of graceful female portraiture, remarkable for its breadth and simplicity as well as for its refinement of style. A half-length of a lady in white satin, with a book in her hand, called "*The Poet*," by a comparatively unknown artist—Miss Florence Small—shows, together with many other good qualities, a right sense of the capabilities and necessary limitations of pastel. The figure is correctly designed, naturally posed, and has an air of cultivated grace and refinement. The artist's full-length of a demure girl in a grey satin dress, "*The Little Quakeress*," is almost, if not quite, as good. The treatment of drapery in both pictures is thoroughly artistic. Mr. W. Holman Hunt contributes an interesting portrait of "*Robert B. Martineau*" in black and red chalk, executed nearly thirty years ago. Besides several other good drawings, Mr. J. McClure Hamilton has a small interior of "*Mr. E. Onslow Ford's Studio*," excellent in its rendering of light and colour, and combining completeness of realisation with breadth of style. Among the most noteworthy of the other small works are Mr. G. Clausen's half-length of a peasant girl, "*Little Rose*;" Mrs. E. Stanhope Forbes's group of rustic children, "*Hide and Seek*;" and a masterly sketch of "*Polar Bears*," by Mr. J. M. Swan.

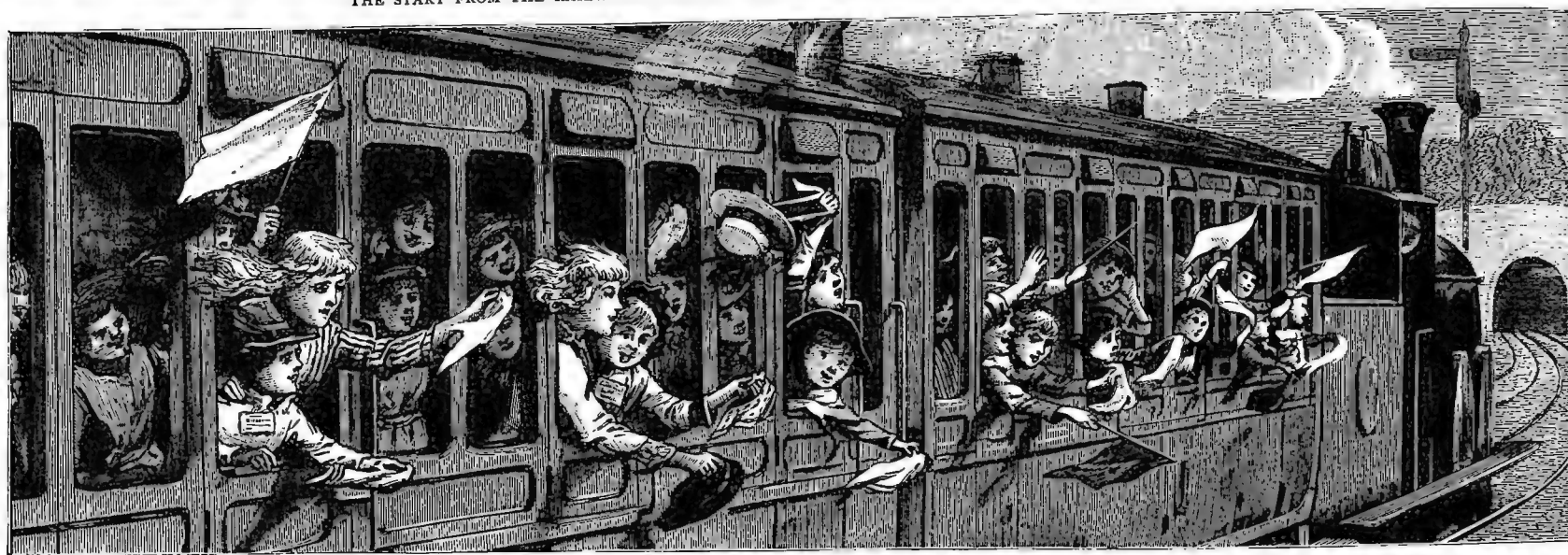
#### THE HANOVER GALLERY

THE Winter Exhibition at this Gallery contains a larger proportion of good works than most of its predecessors. Some half-dozen pictures by deceased painters of the French School constitute its chief attraction, but, among the recent productions, there are several of great merit. The largest of them—a triptych called "*Les Marchands de Craie*," by a Belgian artist, M. Léon Frederic—shows earnestness of purpose and great powers of realisation, but by reason of the depressing nature of the subject and the unpromising way in which it is treated, will not be regarded with much satisfaction. The coarse-featured, ill-fed men, women, and children, whom he has depicted pursuing the daily routine of their lives with a look of hopeless misery on their faces, are specimens of humanity of the abject kind, and he has modified none of their most repelling characteristics. By M. Paul Billet, there are two small Algerian views, unlike in style, as well as in subject, the kind of work by which he is best known, but excellent in their way. Several small landscapes by a comparatively unknown French





THE START FROM THE RAILWAY STATION. THE CHILDREN ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THEIR MOTHERS

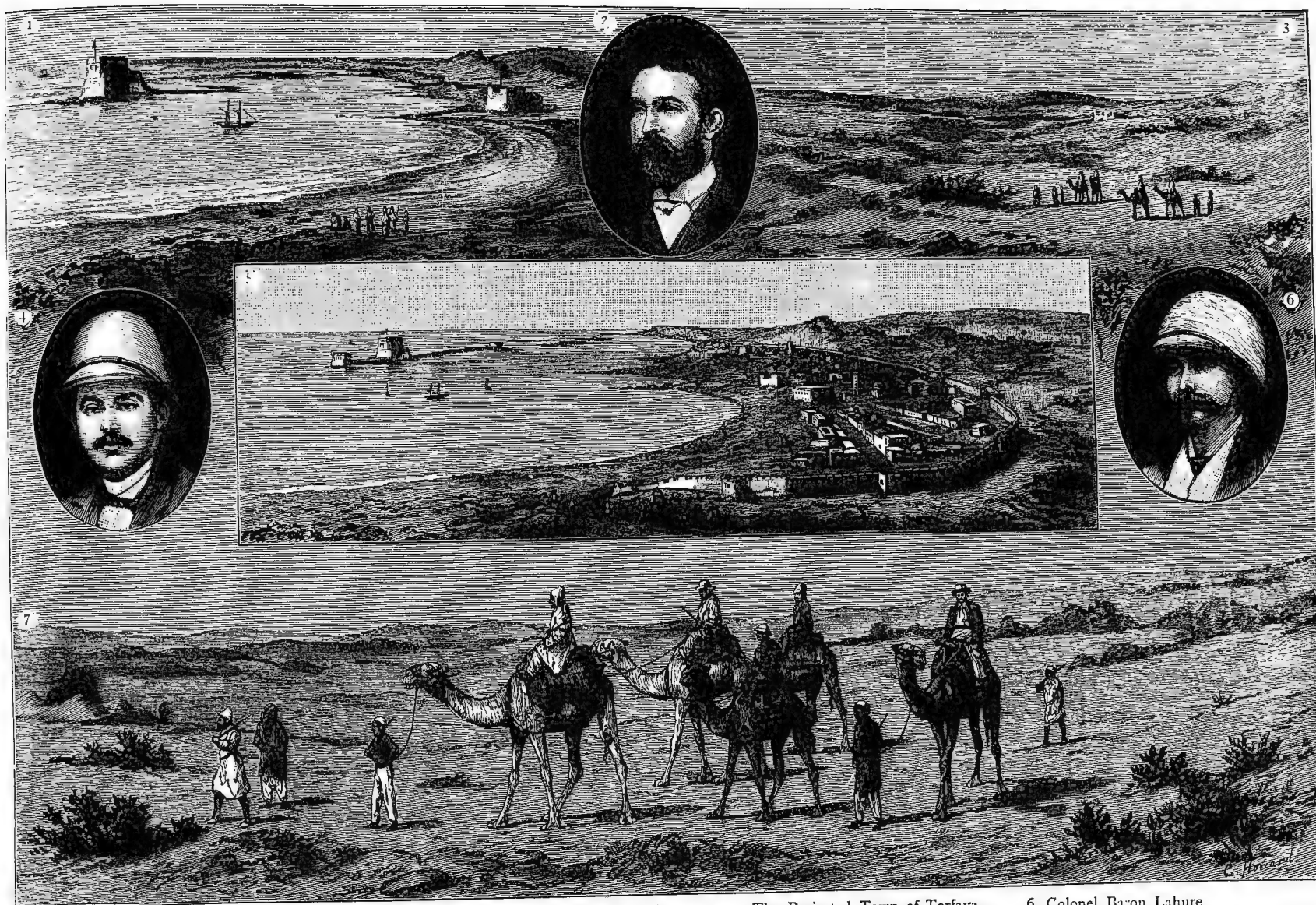


IN THE TRAIN ON THE WAY TO THE GREEN FIELDS—OFF AT LAST



RETURNING IN THE EVENING WITH THE SPOILS AFTER A PLEASANT HOLIDAY.  
A DAY IN THE COUNTRY—A CHILDREN'S SCHOOL TREAT





1. Port of Cape Juby  
 2. Mr. Donald Mackenzie, Founder of the Juby Settlement  
 3. The Dowrah Plain  
 4. Lieutenant Fourcault  
 5. The Projected Town of Tarfaya, Cape Juby  
 6. Colonel Baron Lahure  
 7. Travelling Through the Sahara

THE EXPLORATIONS AT CAPE JUBY, NORTH-WEST COAST OF AFRICA



WATCHING THE BATHERS FROM THE BEACH  
 THE SEASON AT BRIGHTON



painter, M. Maurice Lévis, show close observation of nature and great skill in recording transient effects of atmosphere and light; "Near Soisy," in which the appearance of strong wind is forcibly rendered, is a remarkably good work. The best qualities of Corot's art are seen in his large picture "The Hay Cart." It is beyond all comparison the finest landscape in the room. Jules Dupré's "Through the Orchard" is a good, but not first-rate example of his power as a landscape painter. Near it hangs a small interior "A Turkish School," by Decamp, low in tone, but luminous, and full of subtle modulations of subdued colour. Isabey's picturesque church interior, "The First Communion," though vague and undefined in form, is masterly in its treatment of light and colour. Troyon's "After a Storm," Courbet's "The Startled Fawn," and Ph. Rousseau's "Poultry," are excellent in their various ways.

MESSRS. BUCK AND REID, 179, New Bond Street, send us two engravings by Mr. Edward Slocombe. One is a mezzotint reproduction of Miss Maude Goodman's picture "On the Way," exhibited in the Royal Academy last year; and the other is an original etching, entitled "The Seine at Rouen." Both are excellent specimens of engraving work, but the latter will perhaps be the more popular of the two, as the subject is one which lends itself more to Mr. Slocombe's vigorous style.

*BIRDS OF SPORT—BLACKCOCK AND PTARMIGAN*

NOT till partridge-shooting has been well entered upon, and, in some districts, not till it has become lawful to fire at the pheasants, are young blackcock really ready for the gun. These birds may be shot as early as August 20th, but at that date they are not worth killing; and it was more than once suggested by a much-respected Scottish sportsman—now, alas! gone over to the majority—that the time for “commencing on” the blackcock, should be altered to September 12th, but even then the birds would scarcely be worth shooting, as they do not grow very quickly. Happily, good sportsmen leave the birds alone for a few weeks, till, in short, they have become strong on the wing, when, as a matter of course, they are better worth powder and shot. At the time for commencing sport, as at present arranged, if the season has been a backward one, it is not always possible to distinguish the sexes of the birds. As a shrewd old border-forester used to say, “they are only raw ‘gorbs,’ not worth looking at”—a true enough picture, their bodily progress being so slow. A “gorb,” it may be explained, is a bird that has been slower to feather than the others of a brood.

There are plenty of sportsmen who prefer blackcock-shooting to any other pastime. When a very keen Berwickshire laird, a capital shot, was told by an Alpine traveller of the glory and the peril which attend the hunting of the chamois, he said:—"You stick to your chamois, I prefer the blackcock; it is good enough for me, as it was good enough for my father before me," and doubtless there are many who hold similar opinions. Individual tastes differ in the matter of sport, as in other things; there are men who, if given the choice, would vote for a day at the rabbits, in preference to a day in a deer-forest. Other men, again, would sooner try their hand at pigeon-potting than partridge-shooting, and there are also those who give their whole soul to the "hunting of the hare."

Whilst in pursuit of the blackcock or his mate the greyhen, the sportsman—if he knows his business—fires at a mark he cannot well miss. In these birds there is at least surface, and, when bagged, they bulk well for the pot—but they are not quite so easy to shoot as some people think. In October, black game are good alike for sport and food—then they are probably at their best, and may be grassed by shooting over dogs, or by “picking the packs,” which may often be found on the stubbles fifty or sixty birds strong. October shooting is, as a rule, excellent, and can be wonderfully varied. I have seen in a part of Scotland where Highland heather ceases to grow, and Lowland stubbles begin, a place where there are “woods” and abundance of undergrowth, with a running rivulet of sparkling water, bags made that would satisfy the most exacting of game-hunters: three brace of grouse, a dozen of black game, five hares, four brace of partridges, a couple of plump pheasants, not to speak of eight or ten rabbits and many miscellaneous birds, and to two guns only, on a fine autumnal October day, on a pretty wide area of very varied ground.

The mate of the blackcock lays on the average seven or eight eggs, but nests have often been seen containing ten and, occasionally, eleven. It is not every one who can see a greyhen's nest, even when, as the shepherds say, "it is before their very 'een," it is a carelessly composed structure, or, perhaps it would be better to describe it as so artistically arranged, so in keeping with its surroundings, that only experts can find it without taking a great deal of trouble.

The place to look for the nest of "the good grey-hen" is a bit of scrub about a rocky spot sheltered by rank vegetation. The mother sits patiently, and, as a rule, every one of her eggs yields a chick, all of which are carefully nursed and tended, while being taught how to find their daily bread. First of all they are taught to eat insects and larvæ, and that they do greedily, after which, they are instructed to feast on wild berries and seeds of various sorts, as well as the tender buds of such trees as are within reach. Both parents fulfil their duty in protecting their young from the numerous enemies which would play havoc with the coveys, and many a time the "bold blackcock" has a stand-up fight with the remorseless raven or some of the birds of prey that eye the tender birds with hungry instincts. As has been indicated, the young ones are long in arriving at maturity, far longer for instance, than the chicks of the grouse, or even of the pheasant. When ready for the gun, the birds will be about four months old; and, young and inexperienced as they are, they afford a good deal of sport, and give some exciting work to persons who expect to make a bag of them without much trouble. Of late years blackcock, having unfortunately attracted the attention of the poachers, have been captured in large numbers, so that in some districts they are anything but plentiful; in Wigtownshire and also in the county of Dumfries hundreds are annually taken by illicit means and forwarded to the English markets, in which they meet with ready sale at a good price.

So much for the blackcock !

Ptarmigan afford plenty of work to industrious gunners, but they are "ill to kill," indeed, there are plenty of sportsmen who don't know the bird when they see it ; it may be likened somewhat to the chameleon—at all events it has had conferred upon it the power of looking at all times like something else, it may be, as it happens, either a stone or a snowball. Ptarmigan are found on the precipitous sides of the Highland mountains, and not seldom has the stalker of ptarmigan, whilst looking out with all his might for the prey he is in search of, been astonished to find the stones upon which he was about to tread take wings and flee away ! " Bless me," he will, perhaps, exclaim to his friend or attendant, " who would have thought of such a thing—there are the very birds for which we have been looking." Writing of these birds, a naturalist thus describes their habits :—" When squatted, they utter no sound, their object being to conceal themselves ; and if you discover the one from which a cry has proceeded, you generally find him on the top of a stone ready to spring off the moment you show an indication of hostility. If you throw a stone at him he rises, utters his call, and is immediately joined by all the individuals around which,

to your surprise, if it be your first *rencontre*, you see spring up one by one from this bare ground."

The difficulty which attend the sport of partridge-shooting, once upon a time, well illustrated by a well known Highland sportsman. Having some sporting friends staying with him, two of whom were determined to try their hands among the ptarmigan, he made a small bet with them that they would not bring home one bird of their own shooting, and he also betted he would send out a ghillie in two hours after they had started, who would assuredly not return with less than half-a-dozen birds (they were not plentiful in the district). The Highland sportsman won. The two strangers did not kill a single bird—the ghillie returned with seven to his own gun.

Ptarmigan are not greatly esteemed by epicures, they do not come up to the red grouse as table birds, but they make excellent soup, being first of all steeped for a brief time in boiling water, after which they can be cut into bits to be added to the stock previously prepared from grouse that have been "hashed" in the shooting. Foreign ptarmigan, "white grouse" they are sometimes called, are imported into this country in large numbers, and sold at a cheap rate; those who feel inclined can try the experiment of placing them on their tables in soup, or roasted and served on toast in the same manner as the common grouse. Blackcock or grey hen are undoubtedly best roasted, before a clear, sharp fire; they ought to be pretty well done, and they should not be too long "kept." To keep game of any kind till it is almost putrid, as was once the fashion, is now beginning to be "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance." Who that has eaten a fine fresh-killed pheasant, would again hark back to the "carrion" which some cooks have been in the habit of sending to table, accompanied by copious supplies of bread sauce to aid in disguising the flavour? The "Bird of Colchis" is an admirable order for the spit within five days after being killed, and no cook should keep it longer.

ELLANGOWAN

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

## II.

THE interesting Pen and Pencil series published by the Religious Tract Society are gradually making the tour of the globe, and have now reached the land of the Czar. "Russian Pictures" follows the same plan as its predecessors in presenting the salient features of country and people by plentiful illustrations and pleasant chatty prose. The canvas is rather cramped for an extensive subject like the Muscovite Empire, yet Mr. John Mitchell omits little of interest and importance, and packs a mass of facts into his limited space. His personal experiences of a voyage on the Volga, and Captain J. Buchan Telfer's account of the Crimea and Caucasus form the most taking chapters, while the headings, copied from antique illuminations, will please the student of decorative art. Russian history, however, with its long roll of saints and heroes, produces no such touching figure as the leper saint of Molokai, "Father Damien" (Sonnenschein), whose familiar history Frances E. Cooke tells to young people in simple, unaffected form. This record of a noble life ought to be in every parish library.

Historical tales are in the ascendant among novelettes for boys and girls, and several from the National Society would prove acceptable prizes. Miss Yonge contributes a picturesque and stirring sketch of Cheddar a century ago, "The Cunning Woman's Grandson," when the people of the Mendips were wild and superstitious till Hannah More and her assistants established schools and trained them to wise and steady ways. The character of the old witch—the cunning woman—haunting a cave in the Cheddar cliffs is most graphically drawn. Again, it was a witch whose "Banning and Blessing" brought such sorrow upon a noble family, though she mends her mischief in the end, as the author of "Mdle. Mori" depicts in a charming picture of rustic Devonshire life. Another trio of stories illustrate the horrors of civil war in England in olden days. King Monmouth causes sore trouble in "Fairmeadows Farm," where Mary H. Debenham contributes three such bewitching heroines that it seems cruel to kill one of them before her time; the young Chevalier tempts away the hero of "The Chalice of Carden" (Skeffington), leaving his lady-love to hunt for the wonderful chalice with its magic properties—a very ingenious story by Thomas Wright, but too long-winded and rambling; and the Chevalier's son, Charles Edward, spoils the peace of "Thorndyke Manor" (Blackie) till a loving sister unravels the web of treachery attractively described by Mary Rowsell. Instead of rebels, smugglers are the disturbing element in the next two volumes. They bring death and disaster on the secluded Devonshire homes, where two brave girls were left "In Charge" by Mary Palgrave (National Society), and they work tremendous mischief in "Cast Ashore" (National Society), by Esmé Stuart, until two sharp lads defeat their plots, and bring about a grand family reconciliation. The mutineers whom "Chris Derrick" (National Society) encountered on his father's ship were of the same reckless stamp as the smugglers, and were equally happily checkmated. This brisk narrative, by the author of "Starwood Hall," will much amuse the boys, together with G. Norway's entertaining record of Norwegian mariners cast away in the Arctic regions, "The Loss of John Humble" (Blackie). The trials and hardships borne by the seafarers are nicely balanced by glimpses of simple Swedish life.

After these exciting themes, thoughtful girls may like to be reminded of the more practical and serious side of existence. They can learn useful lessons of unselfishness and family concord from "Eveline's Key-Note" (Cauldwell), by E. C. Kenyon; of helpfulness to others from "Miriam's Ambition" (Blackie), by Evelyn Everett Green, and from "Crumbs from the Children's Table" (Cauldwell), by Mrs. Saxby; and of perseverance and the evils of vanity from "A Pair of Cousins" (National Society), by M. Bramston—altogether a quartette of sensible and interesting stories, without too much sermonising.—Damsels of the humbler classes will find "Maud Florence Nellie" (National Society), by C. R. Coleridge, a fascinating model, if they will copy her improvement and conversion into a trusted domestic, although they can hardly expect to be equally fortunate in discovering some lost jewels.—They will not care much, however, for the well-worn history of a scampish father and baby-child, "Rosie Dale" (Cauldwell), by Annie Gray.—Now Miss Meade can always interest children, and her "House of Surprises" (Hatchards) is most amusing for younger readers. It is only the old subject of a large family at the seaside during their parents' absence; but it is treated in an entirely novel and fresh fashion. Miss E. Scannell's pictures of the little ones are as pretty as Miss Meade's portraits in prose.—Very different from the English children are the American youngsters of "Yours and Mine" (Nisbet), whose experiences of moral difficulties Miss Anna Warren relates; but they have one point in common—they can all get into terrible mischief.

The boys have also their supply of sober books, but they are duller than the girls' share, and are liable to defeat their own excellent aims by making the good heroes prigs. This is the blot in the elaborate tale of good influence, "In Fellowship" (Cauldwell), by the author of "Brotherhood," which is cleverly worked out, and might otherwise impress lads just setting forth in the world. The same charge in a minor degree applies to "Edgar Berwick's Inheritance" (Cauldwell), by W. J. Lacy, which deals with the very seasonable subject of strikes, so that there is a much more natural and pleasant tone in "The Dunce of the School" (Cauldwell).

although Harriett Boulwood merely utilises a familiar theme of schoolboys' trials and quarrels.—Again the perplexities of the Church clerk, "Godfrey Hallam" (Nisbet), when thrown into close relations with a Dissenting preacher, are humorously told by the Rev. Jackson Wray, form much more wholesome reading than the portrait of that objectionable being, a religious hypocrite, drawn by Alfred E. Knight in "Twice Born" (Cauldwell). The latter author cannot be congratulated on his illustrations.—Temperance stories are generally acceptable for parish libraries, s; E. G. son, "Robin's Promise" (Wells Gardner), may be well recommended.—A companion volume of the same tendency, "Victims of Custom" (Simpkin, Marshall), by Emily Foster, is spoilt by its excessive intolerance.

Our list of annuals includes *The Century* and *St. Nicholas* (Fisher Unwin), *The Church Monthly* (Church Monthly Office), and *Young England* and *The Child's Own Magazine* (Sunday School Union).



MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S "Sant' Ilario" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.) is a continuation of the same author's by no means very recent "Sarracinesca," with which a previous acquaintance is, if not absolutely indispensable, very nearly so. And if the author is disposed to take too entirely for granted that his own abiding interest in Giovanni and Corona Sarracinesca will be shared by the world at large, no excuse is needed for his further contribution to Roman political and social history during the latter days of the Temporal power. That to him alone it is given to understand the Italian character, and that, as he sweepingly asserts, everything hitherto written on the subject is worthless, is an opinion likely to throw more doubt on Mr. Crawford's own trustworthiness as an interpreter than he deserves; for he is in reality an exceptionally capable guide, despite a conceit which now and then seems to suggest that to him alone, and for the first time, has been entrusted the complete comprehension, not only of national idiosyncracies, but of human nature at large. Accordingly he is unsparing with his psychological analysis, spending pages at a time upon the elaboration of some point which might with perfect safety have been taken for granted. Still, he is very far indeed from being of the school of American novelists who regard portraiture and motive as the whole field and scope of fiction. The plot of "Sant' Ilario" is strong enough to threaten tragedy; it makes the reader realise how long the medieval spirit outlived its conditions, and how truly Rome, until it became a mere commonplace national capital, seemed superior to time and change. Incidentally, Mr. Crawford does some tardy justice to the brave men who fought for the losing cause; and if the Garibaldiini appear in less heroic colours, by comparison, than usual, it is just as well for once to see things from the unconventional point of view. In short, the strength of the novel lies in incident and atmosphere; its weakness is in its portraiture, and more especially in the author's desperate attempt to engage sympathy for his favourite heroine, the hard, cold, entirely self-absorbed Corona. We are promised a yet further continuation of her matrimonial career under yet more troubled circumstances. Three volumes more of Corona sound alarming; but if they conclude the half-told love-story of Anastase Gouache and Faustina Montevarchi—two singularly sympathetic and human characters—they will be more than welcome.

and a human character, and, while the microcosm of "Leonora," by William V. Herbert (1 vol. : Ward and Downey), contains some remarkable situations. Mr. John Lyndhurst, a young gentleman of fortune, obtains a beautiful and charming wife by means of a matrimonial advertisement in the Paris *Figaro*, and is afterwards, oddly enough, surprised to feel obliged to suspect her of having had a story. In order to unravel the mystery he sets this discarded mistress to spy upon her—it is he who tells the story—and, after an exceptional amount of blundering, a tremendous scene is reached in which he, she, and the clergyman who murdered her first husband are brought together, and her secret and her innocence are revealed together. She shoots the clergyman, goes mad, and disappears; the clergyman, before he is quite dead, upsets a lamp which burns down the parsonage; the hero, if so he must be called, afraid of being charged with murder and arson, runs out and jumps into a passing luggage train. After this, it is almost time to follow his search for his wife, even though it includes an attempt to engage the Pope himself as a detective for a fee of 10,000*l.*, and though the last scene is one of suicide. As a warning against marriage by advertisement, "Leonora" has at any rate the merit of being thorough.

"An Odd Man's Story," by Isidore G. Ascher (1 vol.; Elliot Stock), is supposed to account for the eccentricity of a retired solicitor in having worn the same old coat for, as well as we can make out, at least a dozen years. The reason seems scarcely valid; since, as it was only because he had sewn a certain document into the lining so as to have it about him, there was obviously nothing to prevent his making a transfer to a new coat as occasion required. Elderly lawyers, however, are notoriously the slaves of sentiment—at least in novels; and "An Odd Man's Story" is nothing if not sentimental, the characters being all more or less creatures of impulse, whether for good or for evil. So far as its merits are concerned, it is one of that respectable class to which it is impossible to ascribe either praise or blame.

We some time ago noticed a sensational story of a mystery murder, and its detection, entitled "Police Sergeant C. 21," by Reginald Barnett, as being very much above the level of the shilling fiction to which it belonged in point of form. In "The Devil's Whisper" (Walter Scott) the same author has followed up this first success by another contribution to the romance of crime, of fully equal interest, and, it is gratifying to add, of higher artistic quality. He has not, on this occasion, been afraid to let his readers guess for themselves the secret which so completely baffled Inspector Black of Millbrook, and has thus enabled himself to give greater freedom to his talent for portraiture—a freedom which inevitably suffers when a secret obliges an author to make his character sail more or less under false colours. Of course we shall not assist those readers who are fortunate enough to be still unversed in the solution of mysteries by sketching his story, however slightly—a proceeding which would, in this case, be equally unfair to him and to them. In point of construction, the plot and its management would take a good place in the best French school in the matter of compression and precision; there is remarkable skill in constructing so intricate a drama by means of such a small number of characters, and without a single change of scene. The resulting interest is artistic, as well as strong, and the pleasure of perusal is not confined to the rapid succession of incidents and surprises, among which by no means the least is the unique humour of the conclusion. The story is of an essentially popular character, while of excellent literary quality.

Literary excellence is the special note of "The Story of Mulling,"<sup>17</sup> and to the three stories which follow it in the same volume, by C. R. Coleridge (Smith and Innes). They are presumably written for the young, with a special view to thoughtful girls who are beginning to feel themselves in touch with the problems of life; and perhaps it is almost hypercritical to suggest



that a little more concealment of the purpose and moral of each story would have rendered them more helpful still. If they have a fault, it is that they have too much the air of being sermons in disguise, with too little of the disguise. In all essential respects they merit the most cordial praise and welcome, especially as they are on the side of that healthy optimism, and that cheerful acceptance of daily duties, for want of which so many lives are running to seed in these days of self-worry.

### THE EIFFEL TOWER



EVERY ONE KNOWS, the Eiffel Tower is the event of the year. I believe General Boulanger himself to be less spoken of, written about, anyhow depicted or reproduced than that tremendous pyramid of heavy iron made light and airy by the astonishing genius of our engineers.

Now, my dear *Graphic*, let us have, in our turn, a chatter about that unavoidable subject.

Of course, it is no use to describe the "building" itself, nor the features of its organisation; everybody has read those things over and over again. Let us stick to the visitors' impressions, or life in the Tower.

The first lifts start from the different pillars up to the *première*, and to the *seconde plateforme*, every morning at ten; but the *queue* of visitors begins to assemble in front of the *guichets* at about nine o'clock. People who know Paris life are familiar with that dreadful necessity of always *faire queue* anywhere, when more than two persons intend to meet. Whether you wish to get into a 'bus, or into a theatre, to a railway booking office, or to any other public place, you cannot possibly "reach" without passing through long, wearisome, and ever-overcrowded files of double barriers, under some grave official's surveillance, and you must submit to the cruel bother the liveliest of nations endure with more patience than any cool far-away Northerner would do. *Faire queue!*



HERE YOU ARE, GENERAL! PLAN OF THE EXHIBITION, FIFTEEN CENTIMES, THREE SOUS

Now, let us take our places in the *queue*. This is interminable, and we shall have plenty of time for observing the International crowd, whose long-dreamt-of aim is the summit of the Tower.

First of all I notice that the foreigners who, of course, compose the majority, show as much patience as the Parisians themselves would do. In fact, they had been told by their home papers that to reach the top required about two or three hours, according to the time they began the ascent, and they courageously made up their minds to show themselves quite à la hauteur des circonstances! Some of them are reading a journal, or a "Tauchnitz edition" Bradshaw or Baedeker, or for making out the sheets of their pocket-book the painful balance of their expenses. A few are talking with their neighbours in an unheard-of sort of International *volapük*, inquiring about the time they will want, because of an appointment they have made, or the *restaurant* they ought to choose, on the *première plateforme*. A Scotch lady, who suffers from headache, declares that she is absolutely unable to look at the Tower to-day without running the risk of fainting, and gets her husband to postpone the ascent to another morning—which makes their followers in the *queue* loudly rejoice—for they advance one step nearer.

Well, here we reach the *guichet*, pay two francs, and after a short stay in another *queue*, we find ourselves sitting in the lift, which starts at once.

One cannot fancy the amount of odd reflections the climbers make during the short *voyage*. Most of the ladies are merely thinking of the danger, and try to recover themselves by chattering about their fears à tort and à travers.

Whereas a *mauvais plaisant* solemnly declares that if a chain were to break, the whole party would be smashed like a plate of potatoes, a spectacled Herr Professor emphatically asserts that all human precautions have been duly cared for and scientifically controlled, hence the absence of any risk to life; whereupon a grandiloquent intell ecile concludes, with general approbation, that all of this is a mere matter of chance.

In the meantime, the "one who knows" stands gazing through the windows, and admires both the Titanic cobweb through which the lift is being driven, and the wonderful panorama displayed under his feet.

In a few minutes we reach the first platform, after a peep into the cellars and the kitchens, built a storey lower than the grand floor. What a little world is this first platform! No end of people walking along the galleries, lunching in the *restaurants*, or waiting in the sempiternal *queue* for further ascent.

And nobody is tired, of course, except some valiant Alpinist, or inexhaustible youth, who scorned easy ways, and came by the staircase.

The bird's-eye view over Paris, with its finest parts on the foreground, the lovely river wrinkled by dainty *embarcations* and busy penny-boats—the striking amount of shady gardens and planted

avenues, and the bright scenery which frames all round the brightest of cities, is indeed magnificent.

On the upper platforms, of course, the panorama will show gradually larger and larger, but then its details, so pleasant to pick out and look at, gradually vanish, too, and the aerial sensation pre-



LUNCHING IN THE RESTAURANTS ON THE FIRST PLATFORM

vails, which makes an interesting contrast with former panoramic impressions.

Four big restaurants, with charming outside terraces, surround this first station of the ascending journey. The one fronting the Dôme Central of the Exhibition is thoroughly Parisian; the second is Russian, and the appropriate building of the same is truly original and elegant. This other one, fronting the Seine and the Trocadéro, with Mont Valérien and the pretty *banlieue* hills, in the background, is attended by nice-looking Alsatian girls in their becoming national attire. The last dining-room is termed "Anglo-American." During lunch-time the inside halls, as well as the outside terraces, of those restaurants are overcrowded with *consommateurs*, in whom the fresh breeze inspires "indefatigable" appetite and cheerful humour. The general impression one keeps of the *première plateforme* is exceedingly gay.



ADMIRING THE VIEW FROM THE SECOND PLATFORM

Now, up to the second one. Here we meet with a crowning surprise: the eager paper-readers, who, perchance, were wearying for fresh news, after having left their dear down-stair soil, can enjoy the treat of buying a "last edition," printed under their very eyes, at that vertiginous altitude.

The *Figaro* had the clever idea of establishing there a complete printing mill and a talented editorial staff, with the view of catching the public by their *côté faible*. In fact, the *Figaro de la Tour Eiffel* gives in its daily number the name and country of every visitor who applies for that purpose to its Tower Pavilion, and the *queue* in front of the same is all the day long an endless one.

Of course, the first thing the climbers do on the following morning is to purchase the number to look through it for their own names, and, if they are in it, to buy further copies and post them to their relatives at home in order to show them that they were there.

A good many tourists who never in their lives committed either crimes or verses feel poetically-minded as soon as they reach the second platform; and the consequence of that sudden disease is an innumerable series of enthusiastic, but silly, lucubrations, shamelessly entrusted to a babbling book, if not to the very iron walls, and eagerly published by the Tower's paper.

On this, intermediary floor, the crowd is still increasing in the famous *queue*, for one cannot reach the top gallery by means of a single lift. Some refreshments may be enjoyed *pour*



A FRENCH WAITRESS

*tuier le temps*, or to kill hunger and thirst. But the best things are — 1, a little penny book they sell you, containing many interesting particulars about the "marvel," lots of advertisements, of course, and the day's date printed on the cover, which latter makes this wee thing termed *dipôme d'ascensionniste*; 2, the little *ballons rouges*. These seem to furnish quite a favourite pastime. To each balloon is fixed a post-card bearing the printed notice that people who might happen to find it are respectfully requested to post it, wherever it be. For in tance, a friend of ours let such a little balloon loose, after having written on the card his own address in Paris. A

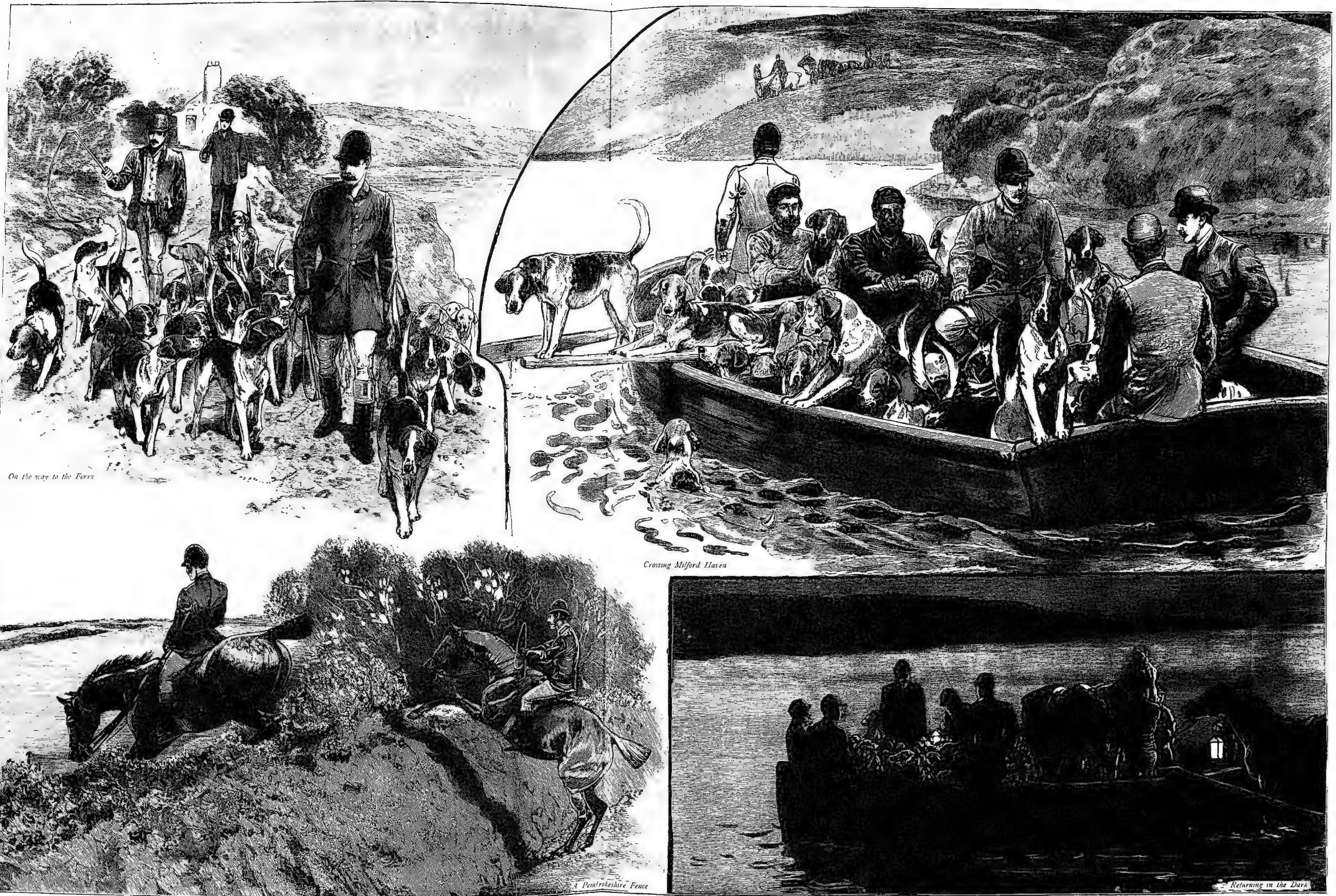


LETTING LOOSE SMALL BALLOONS, WITH POSTCARDS ATTACHED. FROM THE THIRD PLATFORM

strong west wind was blowing. The aerial messenger did not take rest until in the neighbourhood of Nancy. Somebody got hold of the exhausted traveller, read the courteous request on the card, and hastened to throw the same into the next pillar-box, which caused my friend to receive it again safely. Before posting the card, however, the witty Lorrain had written this: "Your card, *cher monsieur*, fell à nos pieds at the very moment I was giving a kiss to my *bonne amie*. It vexed me a little. Anyhow, as I gave her the kiss, never mind—I don't owe you any grudge."

At last, here we reach the upper platform! You, perhaps, fancy that all travellers quickly rush to the windows, greedily look at the wonderful panorama, or turn up admiring eyes to the heaven so much nearer? Nay! They first of all get a postcard and sit down on a bench to write to their friends or relatives, sometimes also to her. I should think all those cards, without a single exception, begin





On the way to the Ferry

Crossing Milford Haven

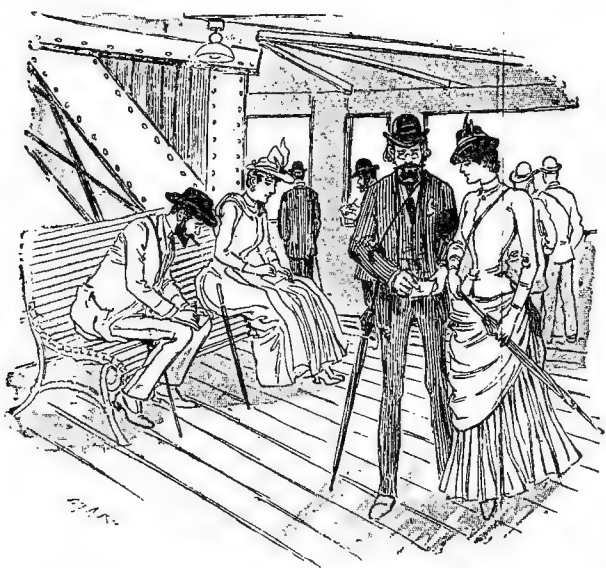
A Pembrokeshire Fence

Returning in the Dark

A DAY'S CUB HUNTING IN PEMBROKESHIRE

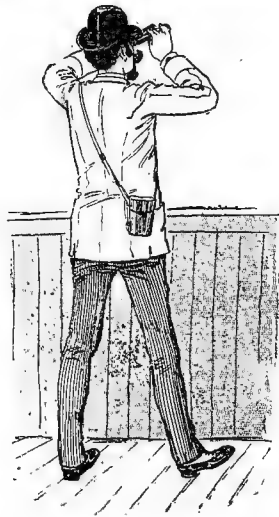


this way:—"I hasten to write to you from the top of the Tour Eiffel," and so on, giving a dithyrambic report of the panoramic marvels they have not looked at yet! As soon as the card is filled up, the tourist throws it into the Tower letter-box, and breathes more at ease, like a man who has accomplished his duty. Thus you may note the different categories of visitors—those who have come only



WRITING POSTCARDS ON THE THIRD PLATFORM

in order to be able to state (by their postcard) that they did so; these rush down with precipitation; the ladies who get nearly seasick from dizziness, and seek to leave without delay; the enthusiasts



A SOUTH-AMERICAN VISITOR

who remain gazing for hours through the *pour our* windows; the grumblers, who come up with their top-coats, expecting it would be very cold, and find it is, on the contrary, too hot. Yes, too hot—on account of all the windows being kept shut up against the wind. I must confess I belong to the friends of *grand air*—hence I am disappointed at not feeling myself free enough in the kingdom of birds!

Nevertheless, the spectacle from the top of the Eiffel Tower is really magnificent, and if the visitor did not meet, after every two steps, friends from his native land, who bring him back to the reality of his earthly imperfections, he might believe he was suddenly transported into the *céleste* of the Olympian gods!

"MARS"

#### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

AN attempt, to which we wish success, to popularise Wordsworth is made by Mr. William Knight and other members of the Wordsworth Society. It takes shape in a handy, neat volume of "Selections from Wordsworth" (Kegan Paul). Mr. Knight undertook the responsibility of fixing on the poems to be included in the book, and sent the list to members of the Society, who advised and suggested, or helped in the writing of notes. Among the gentlemen who thus aided him were Mr. Browning, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Lord Coleridge, Mr. Russell Lowell, Lord Selborne, and others equally distinguished. The other special features of the volume are as follow:—The poems are arranged chronologically as in the library edition of the poet's works, published at Edinburgh (1882-6). Next, certain years have been assigned to those who have assisted in the work, and their opinion has been asked as to the wisdom of the selection made from the poems written during these years. In some cases, poems which have been omitted by Mr. Knight have been added by them, while, in other instances, those selected by him have been cancelled. Whether Mr. Knight and his collaborators will succeed in their object remains to be seen, but we have no reason for taking exception to the opinion that "nothing is more needed in our time than the elevating and tranquillising influence of poetry of the first magnitude."

Mr. S. Theobald Smith, curator of the Bridgwater Gallery, has written "A Ramble in Rhyme in the Country of Cranmer and Ridley: A Kentish Garland" (Chapman and Hall). The work is illustrated by Mr. Harold Oakley, from sketches by the author. He describes rural Kent with evident affection. Of his poetical merit, an opinion may be formed from the following anent "Haw Farm":—

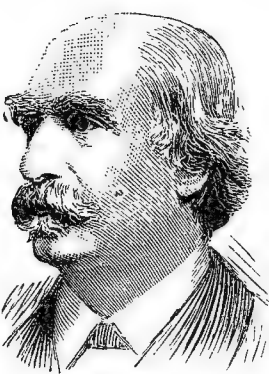
From fancy's call to real Haw's old courts,  
Suggesting still quaint antiquarian thoughts;  
No weapon here, or trophy hangs of chase,  
Nor ancient portraits is there any trace,  
Not even flowrets gay cheer the passers-by.  
The Kentish scene alone now charms the eye.

Mr. F. A. H. Eyles has had bound into one volume the different numbers of his "Popular Poets of the Period" (Griffith, Farran, and Co.). It certainly contains a good deal of information about living verse-writers, great and small, likely to interest many people.

We have also before us "To the Lions" (Warren Hall and Lovett), by Leonard Terry. The poem would be bloodcurdling, if it were more intelligible. However, as it is meant for recitation, voice and manner may supply the needed lucidity.

#### THE "NEUE FREIE PRESSE" OF VIENNA

THIS well-known newspaper, one of the most influential representatives of Continental journalism, first appeared September 1st, 1864, and therefore, on September 1st, 1889, reached its silver wedding—or, as its Viennese admirers prefer to call it, its "jubilee." The happy event is to be celebrated by a banquet on November 4th. The paper was founded by Dr. Max Friedländer and Mr. Michael



DR. HAUSLICK



MR. RANZONI

Etienne, two men of considerable talent, and they determined that it should be conducted on genuine liberal principles—a resolution which has been consistently carried out up to the present time. Dr. Friedländer, who was by profession a lawyer, was editor-in-chief, and devoted his energies to home politics and political economy. He



MR. WERTHNER



DR. BACHER

died in 1872. Mr. Etienne undertook the foreign department. He died in 1879. Mr. Adolph Werthner, the business manager, still survives. At the present time he, together with Dr. Edward Bacher and Moritz Benedikt, control the editorial department. The two latter gentlemen wield powerful pens. Mr. Adolph Löwe is the



DR. FRIEDLÄNDER



MR. ETIENNE

dramatic critic; while the fine arts are entrusted to the care of Professor Hanslick and Mr. Emerick Ranzoni. The establishment of the *Neue Freie Presse* is on a most extensive scale. The permanent literary staff comprises upwards of forty persons, while there are no less than 650 correspondents in various parts of the world. At the



MR. LÖWE



MR. BENEDIKT

Vienna Exhibition of 1873 the *Neue Freie Presse* received from the jury a diploma of honour.—Our portraits are from photographs supplied to us by Mr. L. Kohn, Leopoldsgasse 24, Vienna, who is himself connected with the journal in question: Dr. Hanslick, Dr. Bacher, Dr. Friedländer, and Mr. Löwe, by Löwy, I Weiburggasse 31, Vienna; Mr. Ranzoni, by Rabending and Monckhoven, Wieden, Favoritenstrasse 3, Vienna; Mr. Benedikt, by Luckhardt, Taborstrasse 13, Vienna; Mr. Werthner, by Jerie and Massak, Marienbad; and Mr. Etienne, by Carjat et Cie, 10, Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris.

A FRENCH VERSION of *The Merchant of Venice* will be produced at the Paris Odéon this winter as *Shylock*, by M. Edmond Haraucourt, "after Shakespeare."

#### MAN-EATERS

THE hideous custom of cannibalism prevails to this day over wide-spread districts in the centre of Africa, and the population of parts of the interior of Malacca and New Caledonia are still addicted to it. The islanders of the Solomon group are another people who have not yet wholly abandoned a habit that was at one time universal among them, as a letter dated so lately as December, 1886, shows. It was written from Apia, in the Navigators' Islands, and stated that "terrible news reached this place a few days ago. A number of Melanesian labourers, belonging to the Island of Malaita, their contract having expired, were on their way home, when they ate up the entire crew of the ship which was conveying them, and plundered the vessel."

The Battas of Sumatra were man-eaters until quite recently. Some of the earliest voyagers to the Eastern seas brought home terrible tales of the extent to which cannibalism prevailed among them, and, though doubt was thrown upon these statements by subsequent travellers, Marsden and others of a later day have proved them to have been perfectly accurate. In his account of Sumatra, Marsden says that the Battas ate human flesh regularly, not to allay their hunger, but to show their detestation of some sorts of crime by this most ignominious form of punishment, and also as a mark of the hatred and contempt which they felt towards their enemies. He states that they invariably devoured those killed or wounded badly by them in wars, selling the comparatively sound captives as slaves. Not long ago a writer cited the personal experience of a friend of his as showing the recent prevalence of cannibalism in Sumatra. He was engaged in scientific researches in the interior of the island, and was most hospitably entertained by one of the native princes. This chieftain made a great feast in his honour, to which he went, accompanied by his native servant. The banquet lasted for some considerable time, and, finally, a most inviting brown roast was served, which was evidently thought very highly of by the other guests. It was cut up, and a portion was given to the European in question, who was on the point of eating some of it, when his servant stopped him with a cry of "Master—master, don't eat that; it's a boy!" The horrified European, of course, put down the dainty morsel untasted, and, on questioning the chief, elicited, without any trouble, the fact that in order to show his appreciation of his guest's high qualities he had caused a boy to be killed and cooked, judging this to be the greatest compliment he could pay to the visitor. The dish served consisted of one of the thighs of the unfortunate victim—the "joint" which was considered the tenderest and the most choice—and the chief seemed to feel a considerable amount of pride in the step he had taken to show his hospitality.

Among races living in a savage state, cannibalism has existed almost universally. In some cases, its object has been, avowedly, the satisfying of hunger, as among the Monbottions and other African tribes, who kept regular shambles for the sale of human flesh; while in others the prime object has been the indignity offered to enemies, and the appropriation of the qualities that belonged to the victims. In some few cases, as amongst the former inhabitants of Mexico, cannibalism has been kept up after a high degree of civilisation has been attained, through some connection between it and the religious rites of the people.

As lately as 1861, a British consul on the Gold Coast wrote:—"People in England would hardly believe that in these days, whilst I write, cannibalism is almost as rampant on the West Coast of Africa as it ever has been." He quotes, in support of his statement, the following extract from the report of a missionary in that part of the world—"Mr. Priddy, who is employed by the Society, stated that the practice of cannibalism was still indulged in during the late war, and that he saw hampers of dried human flesh carried upon the backs of men, upon which they intended to feast."

The Fiji islanders, who have now abandoned this abominable practice, had a very evil reputation in this respect. "Why do you eat your enemies?" a French engineer once asked a Fijian. "Because," was the reply, "they are excellent eating, as good as pork or veal." Dr. Harvey was told by a ship-captain that he had seen a hundred human bodies laid out for one of the great feasts of this people. Sometimes the victims were cooked whole, placed in a sitting posture, with fans in their hands, and ornamented as if alive; and carried in state as a grand head-dish. "Paka balava," or "long pig," was the name given by these savages to cooked human flesh, in distinction to "dina balava," or "true pig." According to Captain Erskine, all enemies killed in battle in Fiji were eaten; and, as the source of supply was not sufficient to meet the demand for "long pig," kidnapping parties used to visit the domains of other tribes with a view to securing victims; women and slaves were not allowed to partake of this luxury, though they were supposed to satisfy their curiosity or inclination in secret. It has even been asserted that in times of scarcity the Fijians did not object to banqueting upon their dearest friends, and that families would make an exchange of children for this horrid purpose.

Dr. Harvey relates that, when in Fiji, a case came to his knowledge in which a man ordered his wife to heat the oven, as he had brought some friends to feast with him. She did so, and asked him where the food was? "You are the food," was the reply of this model spouse, as he clubbed her on the head, and proceeded to thrust her into the oven which she had prepared at his bidding. Travellers say that, at a comparatively recent date, the inhabitants of the Marquesas Islands were in the habit of wooing the plumpest damsels they could meet with among the neighbouring tribes, wedding them, and then eating them.

Captain Cook, who was especially instructed to inquire into the alleged cannibalism of the natives of the Pacific Islands, reported that it did not, as had been imagined, take the form of an occasional excess, induced by a feeling of revenge against enemies, but that human flesh was their habitual and almost daily food. So deeply rooted was the love of cannibalism among some of these tribes that even their adoption of Christianity did not put an end to it, and the Roman Catholic missionaries always knew what was meant when, on confessing, a convert disclosed the fact that he had eaten "a black pig without hair." Fifty years ago man-eating was rampant close to the borders of Cape Colony. The cannibals dwelt in caves in the country of the Basutos, and though their district was literally alive with game of all sorts, and was a fine agricultural country into the bargain, they were not contented with merely hunting down and devouring their enemies, but preyed upon one another, their wives and children falling victims in times of scarcity.

The African explorer, Du Chaillu, speaks in the strongest terms of the prevalence of cannibalism among the Fans. It appears that they carried on a large trade in dead bodies with the Oshebas and other tribes. The standard price seems to have been a small tusk of ivory for one body, or a large tusk for two. In his account of the aborigines of Australia, Dr. Lang mentions the curious fact that the dead body of a man slain in battle was never eaten by his enemies, but by his own friends and relatives. The captain of a whaler, during a stay at Easter Island, contracted such a liking for one of the young natives that he took him away home and gave him a good education, and opportunities of acquiring the habits of civilised life. After a time he carried him back to the island, with the idea that his culture would be the means of inducing the rest of the natives to desert their savage customs. His affectionate friends, however, frustrated the good intentions of their would-be benefactor, for, finding the young man fat, and in good condition, they took



him with as much rapidity as possible to a quiet spot, killed, and ate him. Cannibals do not like the flesh of whites, finding it bitter and salt; while, in spite of the latter quality, it does not, they say, keep at all well. Negroes are considered by them to be the best eating, and the favourite portions are the palms of the hands.

A. S.

## A NEW GUINEA JACK THE GIANT KILLER

THIS popular Papuan legend has attracted from time to time a good deal of interested attention from intelligent travellers in New Guinea, and it is doubtless one of the best "yarns" the natives have among their traditional records. As in most Pacific countries, the tops of high mountain peaks are in New Guinea invariably regarded with a kind of supernatural awe as the abode of devils, and the monster Tauni-kapi-kapi, whose headquarters were reputed to be up among the icicles, where Sir William MacGregor stood the other day, was probably the biggest of the "devil-devil" species known to the imaginative Papuan. Tauni-kapi-kapi stood about 150 feet high in his bare feet, and measured about the length of a cricket-wicket pitch around the chest. He was a champion kind of Samson in all respects, and although the coast tribes to the south of Mount Owen Stanley fear him much, there were times when they were intensely proud of the physical superiority of their devil over any other of his species in New Guinea.

He was cannibalistic in his instincts—as his name in the Laloki dialects implies—and this attribute made it highly desirable that he should remain secluded as possible on the crest of the giant mountain he so appropriately occupied. There were times, however, when Tauni-kapi-kapi "raided" into the coast districts, and, as the coast-people are small, and the evil one's appetite was often keen, the havoc he created on such occasions may, as the saying goes, be better imagined than described. How the country was eventually relieved from the dangerous presence of this man-eating monster is still a source of considerable pride to the coast-tribes, more particularly, of course, to the one to whom belonged the youthful David whose courage brought about the destruction of Tauni-kapi-kapi.

The devil came down on one occasion from his home on Mount Owen Stanley, and as usual all the villagers launched their canoes and put out to sea, where it appears they were safe from the giant man-eater. One man, however—a lazy fellow, from all accounts—failed to launch his canoe in time, and he and his wife were left behind. They ran along the beach as Tauni-kapi-kapi approached, and the woman succeeded in hiding herself from his view in a rocky cave on the sea-shore. The man was not so fortunate, and the devil picked him up between his finger and thumb, and tossed him down his throat with great gusto, looking wistfully the while at the departing canoes in the offing with their heavy cargoes of "game" aboard. Tauni-kapi-kapi returned in due course to the hills, but the woman took ill in the cave, and gave birth to a son. For a score years or so afterwards she made her home in the secluded cave, whose shelter protected her from the greedy maw of the dreaded mountain monster, and the child grew up into a fine strapping young man. One day he asked his mother how it came about that he had no father, as other young men seemed to have, and was somewhat disgusted to learn that Tauni-kapi-kapi had eaten him. Forthwith the youth made a solemn resolve that he would kill the devil. His mother strongly urged all kinds of objections to this preposterous idea, but the young fellow was firmly resolved upon the mission he had set himself. "If I am not as strong as Tauni-kapi-kapi, I am more clever than he is," said he, and forthwith he set to work to elaborate his plans.

Hard by the cave where mother and son lived, there was a huge tree, so large that it was three or four times the height and size of any other tree in that part of the country. About mid-way up this tree, the young man built a platform on which he placed great piles of boulders, lumps of hard coral, and thick logs of wood from the forest. Higher up again, he built another platform, and continued the operation till he had several of these structures, all well loaded with huge stones and rough timber up to the top of the tree. When all was ready, he made a monster bonfire on the beach, which, as he had expected, soon attracted the attention of the vigilant Tauni-kapi-kapi on the top of Mount Owen Stanley. The giant, at the time, just happened to be longing for a fresh taste of human flesh, so he lost no time in striding over the fifty miles between his mountain home and the beach. Here he found that the bonfire was not the usual prelude to a mighty feast among the people, and his anger, when he realised the trick that had been played upon him, was terrible to behold. Then he heard a mock-laugh high above him, and, looking up among the tree-tops, he espied the insolent young man, standing boldly in front of his mother on the top platform he had erected on the tree. "Tauni-kapi-kapi! Tauni-kapi-kapi! come here, that I may kill you," shouted the youth. "You killed and devoured my father, and now I am about to kill you." The giant replied, in tones which almost frightened the senses out of the impetuous youth's mother—"All right, my little fish; I am coming."

The monster rushed to the tree, and was not long in reaching up as far as the first platform. The youth had descended this far to meet the foe, however, and every time that Tauni-kapi-kapi opened his mouth to deride the young fellow, the latter pushed the boulders and logs of wood into it. When the platform became denuded of these missiles, the youth ascended to the next, and with the giant climbing slowly after him. The operation was repeated at the second platform, and, later on, at the third and fourth, the monster becoming more and more incommode as he progressed upwards. At last the top platform was reached, and here the youth had kept his supply of spears, while his mother was busy in rubbing sticks together to make fire. The young fellow hurled spear after spear at the intruder's eyes till he at last completely blinded him. Then, seizing a lighted brand from his mother, and climbing down till he approached the giant's face, he set fire to the mass of wood and debris with which his mouth was filled. The fire caught on gaily and soon burnt up freely, with the result that in a short time the roof of Tauni-kapi-kapi's head was burnt off, and he fell to the earth a crumbling inert mass—in fact, a dead devil.

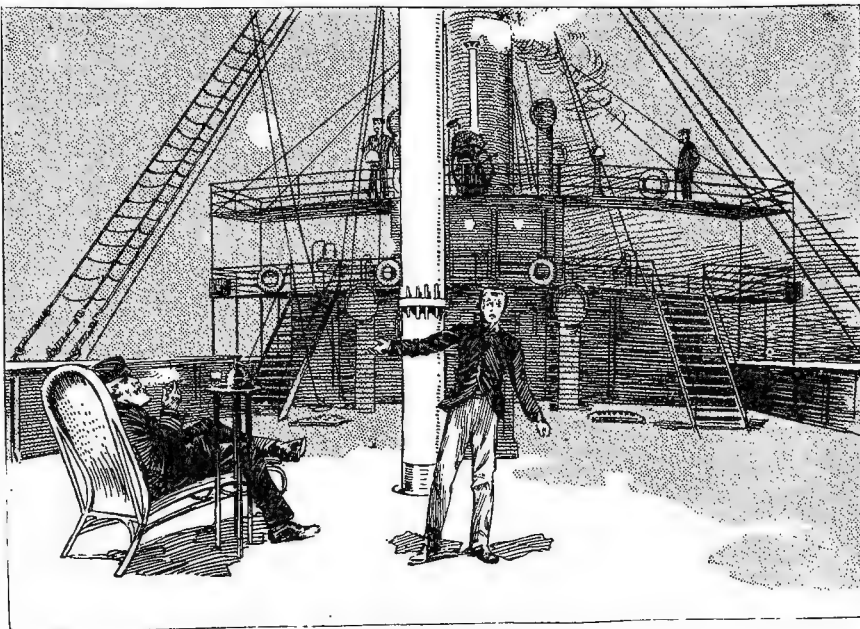
As was to be expected, the young man was greatly glorified by the people of that particular part of the country. The medicine-men, who have loyally preserved the traditional history of this imposing event from generation to generation, have always been unanimous in extolling the bravery and wonderful prowess of the youthful David who rid the country for ever of Tauni-kapi-kapi. He became chief of the confederated coast-tribes, and the only difference of opinion in regard to him among the Papuan historians has been as to the number of wives he subsequently possessed. Some authorities have it that he was "voted" three hundred right away, by way of substantial acknowledgment of his services, and that he doubled that number later on. Others affirm that he possessed as many as two thousand wives; but in

any case it is abundantly evident that during the maturer years of his life he had quite enough "better-halves" to make him wish that he had not accomplished the revengeful task of slaying the devil of Mount Owen Stanley.

"ANGLO-PAPUAN"

## "THE LITTLE STOWAWAY"

MUCH has been heard lately for and against the performance of more or less dramatic "sketches" at the music-halls. The theatres complain that such "sketches" are practically stage plays, and that if the music-halls are allowed to produce them the theatres should be permitted to allow smoking and drinking in the auditorium. We



engrave herewith a scene from one of the most frequently mentioned of these "sketches," "The Little Stowaway," performed in October at the Paragon Theatre of Varieties in the Mile End Road. It is simply an adaptation of the well-known song, "The Little Hero," and describes how the little Cockney stowaway is threatened with death by the brutal captain, but softens the tyrant's heart by begging that he may say his prayers before he is strung up. They become fast friends, and the stowaway sings a song describing a London "doss" house. A few moments afterwards a slave dhow boards the vessel, and the stowaway, in saving the captain's life, loses his own. The music with which the sketch is interspersed consists of well-known English songs, both comic and sentimental. "The whole affair," says our artist, "is simply a well-mounted musical sketch, better acted and sung than is usual with pieces of the kind."

## A RUN THROUGH SPAIN

I.

IN the month of May I had a run through Spain in company with a friend. We took circular tickets at Marseilles—sixteen pounds each, first-class—which made things tolerably easy for us, and saved some forty or fifty per cent. We sometimes had to do twenty hours at a stretch, and the trains have a bad habit of starting in the middle of the night. The tickets, after taking us pretty well everywhere, would have brought us back to Marseilles; but, being pretty familiar with the northern frontier, we gave them up at Bayonne.

The first beginnings of our journey were laudably directed to Roman antiquities. Having studied the lions of Arles, we came on to Perpignan, on the line skirting the Mediterranean, and then thirty miles on to Port Bou, where our Spanish adventures began. It was market-day at Perpignan, and I sat in the open air in front of a *café*, and a big French farmer came to me and opened up a conversation.

"You are an English milor," he said to me. I hastened to disown the soft impeachment. He looked disappointed. "But you are very rich. Ah, you English are very rich." I assured him that in myself he beheld a living exception to the rule.

He was utterly unconvinced, and again assured me, "Ah, you English are very rich."

Still intent on Roman remains, we left our *fonda* at Tarragona to go about in a drizzling rain to see what we could of them. For Roman remains and Gothic architecture Tarragona is one of the most interesting places in Spain. What interested and puzzled me really very much was the old Cyclopean architecture, long before the Roman time. Roman literature has much to say about Tarragona, which was the spot where Augustus issued the decree which closed the Temple of Janus. At Saguntum we are in the very middle of Punic and Roman history; but its very remains have been ruined, and become a quarry above ground to successive spoilers. The place certainly brought our Livy into recollection. When we reached the south of Spain we ceased to look up. The spell of the Moor was upon us, the still living charm of his era, and we gave ourselves to it unreservedly.

With Barcelona I was especially delighted. Not even at Madrid or Seville was there such cheerful, active life. The Catalans are not really a Spanish people. With all their virtues they are thoroughly turbulent and republican. We stayed at an hotel on the Rambla, one of the streets of the world. This was the only hotel in Spain where the *table d'hôte* wine was really generous and good. In the morning it is a great open drawing-room with marble slabs; in the evening it is a great open drawing-room with crowds of promenaders. The Opera House is one of the biggest in the world. We had a talk with the English Consul, the successor of James Hannay, of whom so many of us have pleasant associations. People are glad to get to Spain for travel, but when they are fixed there we find that they regret the old country. Near the consul's office was the noble statue of Columbus, whose body rests at Seville, a statue which might hold its own with that at Genoa. We went to the English Church, which is "down an airy," and which, on account of its subterranean character, is called "The Church of the Catacombs," a more dignified appellation. The one serious drawback was the heavy rain which set in one day, and prevented our going to the monastery of Montserrat. But especially commend me to Seville, the fair Andalusian capital, in many respects the real capital of Spain. It was quite a dream to be at Seville. We thoroughly enjoyed it, but there were serious drawbacks which ought to be mentioned for the good of intending tourists. In the first place, the marvellous Cathedral is only to be seen in a most limited and imperfect way. It is all boarded up for

a thorough restoration, without which it would fall to pieces. In the next place, the Duc de Montpensier, who has the best palace, garden, and picture gallery in the city, is on ill terms with the authorities, and the Palace of St. Telmo is now entirely shut up. The most frantic efforts were made by some of the tourists to get the rule rescinded in their favour, but it was found to be inflexible. It was possible, by judicious manipulation, to get behind the boarding of the Cathedral, but it was not possible to manage the palace. Intending tourists should know that there are these great drawbacks at Seville. Nevertheless, there was a great deal to be seen without them. The marvellous Giralda Tower, the most beautiful of Moorish minarets, is not likely to run away. The Alcazar Palace surpassed our expectations. The palace itself, with its beautiful Moorish work, is most interesting, but the old garden, scented with the orange-blossoms, was peculiarly grateful. At the opera house there was a grand new opera and a good new singer. I am quite satisfied that Seville ought to be added by the faculty to the list of health resorts. The climate is most delightful, and I know cases of advanced chest disease which have been cured or greatly alleviated. During the summer heats the patients should get away to a cooler clime. Towards evening we drove out along the banks of the tawny Guadalquivir, "the ride," as fashionable a promenade as the Prado at Madrid. These two "rides" are immensely picturesque; you often see carriages with four or five horses, and mounted cavaliers, with their flying cloaks. Especially observe the way in which ladies handle the fan. It has quite a science and language of its own. Just now it is being used as a screen to ward off the rays of the sunset. The fan does all but talk. If the donna does not wish to see a person it serves as a screen, and if she does want to see a person it has boundless capacities in the way of signalling. The picturesque mantilla is rather going out of fashion. Being of a statistical turn of mind I made the computation that about one-half wore the bonnet, and the other half the mantilla. A large part of the promenade consists of gardens, appropriately called *Las Delicias*, full of orange trees, pomegranates, palms, and roses. The odd thought is, while looking on these ladies, with their beautiful eyes and sweet expression, how thoroughly they enjoy the brutalities of the bull-fight, and how intensely they appreciate the torador. To them the slaughter of

bulls and horses is as nothing, and if a human life is sacrificed that appropriately crowns the festival. I met one young lady, of mixed English and American birth, who told me that she had been to eight bull-fights, and that there was nothing which she liked better.

The Andalusian bulls are the most famous of all; the Seville fights at Easter were only inferior to those at Madrid. It is in the spring that Seville is most crowded, and all the hotel prices are double. Two great occasions come very close, the Great Fair and the Easter Week. During the fair one of the suburbs becomes a city of booths, with private tents for the nobility, and so on through all the varieties of an Eastern bazaar.

"Murray," tells us that we ought to see the gipsy dances, and advises us to see them at Seville, rather than anywhere else. They are well reproduced at the Spanish Exhibition in London, the only real Spanish business in the whole affair. Some writers accuse their dances of indecency. I saw nothing of the sort. The whole performance seems insufferably wearisome and dull. To beguile the time, or rather to get some good out of it, I began studying a Spanish work. But I soon found out that reading a book gave great offence to the audience. Several persons remonstrated with me on my rudeness and inattention, and feeling rather guilty on the subject I closed the volume, and speedily developed a retreat. I had another rather curious experience. Still observing an abject obedience to "Murray," we went to visit the famous State cigar manufactory. We were charged a peseta each for admission. All the pesetas were devoted towards the restoration of the Cathedral, as seemed to be the case with all the pesetas charged for entrance to public institutions. The Seville people are certainly doing all they can towards this great object; help, too, is rendered throughout all the country; the State, too, will ultimately assist if necessary. This great cigar manufactory is worked by some five thousand women, most of them girls, and these girls very much of the kind made familiar by Bizet's *Carmen*. I need hardly say that there is another famous opera, *Il Barbiere di Seville*, which is constantly being recalled in the narrow Seville streets. These Seville cigar-makers, though earning more money than any other set of women, recently got up a strike of their own for an advance in wages. The official at the door took our pesetas, conducted us to one of the large rooms, where he filled his pockets with cigars and cigarettes, and then left us to the tender mercies of the five thousand ladies. We were evidently objects of the liveliest attention to them. About one in two hundred had really great beauty. But whether beauties or not, they giggled and blew kisses, and to quote *The Earl and The Doctor* "wink winks which ought not to have been wink." My companion was much amused. I hit upon a plan of taking a fatherly interest in a vast variety of babies that were lying about the floor. A smile, a tap on the infant's cheek, and a friendly word to the mother stood me in good stead. The cigar-making and smoking is the greatest interest in Spain. As Richard Ford says, a Spaniard without a cigar is like a house without a chimney, a steamer without funnel. The everlasting cigar implies the waste of time and money which would be intolerable to an Englishman, and is one of the heaviest items which weighs against Spanish prosperity.

From Seville to Cordova was an easy run. We did not stay long at Cordova, but I managed several visits to the famous Cathedral Mosque. Anything less would be inadequate. We entered through the famous Court of Orange Trees (*Patio de los Naranjos*), where the fountains pleasantly bubble to the babbling talk of the idlers and the beggars largely gathered. At once we are lost in the Forest of a Thousand Pillars.

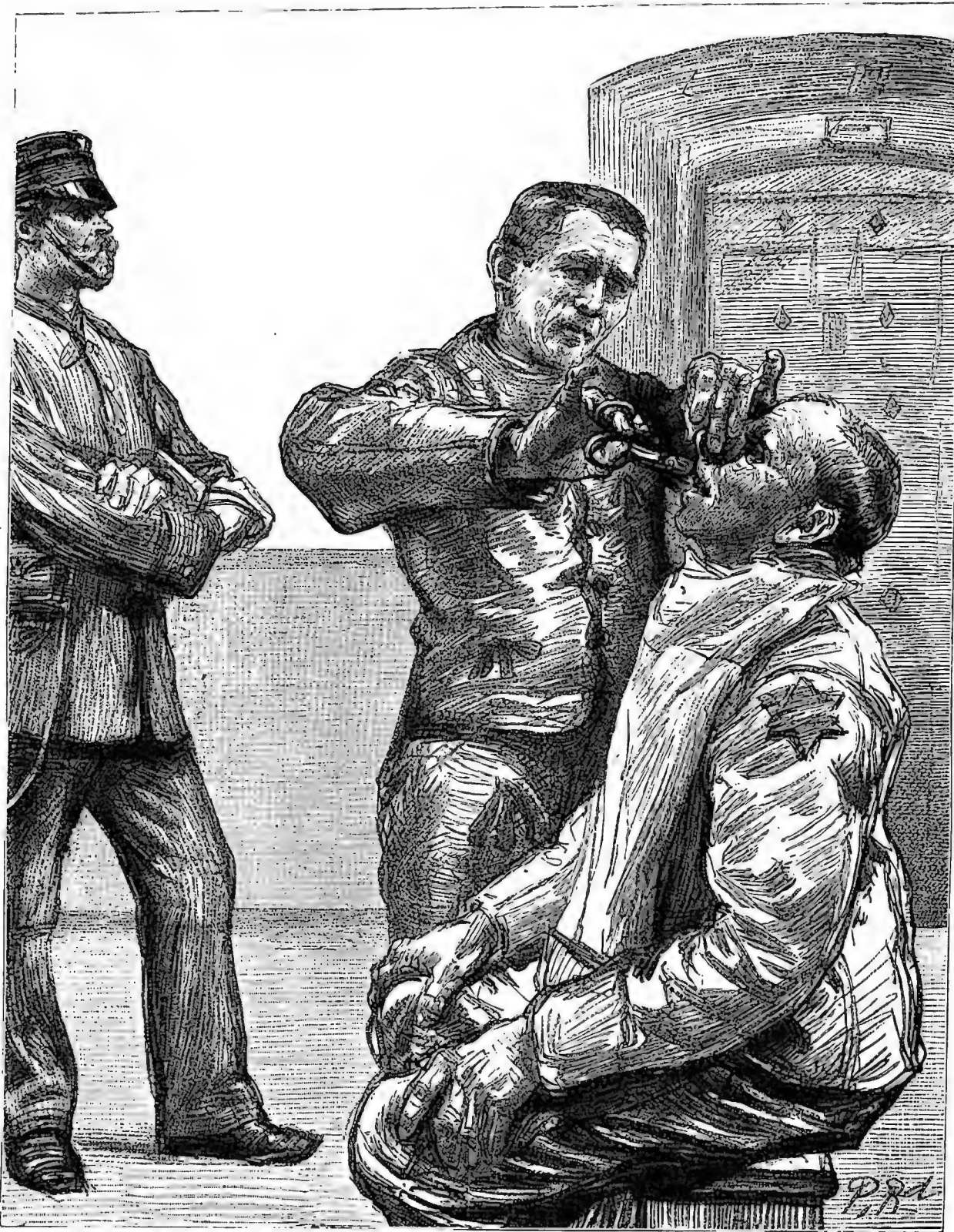
As a recent writer says: "Imagine four acres of ground, planted with twelve hundred palm-trees, which when fully grown are cut off at a height of forty feet, leaving only the tall straight trunks standing in long lines, and forming a succession of colonnades, all of which are covered with one mighty roof—that is the Mosque of Cordova." I am not going to join in the chorus of lamentation that the Cathedral element has been introduced into the Mosque, so different from other Spanish Cathedrals with their broad aisles and soaring roofs. If the pagan or rather Moslem temple was to be turned into a Christian church there must have been a measure of alteration on some such lines as those followed. The Coro that rises in the centre has the finest stalls (*silleria*) in Spain, with panels illustrating hundreds of Scripture subjects, all carved with most exquisite finish. The choir books are mentioned as finely illuminated, but I found this to be the case in all the Spanish Cathedrals. The immense silver lamp hanging before the high altar, of enormous weight, is one of the few finest in Spain. The guide-books mention some other sights in Cordova, and our guide duly conveyed them to us. But they are not worth speaking about in comparison. The Mosque is Cordova, and Cordova is the Mosque.

F. A.



# CONVICT LIFE AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON—PART V.

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUD. WRITTEN BY F. W. ROBINSON, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY," &c.



MUTUAL HELP AMONG CONVICTS—CLIPPING HIS MOUSTACHE

THE male prisoner is not allowed to wear beard or moustaches, and there are shaving days on which one prisoner shaves another, and makes him as neat and tidy and presentable as a razor (not always of the finest quality) and soap will allow.

The prisoner is permitted his bath, too—once a fortnight, we believe, is the regulation time—but, as a rule, he does not regard it as a luxury, and would in most cases be very much obliged if the warders would not bother him with these little attentions. He has not been accustomed to baths in the days of his liberty—cleanliness has been as far removed from any thought of his as godliness—and a regular ablution of the human form divine is to his secret mind a most preposterous proceeding. But he bears it, if he does not grin over it, and thanks his stars when it is all over, and he has got well into his clean kit. The baths are side by side—between fifty and sixty of them, as aforesaid—and the whole is a well-arranged feature of the prison-system at the Scrubs. The water is kept at a temperature of fifty-five degrees, and the general verdict is that it is cold—stone cold—horribly cold. Sometimes it is at sixty degrees, but it is still objected to, and secretly anathematised.

"They would like it at ninety," says the warden in charge; "that might satisfy them but I don't know that it would."

"I suppose some prisoners would prefer their baths more frequently?" we ask.

"Very few of that sort here," is the reply.

"Might a prisoner have an extra bath if he wished?" we venture to inquire, with an innocence of expression that takes the warden off his guard.

"Do you think we pamper them like that?" is the indignant rejoinder. "We should have enough to do, if we did."

But he did not mean in the way of baths, we fancy.

We have the curiosity to inspect the kits to which reference has just been made; they are kept in a store-room especially constructed for the purpose, and a large assortment of "gents' underclothing," as the hosiers phrase it, is here presented to the view. Everything requisite for a week's or a fortnight's wear is packed up in a neat bundle, well washed and aired, and scrupulously clean. We have our doubts as to the exact fit, there being more variety in length and width of the human form divine at Wormwood Scrubs than there appear to be in the undergarments provided for its wear; but

it is possible we are too critical. Prisoners, like beggars, "must not be choosers," but the socks or stockings struck us as extra large, capable of enclosing the most Brobdingnagian of feet. Never were such stockings for capacity out of a pantomime, nothing like them is ever in a shop-window. Gazing at them mournfully and wonderingly one speculates what becomes of these stockings in the boots of an undersized man, or some one not blessed with mammoth "splays?" Does he double them up underneath, or fold them over the top, or get it all into a ball—a genuine foot-ball—at the heel, we speculate? It is probable that there are other sizes in stock, but we were not shown them, and they looked to us all of most noble and commanding proportions.

The prisoners on the separate system are in their respective cells working away busily, if not cheerily. Each man glances askance at us as we enter his cell and examine his work; the making of Post-office bags appears to be the principal employment on this occasion. To save time and the distraction of the prisoners' thoughts we glance very frequently through "the inspections" without disturbing the prisoners; they appear all to be working diligently, to be even absorbed in their work, but of what are they thinking? Do they know of the "sickness called Remorse," as the author of "Ben-Hur" has it? A few of them possibly, not many.

Sometimes a special piece of work is allowed to be undertaken by a prisoner who shows natural gifts that way. In the stereotyping room is exhibited a clever bit of metal work, in the shape of a star, constructed by one of the "old hands," and the stone eagle is exhibited as a piece of sculpture done by an amateur with a bias towards carving.

The convict had been impressed by a plate in one of his library books, a work on Natural History. It represented an eagle—a spread eagle—and he studied it very attentively. He had known nothing of carving before his entrance into prison, and it had not been taught him here; but in the stonework and masonry department he had displayed a handiness with his tools that was a little remarkable.

"I think I could carve that, if I may," he said, and, being a well-conducted prisoner, and some curiosity being aroused as to his powers in that direction, he was permitted to attempt the experiment. It was a labour of several weeks, and a labour of love,

and the prisoner worked away with his chisel at the slab of stone, and with the engraving as a pattern before him. The result, if not a triumph of Art, was perfectly satisfactory to all parties concerned. The stone eagle is now to be seen at Wormwood Scrubs, a remarkable instance of natural talent in a prisoner. He was employed afterwards, we believe, on the finer portions of the chapel work, where he rendered considerable service till the expiration of his time.

M. Renouard has depicted one convict at the Scrubs who has contrived to attract the pigeons of the neighbourhood to his cell window at a certain period of the day. When he is "at home" he lures the birds by various signs and signals, and by offering them some crumbs from his own scanty fare. Here they are fluttering round his window, and doubtless affording him no small pleasure in his captivity, as animated nature has done before his time and to prisoners of a higher grade than he.

The female convict, by theory, is particularly skilful at times in training a sparrow, or a mouse; she devotes her whole attention to the task, and succeeds in an extraordinary degree. One woman, in the old Millbank days, by the daily sacrifice of a portion of her six-ounce loaf, succeeded in training a mouse to answer to her call, to take its place by her side during her meals, and even to accompany her to chapel, snugly hidden away in the bosom or sleeve of her dress. Her love was great for this mouse, and the study of it kept her a quiet and well-behaved prisoner, till a convict more callous than herself, and resenting it as so much misplaced affection, one day slipped into her cell, imitated the call to which the mouse was wont to respond, seized upon the poor little animal, who was, unfortunately, too prompt to obey the summons, and bit its tail off. This and other instances of animal taming are detailed in the writer's "Female Life in Prison," we may add to those who are interested in the subject. Sparrows are occasionally tamed and trained also—some prison matrons from the old days may still remember "Bobby," who was accustomed to hop round a prisoner's table with a paper bonnet on its head, and to draw behind him a paper cart of the prisoner's construction, and to which he had been harnessed by threads of cotton—poor Bobby, who met a direful fate in the flames of the gas-burner, and was singed to death, to the great grief of his trainer.

But of female convicts under new rules and regulations, and in newer prisons, we have dwelt upon in former articles; our business lies at Wormwood Scrubs for a short while longer. Our time is drawing short here, and we have seen all that is to be seen, or that has been thought deserving of our notice.

Work is now ending for the day; there is a stir in this big prison-hive—it is getting close on supper-time, and the sun is going down. The prisoners in the open are leaving their work, delivering up their tools, mustering in gangs, standing in various sections of the prison ground like soldiers on parade waiting orders to present arms.

The warders are making sure of their customers by a final search—a last "run over"—before the convicts return to their cells. It is as well to be certain—though the tools have been already counted—that a stray chisel or hammer is not in secret possession of one or another of these black sheep, and whilst the men stand in line the officers walk to the back and front of them, and pass their hands over them.

Everything being satisfactory in this respect, the head warden, Mr. Stone, takes his stand, notebook in hand, in a part of the prison which they all must pass, and one by one each division of men, with a warden or two in charge, tramps by him at the double-quick—and a grim and sorrowful rogues' march it is.

Here tramp by at least three-fourths of the gaol-birds—a little army quite capable of overpowering the score or two score of officers in charge of them, if these convicts had the will, or if, having the will, they had the courage and the unanimity to dare as much. But most of them have the sound common-sense to know that this style of thing would not pay in the long run, that it would all end in "confusion worse confounded," in a deprivation of marks, and longer time, and punishment cells, and in those ugly handcuffs, and cat-o-nine tails, and tripod stands from the chain room.

Each division marches past us, with shoulders squared and head erect, and many are the final glances taken of us as the prisoners file by. The officer in charge salutes his superior officer, calls out the number of his men—he has already counted heads before the men are set in motion supperwards—the number of his ward, and his own name and number—and Warden Stone carefully and quietly jots down the amount of human cargo in his note-book, and waits for the next contingent to arrive, when the same ceremony goes on. And this till the last batch of the devil's regiment—as one disposed to be cynical might term these atoms from our shadow land—has marched by, and "all's told," and the human accounts are quite right, and everybody safe. The head-gaoler tots up his figures, and finds they agree with the number that have been out at work that afternoon, then the prisoners drift away to their cells to await their modicum of loaves and tea, or loaves and gruel, and are again reckoned up to make quite sure, after the cell door has banged to and the indicator bell has rung, that it is "all in" at Wormwood Scrubs.

There is no more left us to do but to thank our guides for all the trouble we have given them, and to go home. The gate-keeper shuts his big door, after a cheery "good evening," and bars and bolts us out, not reluctantly probably. Prison visitors rather distrust the even tenor of things, and give a little trouble—but we appear to have been welcome visitors for all that. Two of the officers of duty in their mess-room are indulging in a game of billiards as we pass out, and they give us a friendly "good night," and look with twinkling eyes after us, as if wondering what our mission may have been, or, knowing our mission, what we mean to say about it.

But we have nothing but good words for Wormwood Scrubs: it is an admirably conducted prison, everything works like a machine, and there is little to disturb the even tenor of its dreary way. It is part of the benighted land where crime is under lock and key, and safely housed for a year or two—for a long, long time, the end of which is very difficult to realise, and last or saddest of all—for life!

This prison will shortly be very full—but it will be supplied from other prison-houses, which will close for good, and over which a white flag may be flying presently, as we believe the custom is in Germany, to denote that business is suspended, and that the gaol is empty. Such a symbol of better days would warm the heart of any philanthropist. For numbers are on the decrease, despite the large increase of population. Our entire prison communities at the end of March, 1887, numbered throughout England and Wales 15,457; on March 31st, of the present year, we had



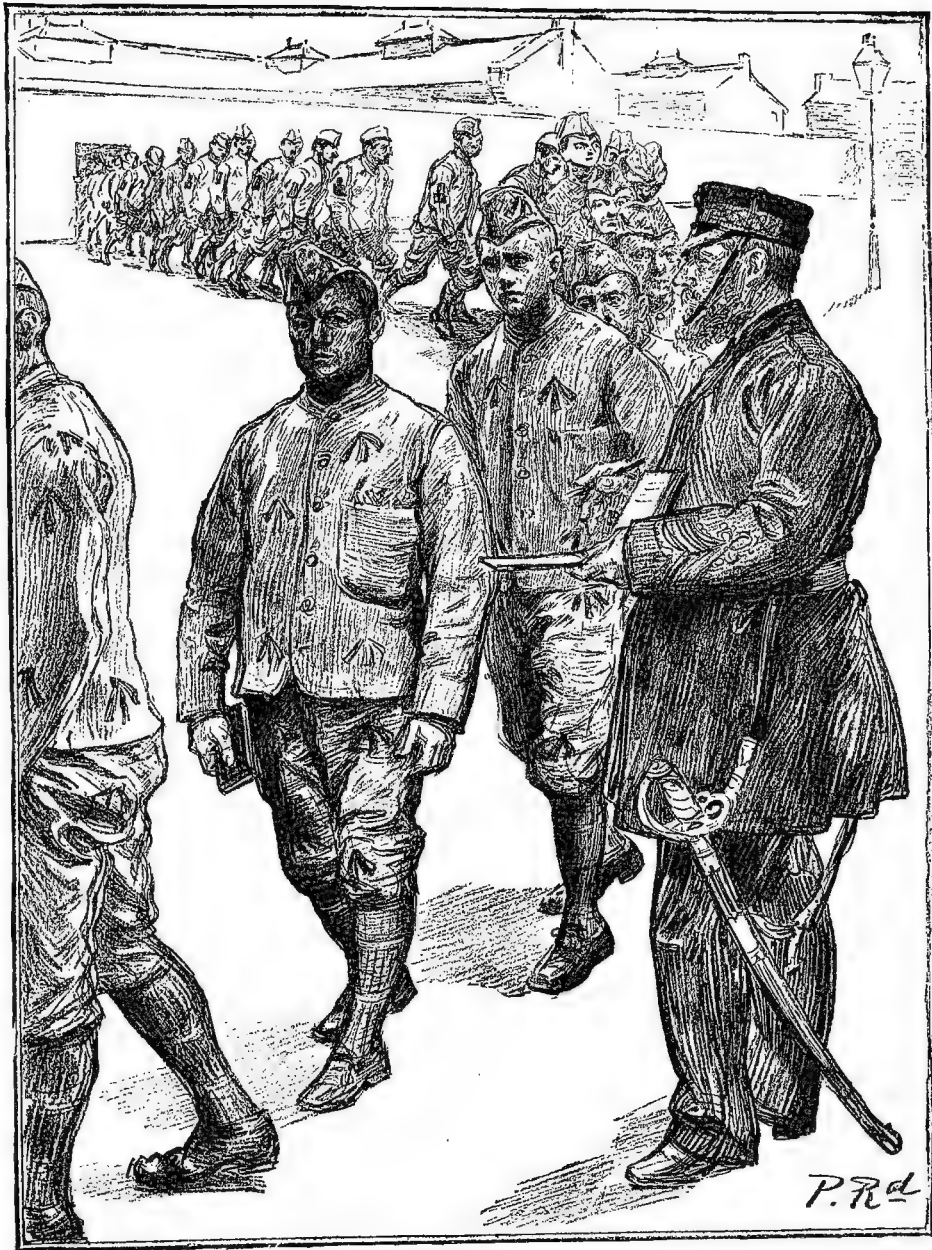
reduced that number to 14,396. The highest number of prisoners shown in any of the monthly returns was 15,914 on October 4th, 1887, and the lowest was 14,559 on January 3rd, 1888; the highest number being 9.1 per cent. above the lowest number since 1876-77; the decrease in male prisoners amounts to 25.3 per cent., whilst the female convict—honour to the fair sex—may shortly be quite an extinct creature like the dodo, if she continue to beat the record in her present extraordinary and praiseworthy fashion; for the decrease in the number of female convicts over the same period of time as the males is no less than 41.2 per cent.

Who knows—perhaps the great prison at the Scrubs may be the last of the gaols, and we may require no more. It is a sad storehouse, we think, as we turn our back upon its high walls and stroll along Du Cane Road towards the railway station—to Wormwood Scrubs proper, where the life and revelry are increasing with the twilight, and the steam-roundabouts and cockshies are getting extra busy with the later hours.

A DAY'S CUB-HUNTING IN PEMBROKESHIRE

A NINE hours' journey by rail from Paddington takes us to New Milford, where we find a boat waiting for us, and, after a row or sail of three or four miles, we step on shore at the Ferry House at Lawrenny and walk up through the wood to the castle, the home of the Master of the Pembrokeshire Foxhounds, not long ago hunted as two packs—the Pembrokeshire and South Pembrokeshire—but now united and hunted as one by the present keen and energetic master and huntsman (Mr. F. Lort Phillips). A bath and a change dispel the traces of our night journey, and, after breakfasting, we stroll over to the stables and admire our host's capital stud of hunters.

Next day we are up by daybreak, for the meet is on the other side of the Haven. We walk down to the kennels by the waterside, where "old Merriman" and the hounds are all in



THE CHIEF WARDER COUNTING THE PRISONERS AFTER THE DAY'S WORK

readiness for us, and thence a few hundred yards to the ferry, where we get on board the horse-boat, the hounds crowding in, well used to doing so—the horses have been sent over before, and await us on the opposite bank—one perhaps more venturesome or careless than the rest getting too near the edge of the boat, and slipping or being pushed overboard by some of the others. We must pick her up again, or she will have a long swim for it.

A jog of a few miles, in crisp, fresh air of a clear October morning, along the lanes and by woods rich with the tints of autumn, brings us to the rendezvous, where we find some sportsmen, who are keen enough to turn out so early. We hear there are plenty of cubs about, and presently the hounds are in cover, and we have not long to wait ere we know that one fox at least is astir, and the hounds after him; for a long time he dodges about the woods, but at last the place is too hot for him, and he breaks into the open. In no time the hounds and huntsmen are on his track, and away they go. We follow as best we can; our fox is a strong one and a cunning. He leads us a long chase, and at length runs to earth in an unstopped drain, and refuses to bolt. The hounds are taken back to cover, and soon another cub is afoot, and gives us another good gallop. But our space is limited, and our aim is not to chronicle the events of one particular run, but to describe our sketches. Enough that we have had a good day's sport, and as it is getting late we turn homewards. We have many miles to go, and daylight fades away long before we reach the Ferry. It is a long row over in the dark, and we must make one journey do if we can. So into the horse-boat we get—hounds, horses, huntsmen, and all. The grey mare, however, declines, and after trying all persuasion we are compelled to give it up, and leave her with old George to come over later. We cross in safety, but cannot help thinking of a melancholy event which occurred on this very Haven not very long ago, and of what it must be to cross on a dark winter's night, when the wind is high and the tide runs strong, and the nearest way home by land is perhaps ten or fifteen miles round.



THE PRISONER AND HIS FAVOURITE BIRDS





THE Royal wedding in GREECE produced immense enthusiasm throughout the country. Proud of the Duke of Sparta as their first orthodox Greek heir to the Crown, the Hellenes are especially flattered by his brilliant match, and accordingly spared no pains to fitly welcome the bride and her train of Imperial and Royal relatives. Athens was completely packed with visitors, while many steamers were converted into floating hotels. The city was gay with garlands, Greek and German flags, and triumphal arches, and even the street vehicles were decorated, as Princess Sophie made her triumphal entry. The Princess, with her mother and sisters, was greeted at Kalamaki, on the Isthmus of Corinth, by her fiancé and the King, and escorted in a Greek vessel to the Piræus, where Queen Olga and the other Royal ladies were waiting. Artillery salutes and loud cheers welcomed Princess Sophie along the route to the Palace, continuing till she came out on the balcony to bow to the people. An equally hearty reception awaited the German Emperor and Empress on their arrival next day, although the welcome was somewhat more ceremonious and formal, the streets being lined with troops. In the evening Athens was splendidly illuminated, the effect of the Acropolis being especially grand, while a torchlight procession of Greek trades-guilds defiled before the Palace to congratulate the bride and the Royal guests. Sunday, the wedding-day, brought magnificent warm weather, so that the bridal party could drive to the Cathedral in open carriages, much to the delight of the crowds who thronged every inch of space from roof to footpath. The wedding procession was escorted by cavalry, and included eight carriages filled with Royal relatives preceding the bride, who, with Queen Olga, occupied a gorgeous gala coach, drawn by six black horses with silver trappings. The bridegroom, with his father and two brothers, rode by the side. Princess Sophie wore a white satin dress and train, ornamented with silver Renaissance embroidery, lace, and garlands of myrtle and orange-blossom, and the beautiful lace veil worked at the Silesian schools. The Greek wedding-ceremony lasted an hour and a-half, Princes Albert Victor and George holding the marriage Crown over the bride's head, while the two younger Greek Princes performed the same office for the bridegroom. A grand salute was fired at the close, and the congregation cheered as the bridal pair left for the Palace by a different route—Greek tradition deeming it unlucky to return by the same way. The Protestant Marriage Service followed in the King's private chapel, Dr. Kögel of the Berlin Cathedral officiating, and a gala banquet and illuminations closed the day. On Monday the newly-married couple held a *cheirophilema*, or reception for the kissing of the bride's hand; and, after luncheon with the Royal party, they drove to their own palace, where King George formally installed them in their new home. A State ball on Tuesday ended the official festivities.

The German Emperor's presence at Athens has highly gratified the Greeks. Emperor William is no less pleased with his reception, and lapsed into poetic enthusiasm when he telegraphed to Prince Bismarck from "the city of Pericles and the pillars of the Parthenon, whose sublime aspect leaves on me a deep impression," speaking further of his "voyage of intoxicating charm." But he carefully put forward the family aspect of the visit rather than the political, rightly deeming that too pronounced Hellenic sympathies might spoil the cordiality of his welcome at Constantinople. So his speech at the gala banquet contained nothing but compliments to the Greek Court and the Athenians, although on such occasions the Emperor generally makes some noteworthy remark beyond mere diplomatic courtesies. He left Athens on Thursday with the Empress, and is expected at Constantinople to-day (Saturday). The Sultan will pay every honour to his guests, who are to be lodged in the Yildiz Kiosk. An imposing array of war-ships will meet the *Hohenzoellern*, and the usual programme is arranged of naval manoeuvres, a military review, gala banquets, and illuminations. The political aim of the visit is canvassed from every point of view, for, despite official declarations, no one will believe that Emperor William comes simply for the beauties of the Bosphorus. Russia, indeed, cannot conceal her anxiety lest German influence should injure her position with the Porte, especially as the Sultan has long admired everything German. But at home in GERMANY official and non-official writers busily assert that Emperor William has no other object than to extend and strengthen the league of peace, like Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky when they meet this week at Friedrichsruhe. The Reichstag are now discussing the Budget, which has caused some lively scenes through the Government demands for extra credit, and the new Socialist Bill has also been laid before Parliament. This measure extends the present law indefinitely—hitherto it has had to be renewed every two years—but modifies some of the most rigid regulations, such as requiring police permission before holding meetings, and the rules for suppressing newspapers.

FRANCE continues unusually quiet. The new Chambers meet on the 12th inst., and there will be no Ministerial changes before then, as President Carnot wishes the Ministers to remain in office at present. By early next year, however, M. Tirard, the Premier, and M. Spuller, the Foreign Minister, will probably retire, admitting a more "Moderate" element to the Cabinet, M. Léon Say to wit. Such alterations would be in keeping with the present Government wish to rely on the Moderates for support. On their side, the Opposition are greatly divided, and only a few Reactionaries appeared at the meeting specially called to decide on their policy. The Boulangists have revived feebly this week, indulging in a mild demonstration at the funeral of the General's uncle, M. Griffiths, but the police promptly crushed the ebullition. Funeral manifestations are frequent, for the Orleanists have lost M. Lambert de S. Croix, one of the Comte de Paris' chief advisers, and all Paris has lamented the death of the eminent dramatist Émile Augier, whose funeral was attended by a host of celebrities. The French and Italian journals still wrangle over Tunis, and the *Débats* has now joined the fray to support M. Jules Ferry's statements. Baron Haussmann's forthcoming memoirs, containing some piquant diplomatic revelations, and the closing of the Exhibition next Wednesday, are the chief Parisian topics, while the provinces suffer from the heavy rains, which have wrought much disaster in the South.

The funeral of the late King of PORTUGAL took place at Lisbon with great pomp on Saturday. Indeed, the elaborate rites and funeral procession were so lengthy that the ceremonial occupied ten hours. Yet the people who lined the streets from Belem to San Vincente waited patiently the whole day, and were so orderly that no police or troops were needed to keep the way for the procession, soldiers being posted only at each end. On the arrival of King Carlos at the church of the Jeronist Monastery, where the late King's body had lain in State for five days, the coffin was placed on the funeral car; but the Royal party sat at the church doors for a whole hour till some three hundred private carriages, provincial deputations, fire brigades, and Government officials had started. Then came the representatives of foreign Powers, the Royal Princes and King Carlos, the ecclesiastics, and three carriages bearing respec-

tively the late King's crown, sword, and helmet, and the floral wreaths, immediately preceding the funeral car, which was also smothered in flowers. The Lisbon Garrison and provincial troops brought up the rear. The Queen and the Duchess of Aosta were waiting at the Church of St. Vincent—a severely handsome edifice draped in black, with silver and gold embroideries; and after an impressive service, wherein the Cardinal Patriarch delivered an oration on the virtues of the late King, the body was carried to the Pantheon, and placed on a catafalque in the centre of the vault near the coffin of Dom Luis's grandfather, Pedro IV. Queen Maria Pia goes constantly to the Pantheon to pray at her husband's tomb, Her Majesty feeling her loss most deeply. Probably she will shortly go to Moncalieri to stay with her sister, Princess Clotilde; but if she does not live in Portugal she will lose half her State allowance of nearly 13,000*l.* She may reside in any of the Royal palaces. National mourning will be observed for three months, and the Portuguese have already distinguished their late Sovereign by the title of Luis the Good.

Prince Ferdinand of BULGARIA's foreign tour proves a great success. Since the Prince went to Bulgaria without seeking the approval of his family, his relations have been rather cool, but he has now made peace with every one, including the head of the family, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. Another important object of his trip is the choice of a wife, who, according to rumour, will be Princess Louise, daughter of the Duchesse d'Alençon—the favourite sister of the Austrian Empress. The Bulgarians would be delighted at the Prince marrying, and now indulge high hopes that they may obtain recognition in some form, if only the tacit approval of certain Powers. Austria shows her friendliness in various significant ways, allowing the new Bulgarian Loan to be quoted on her Bourses. Thus, the Bulgarian Government will meet the Sobranje with pleasant intelligence at the opening to-morrow (Sunday), the Session having been delayed for a week to suit Prince Ferdinand. Parliament in SERBIA is not so fortunate, for fierce disputes occur in the Skupstchina, where the Liberals have attacked the Government for gagging the Press and expelling foreign correspondents, while they intend to lay Queen Natalie's grievances before the House. The Queen and her son have met again, the latest arrangement being that mother and son shall have an interview every fortnight, but that Her Majesty shall not be admitted to the Palace till she accepts King Milan's terms. It is now proposed that the King shall be elected to Parliament as an ordinary member. Little news comes from CRETE, but the reported Turkish atrocities seem somewhat exaggerated. The refugees in Greece have drawn up a Memorandum to the Powers specifying their grievances.

In INDIA, the Viceroy has begun his North-Western tour. The native Press spitefully attack Lord Lansdowne for his recent severity towards the vernacular journals when speaking on the Official Secrets Bill. Yet for a long time the Government has been hampered and annoyed by the unauthorised publication in these journals of public documents, obtained by corrupting native State officials. The Bombay mill-hands will petition the Viceroy to improve their condition. They want Sunday rest, shorter working hours, and certain pensions. BURMA is rather uneasy at the escape of the Mingoon Prince from Pondicherry, where he has lived under French protection since being expelled from Burma for plotting treason. As he legitimately represents the Alompra dynasty he may cause trouble.

The Cronin trial in the UNITED STATES threatens to extend beyond the actual accused—Burke, Coughlin, Beggs, O'Sullivan and Kunze—to impeach the Clan-na-Gael Society. At present the evidence has dealt only with the identity of the body of Dr. Cronin, and the man with whom he was last seen. This trial arouses additional expectation respecting the new Extradition Treaty with England now being discussed by Sir Julian Pauncefote and the Washington Government. The Maritime Conference is still busy with the rules of the road at sea, but has not yet come to any important conclusion. Another maritime subject is Judge McDonald's decision at Halifax that the Canadian authorities were justified in seizing the U.S. fishing vessel *David J. Adams*, which, he holds, distinctly violated the Fishery Treaty by obtaining bait and ice within the prescribed limits.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Separatist movement in AUSTRIA-HUNGARY spreads dangerously. Now the Tyrolese want their province divided, so that the Italian-speaking portion—the Trentino—may possess its own Diet and Administration. This claim follows unpleasantly close on the recent Hungarian demands and the petition for the Emperor to be crowned King of Bohemia, which is causing much disturbance in the Bohemian Parliament.—In RUSSIA the anniversary of the Imperial family's preservation in the railway disaster at Borki has been kept with much solemnity.—In SOUTH AFRICA Mr. Shepstone has been chosen ruler of Swaziland to replace the late King.—Captain Wissmann seems doing well in EAST AFRICA, for his forces have soundly beaten Bushiri, besides discovering and executing the Arabs who lately murdered the German official, Nielsen. A military detachment now occupies Mpwapwa, owing to its important position on the trading route between the Lakes and the coast. The Captain wants to buy gunpowder from the Sultan of Zanzibar, but His Majesty requests the Germans to first return the warehouses and offices they now occupy without rent or permission. Captain Wissmann has lately received letters from Mr. Stanley, and at Zanzibar it is confidently expected that Emin Pasha and Mr. Stanley will reach Mpwapwa by the end of this month.—A wholesale massacre of missionaries has occurred in NEW GUINEA. The natives in the South-East have murdered the Rev. Mr. Savage of the London Missionary Society, with the crew of the Society's cutter *Mary* and all the native teachers. A British gunboat has gone to punish the outrage.



THE QUEEN will return to Windsor a week earlier than originally arranged, leaving Balmoral on the 13th inst. Her Majesty, at the end of last week, visited Lady Biddulph at Birkhall, and the ex-Empress Eugénie afterwards dined with the Queen, when Mdle. Janotha played before the Royal party. On Saturday evening, the ex-Empress again dined at Balmoral, the Marquis de Bassano, Mdme. d'Arcos, and the Duke of Rutland also being among the guests. Next morning the Queen and Princess Beatrice attended Divine Service at Balmoral, when the Rev. W. Tulloch officiated, and in the afternoon Her Majesty and the Princess went to Aberfeldie to say good-bye to the ex-Empress Eugénie, who left for the South next day. On Monday evening a bonfire was lighted on Craighagowan in honour of Princess Sophie's marriage, and a torchlight procession went thence to Balmoral to drink the bridal couple's health before the Royal party. The Envoys from Zanzibar arrived on Tuesday, and were presented to Her Majesty by Colonel Euan Smith.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and family have been taking

part in the wedding festivities at Athens. The Royal party visited the chief sights of the city, while the Prince gave a long audience to M. Tricoups, and dined at the British Legation on Saturday. The Prince of Wales, with Princes Albert Victor and George, left Athens on Monday, being escorted by most of the Royal gathering to the Piræus, whence the Princes sailed for Port Said in the *Osborne*. The Princess and daughters, with the Empress Frederick, accompanied them as far as Salamis, the Royal ladies returning to Athens in the *Dreadnought*. The foreign warships fired a salute as the *Osborne* passed, and the British Squadron escorted her some distance. The Princes would arrive in Egypt on Thursday, and, after leaving Prince Albert Victor at Port Said to join the *Oceana* on her way to Bombay, the Prince of Wales and Prince George would land at Alexandria. Although the mourning for the King of Portugal has checked most of the festivities, the Egyptian Government have prepared an elaborate reception. The Princess and daughters remain at Athens until the Prince of Wales returns from Egypt in about ten days, when the whole party travel in the *Osborne* to Brindisi on their way home.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been ill, with a fresh attack of his old complaint—Maltese fever. Against the advice of his doctors, he hurried from Coburg to attend the King of Portugal's funeral, and when stopping at Paris had a fainting-fit. A second followed at Lisbon, just after he had visited the King and Queen Maria Pia and had laid a wreath on the late King's coffin, and he then left his quarters at the Necessidades Palace for H.M.S. *Active* in the harbour. He was not well enough to bear the fatigue of the long funeral ceremonies on Saturday, but was much better next day, and left on Monday night for Madrid, whence he starts to-day (Saturday) for Paris and Coburg. He will return to England in December.—The Duke of Connaught has been inspecting the Bombay Harbour defences with General Roberts. He will visit Kattywar in December, to present new colours to the 24th Bombay Infantry.—Princess Christian has spent an evening with Queen Elizabeth of Roumania at Wiesbaden, to hear the reading of the Queen's new poetic tragedy *Urandu*.



MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—The thirty-first season of Popular Concerts commenced on Monday last. As usual at the earlier performances there was no special novelty, although Dvorak's latest and most thoroughly characteristic string quartet in E, Op. 8c, which was heard two or three times last summer in London, was performed for the first time at these concerts. Chopin's introduction and *Polonaise Brillante* in C, played by Madame Haas and Signor Piatti, closed the programme, which otherwise included Rüst's violin sonata in D minor—an old friend at the "Pops," and again played by Lady Hallé—the first *Rhapsody* by Brahms, one of Chopin's *Nocturnes*, performed by Madame Haas, and some songs (including "Oh, Listen to the Voice of Love," by Theodore Hook's father, James Hook, for forty-six years, organist and composer at the now defunct Vauxhall Gardens) which were charmingly sung by Miss Liza Lehmann. Both violinist and vocalist were encored. The audience, unfortunately, was not a very large one.

THE NEW SAVOY OPERA.—Correct intelligence concerning *The Yeomen of the Guard* last year first came from the United States, to which country it was imperative that advance sketches should be sent. From a similar source we now have (and give under all reserve) a few hints as to the alleged plot of the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera already in rehearsal at the Savoy, but as yet unnamed. It is stated that the central figure is a certain whimsical Doge of Venice, who, disgusted with a Council of Ten who do nothing but sing choruses with twiddling of thumbs, and distrusting aristocrats who sing "We're young men of Venice, And play at lawn tennis, In jackets of varied hue," becomes at heart a Radical, and conspires against himself. At the Council he is compelled to take stern steps against the populace, but in his leisure hours he passes, disguised as a gondolier, among the people, and urges them to depose himself. Eventually, while still disguised, he draws a lot compelling him to kill the Doge; and so the game of paradox is alleged to go merrily on. If all this be not pure Gilbertism, it, at any rate, seems an exceedingly clever imitation of it.

DR. SCHOLZ'S SYMPHONY.—Mr. Manns produced on Saturday last a symphony in B flat, Op. 60, by Dr. Bernhard Scholz, the distinguished German contrapuntist, whose compositions, although so popular in Germany, are almost entirely unknown in England. Dr. Scholz was born at Mayence in 1835, and studied under Pauer and the renowned harmonist Dr. Dehn. After gaining experience as a teacher and conductor, he, on the death of Raff, appointed chief of the Hoch Conservatorium at Frankfurt. A quintet from his pen has already been produced privately at Mr. Dannreuther's musical evenings some years ago. His works include three operas, two cantatas, a requiem, and a quantity of chamber music. The symphony in B flat was written six years ago, shortly after the composer had received the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Breslau. Doubtless in order to show his mastery of technical resource, Dr. Scholz has made the greater part of his symphony a sort of scholastic exercise rather than an effort of inspiration. This is especially the case in regard to the first two movements, which will thoroughly interest the student with a taste for analysis, although the ordinary auditor may be forgiven if he can hardly grasp their intricacies at first hearing. The scherzo, which opens with a horn passage suggestive of a hunting scene, is of a far more popular character, while the *finale* is probably the best movement of all. At the same concert, Mdle. Gambogi sang, Signor Albeniz again essayed Schumann's concerto, which is hardly so well suited to his style as pieces of executive display; and the orchestra performed the *Coriolan* and *Meeresstille* overtures.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The Promenade Concert season at Her Majesty's closed on Saturday with a mixed programme of classical and humorous music. It included two movements from the Farewell symphony, two movements of Mozart's symphony in G minor, No. 5, Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," and the *Oberon* and *William Tell* overtures. A special round of applause at the close of the concert was accorded to Signor Bevilacqua, who has conducted the performances during the past season with marked ability.

The Covent Garden Concerts will come to an end on Saturday of this week. The programmes during the past few days have been composed chiefly of military and miscellaneous music, but on Wednesday of this week the popular pianist, Madame Frickenhaus was announced to appear.

SARASATE CONCERT.—A special feature of the orchestral programme given on Saturday at St. James's Hall by Señor Sarasate was Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's *Pibroch*, recently produced at the Leeds Festival, and now performed for the first time in London. The "Rhapsody" came out clearer than at Leeds, but the piece owes any popularity it may enjoy to the marvellously fine performance of the violin-solo by the favourite Spanish artist. Raff's violin *Suite* and some smaller works were also in the programme, which opened

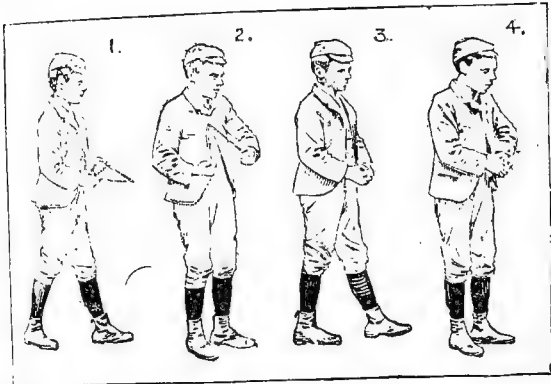


with a curious distortion for orchestra of Sebastian Bach's organ fugue in G minor, interspersed with a chorale by somebody else. These things should hardly be permitted at a Classical concert.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Next year is the centenary of the first performance of Mozart's Opera *Così fan tutte*, which has not been heard in public in London since 1873. It has, however, now been placed in rehearsal by the students at both the Royal College and Royal Academy of Music.—A portion of the *Corps de Ballet* from the Vienna Opera House will, it is said, give performances at Her Majesty's Theatre next June and July.—Señor Sarasate will sail for America on Sunday next.—Señor Albeniz will give a concert of old Spanish key-board music of the sixteenth century next spring. He has obtained permission to copy some unfamiliar manuscripts from the library of the Escorial.—Miss Lucille Saunders will, we understand, take the place of Miss Huntington in the American artist enjoys a short holiday.—Sir Paul Jones, while the American artist enjoys a short holiday.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has written a letter warmly defending the Leeds Festival Choir from certain attacks which have been made upon it.—Madame Viardot Garcia has given notice to the French Minister of Fine Arts that she has bequeathed to the Library of the Paris Conservatoire the original score now in her possession of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.—The Rubinstein Jubilee *Fêtes* at St. Petersburg will last over three days from the 30th inst. They will include a concert of Rubinstein's works, a performance of his last opera, *Gorsusha*, and a grand banquet in the Hall of the Assembly of Nobles.—The Norwegian composer and pianist Grieg is expected to visit London in February.—The prospectus of the London Symphony Concerts announces a large number of familiar symphonies, and one novelty, *i.e.*, a portion of a symphonic fantasia *ius Italien*, by Richard Strauss, a rising young composer from Munich, only five-and-twenty years of age.

THE "DIVINING-ROD" BOY

Not long ago there was a long and animated correspondence in the *Standard* on the use of the "divining-rod" for finding water and minerals. A good many of the writers held that it was a mere superstition, handed down from the dark ages, and that the belief in it was due to a few accidental successes on the part of the water-finders. On the other side, however, a multitude of evidence was adduced showing that there are certain persons who do possess this peculiar faculty. One such is the lad shown in our engravings, who bears the appropriate name of Rodwell. He is in the employment of the Grinton Mining Company in the North of England, and according to the chairman of the company has never failed when



- 1. Holding the Rod, and Walking in Search of Water.
- 2. Searching on Top of a Covered Drain or Conduit, with the Rod Springing up to his Chest.
- 3. Walking with hands together in Search of Water.
- 4. Standing in same place as No. 2, but Hands tightly clasped, unable to release them until he walks off the top of the drain.

tested. Wherever he has indicated the presence of water or minerals, at that very spot a spring or lode has been discovered. He proceeds thus. Taking in his hands a light rod of wood or other material—it must be a conductor of electricity, by the way, which looks as if this strange power was connected with animal magnetism, or, if he has no rod, with his hands clasped in front of him, Rodwell walks about in likely places. As soon as he steps over water or a mineral-vein the rod springs up to his breast, or the hands clench themselves immovably, and he cannot unclasp them till he moves from the spot. The lad in whom this strange faculty has developed is about fourteen years of age. We are not told whether his peculiar employment has any effect upon his health.—Our engravings are from photographs sent us Mr. Thomas McClure, of Woodford, Essex.



The comedietta entitled *Caught at Last*, which now precedes *The Prince Donna* at the AVENUE, has been discovered to be identical with a little piece published some time in a volume of "Drawing Room Plays," by Lady Adelaide Cadogan. It is a mere duologue of rather trivially simple construction. Its somewhat mild humours are sufficiently well interpreted by Mr. Harry Grattan and Miss Isabel Elfen.

Another attempt is to be made to revive the fallen fortunes of the PRINCESS Theatre. That undefinable entity "a syndicate" has taken it in hand, and as a consequence it will reopen some time during the present month with a new romantic drama from the pen of Mr. Brandon Thomas, entitled *The Gold Craze*.

Brussels is to have a "Théâtre Libre," which will be opened in December by M. Narves. "Life as It Is" will be the motto of the new management. This, it is true, is what may be seen in the streets—life without paying; but it may be that the Brussels folk may take to the new method which some one has described as "social tenography."

Although *Caprice*, the new American play at the GLOBE, has been justly condemned by the critics, Miss Loie Fuller's fresh, quaint, original, and pleasing impersonation of the rustic Yankee heroine is winning great favour. It is a thing to be seen by all who can appreciate that subtle quality called "charm," which, as Mrs. Kendal, in one of her autobiographical papers in *Murray's Magazine*, justly says is familiar to all, though none of us can define it.

Mrs. Langtry is said to be thinking of coupling her management of the ST. JAMES'S with "Subscription Nights." Hitherto subscription nights have been confined to the Italian Opera-houses and to some other exotic performances.

To be robbed of their jewels once or twice in a lifetime seems to be the inevitable lot of popular actresses. Miss Florence St. John, who is now deploping the loss of trinkets to the value of 1,400*l.*, is the latest victim. There are, we know, sceptics who smile at these things, and talk of the "ingenuities of advertising;" but the less

cynical majority have no feeling but a wish that Miss St. John may recover her property, and bring her despoilers to justice.

Two new three-act plays will shortly be seen at morning performances. One is entitled *The Jackal*, the other *The Two Women*. The latter is the work of M. Pierre Leclercq.

The famous company of the Saxe-Meiningen Court Theatre will give a series of performances next year in Russia. They will open at Kiew in February, and proceed thence to St. Petersburg, Moscow, Riga, and Warsaw.

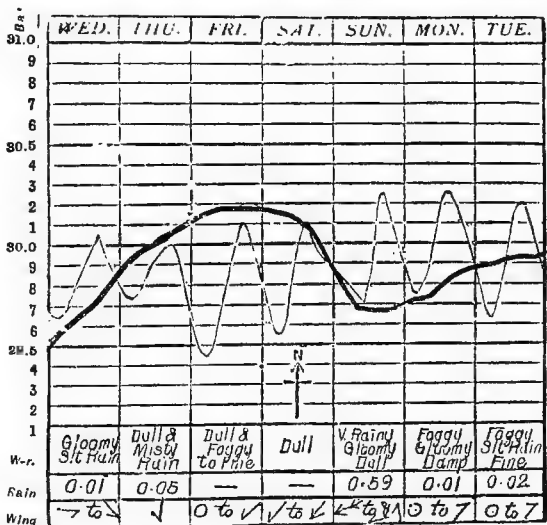
Mr. Dixey, who used to mimic Mr. Irving's peculiarities so cleverly at the Gaiety Theatre, has produced a little piece in New York, in which he represents *The Seven Ages of Man*, as described by the melancholy Jaques. How he gets on with the infant "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms" is not stated; but it is said that the chief merit of the performance lies in some introduced imitations of popular actors.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones asks us to say that his projected lectures will not deal with his own pieces, but will treat the drama "in a quite general and impersonal way."

*La Tosca* is still in active preparation at the GARRICK Theatre, where it will shortly take the place of Mr. Pinero's play, *The Profligate*.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (29th ult.). The fine line shows the temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week was dull or gloomy, and very damp generally. Thick wet fogs were prevalent over the Metropolitan Area, and at times were of a very dark and gloomy character. Speaking broadly, pressure was highest to the Northward and Eastward, and lowest to the Southward of our Islands. At the beginning of the time a long band of low readings stretched from the South-West of England to the Eastward of our area, and Easterly and North-Easterly breezes, with very dull, showery weather, and frequently rain or fogs were experienced in most places. In the course of Thursday local mists or fogs were prevalent over the greater part of the country (26th ult.), and throughout Friday (27th ult.), and a portion of Saturday (28th ult.), some improvement in the sky over the greater part of the country was observed, but rain still continued to fall in the North-East of England. During Friday (27th ult.), a depression moved in a West South-Westerly direction from the South-West of Portugal to the Bay of Biscay, whence it took a Northerly course, and by Sunday (29th ult.) at 8 A.M. the centre was found off the North-West Coasts of France. This disturbance, which subsequently travelled North-Westwards, and then Southwards, and began to fill up, caused somewhat severe Easterly and North-Easterly gales, and steady rainfall in the Channel, and all along our South Coasts, during Saturday night and the morning of Sunday (26th and 27th ult.). Later on the gales and downpour over England subsided, while wet fogs were again experienced locally, but with a fresh depression skirting our North-West Coasts. At the close of the time the barometer fell briskly there, and the wind which had drawn into the South had freshened considerably, and conditions therefore remained very unsettled. The highest daily temperatures were slightly below 60°, while the lowest showed slight frost at one or two Scotch Stations, and over Central Ireland.

The barometer was highest (30.19 inches) on Friday (27th ult.); lowest (29.52 inches) on Wednesday (25th ult.); range 0.67 inch. The temperature was highest (55°) on Sunday and Monday (27th and 28th ult.); lowest (39°) on Friday (25th ult.); range 16°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall 0.68 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.59 inch on Sunday (27th ult.).

THE PROPOSED RAILWAY UP THE JUNGFRAU is warmly opposed, both in Switzerland itself and abroad. The Swiss guides complain that these mountain railways ruin their profession, while true mountain lovers of all nations lament that the romance and beauty of famous peaks should be spoiled by the railway-line and crowds of tourists. There are two schemes afoot—M. Koechlin's plan of a rack-line, similar to that on Mount Pilatus and the Rigi, and the underground system proposed by M. Trautweiler (engineer of the Brunig Railway), which would be carried to the summit by a tubular tunnel. The latter scheme would cost 200,000*l.*, while M. Koechlin requires double that sum and seven years to complete the work. He declares that the difficulties are no greater than on the rack-line, or the funicular line at Glion on Lake Lemman. The railway could be made in two divisions—from Lauterbrunnen to the Stetelberg, and thence to the summit by a succession of tunnels. Probably some 30,000 tourists would use the line annually at the fare of 1*l.* 12*s.* apiece, so that the undertaking would soon pay. Further, a hotel would be constructed at the top, sheltered among the rocks from bad weather.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION closes next Wednesday with a grand night *fête*, and early next morning the exhibitors will begin to dispose of such wares as they prefer to sell rather than take home. For several days the public will be admitted by a single ticket to carry off the purchases which they have not been allowed to remove during the Exhibition, and to buy up other exhibits. Probably the colonial villages will be the first portion of the Exhibition to be pulled down, as they can be quickly demolished, and take up much room. As to the preservation of the chief buildings, M. Alphand will lay his proposals before the Municipal Council next Monday. He expects a surplus of at least 320,000*l.*, which will be divided between the State and the City of Paris, and he proposes that money should be spent on maintaining the Palaces of the Fine and Liberal Arts, the Machinery Hall, the Central Dome, and the Galerie de 30 Mètres, which would form a fine group around the Eiffel Tower. The Military Department must be compensated for the loss of the site, and the surrounding gardens would also cost a considerable sum, but the value of the buildings retained would amply balance the expense. The annual Salons and other art exhibitions could be held in the Fine Art Galleries; the Liberal Arts Palace is wanted for the Decorative Museum; the machine gallery is available for cavalry manoeuvres and various exhibitions, while concerts can be given in the Central dome. The luminous fountains will probably be moved to the Place de la Concorde.



M. ÉMILE ZOLA may probably come forward as a candidate for M. Augier's vacant seat in the French Académie. The naturalistic author will seem rather out of tune with the highly-polished and somewhat formal Academicians.

MAD KING OTHO OF BAVARIA grows steadily worse mentally, and his physicians have abandoned all hope of cure. He is thin and pale, but robust, with an enormously long beard. Some days he will eat heartily, and at other times will touch nothing.

CONSTITUTION HILL was opened on Saturday for light carriage-traffic, under the same regulations as Birdcage Walk and other roads in St. James's Park. Notice is given, however, that the road may be closed when the Queen is at Buckingham Palace, or, if necessary, on other occasions.

THE NEW VICTORIA ART GALLERIES AT DUNDEE have been inaugurated by the Marquis of Lorne. They form a handsome addition to the Albert Memorial Buildings erected many years ago, and have been constructed in honour of the Queen's Jubilee. The rooms contain some very valuable works.

THE REV. F. JACOX has, says the *City Press*, remitted to the Council of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphanage Corporation the sum of 2,066*l.*, which will be sufficient to provide for the establishment of three pensions for aged and indigent printers' readers—a hardworking and intelligent class of men, hitherto sadly neglected by the benevolent public.

THE NEW CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE received one of her most valued presents from her sisters. It is an album of sketches by German artists, framed by dried flowers and leaves which the Princesses had gathered near their home at Friedrichskron. On the margins of each page, the Princesses have copied verses from Princess Sophie's favourite poets, Heine and Longfellow.

THE TABLETS OF HONOUR to be presented by the Chinese Government to the English in gratitude for their help during the famine have just been finished at Peking. They vary in size from three to five feet, according to the rank of the recipient, but are otherwise exactly alike, with a gold lacquer ground, richly ornamented, and bearing a Chinese inscription of thankfulness in big black letters. The names of the donor and receiver occupy each end, and the Viceroy's seal is set in the centre.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK, now contain a specially interesting inmate—a young gaur, or Indian bison, which is stated to be the first ever brought alive to Europe. These creatures are so savage and powerful that they can even resist a tiger successfully, and none have yet been tamed, notwithstanding frequent attempts. The gaur in the Zoo is a fine young bull, not two years old, presented by the Sultan of Phang to the Governor of the Straits Settlements. It was most tenderly cared for during the voyage on one of the P. and O. vessels, being fed on pineapples, bananas, and figs.

BELGIUM is preparing for a grand National commemoration next year—the twenty-fifth anniversary of King Leopold's accession. Instead, however, of celebrating the actual anniversary in December, the Belgians propose to hold the rejoicings in July, when the weather would be better suited to those out-door festivities which delight the Flemings. There would be Military and Civil *fêtes*, the King's procession through Brussels exactly reproducing his entry in 1865, a monster banquet to the Royal family, and—most picturesque of all—an allegorical and historical cavalcade, illustrating Belgian commerce and manufactures.

THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* has been promised to the Paris Conservatoire by its present owner, Madame Pauline Viardot. The score, entitled "Il Dissoluto Punito, ossia Don Giovanni," consists of numerous small music-books bound in parchment, and written in a clear, firm hand, with few corrections or erasures. It contains additional airs for Ottavio and Masetto, which are always omitted, besides a grand *finale* "of satisfaction" to be sung by all the characters, who assemble on the stage directly Don Giovanni has been carried off to the regions below. Speaking of originals, the manuscript of "Froissart's Chronicles" has just been sold in Paris for 1,800*l.*

THE ROYAL FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART EXHIBITION.—On Friday and Saturday last, the Annual Exhibition of Students' Drawings was held at 43, Queen's Square, W.C. Since last year, the facilities for study have been greatly increased, the Committee having lately added a new "Life" Studio, a Painting Studio, a Library, a Lecture Room, and luncheon apartments. The drawings this year fully sustained the high reputation of the School. Among the prize-winners were Miss Edith Harwood, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Lilly Pritchard, and Miss Hodges. Since 1860 eight gold, thirty-four silver, and fifty-seven bronze medals have been obtained by the students in National competitions.

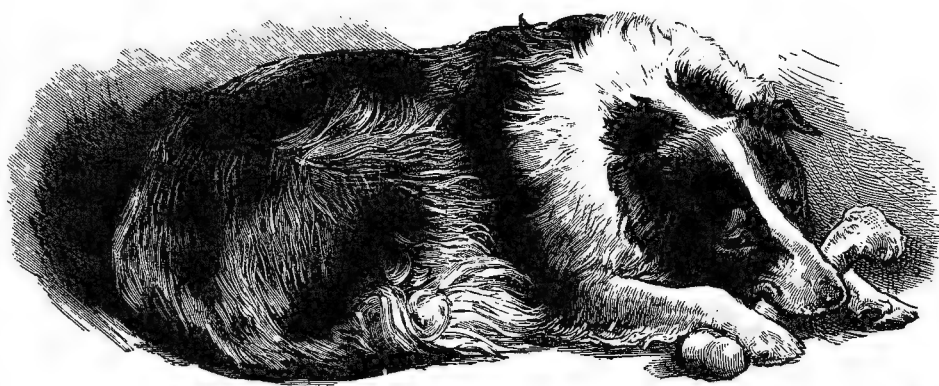
THE JUVENILE PRINCE AND PRINCESSES OF CONNAUGHT have begun early to take part in public functions. They are great favourites in Indian society, and during their present stay at Pooné were asked to visit the Victoria High School for Girls to cut down a teak tree, which was to be converted into a prayer desk for the school. The Royal children were remarkably solemn during the first part of the ceremony, with its hymns and processions of the pupils, but thoroughly enjoyed acting as woodcutters. Prince Arthur and Princess Margaret gave seven vigorous strokes apiece with the hatchet, while little Princess Patricia, aged three years and a-half, could hardly be persuaded to leave off hitting the tree. The Royal children carried away the oak hatchet, mounted in silver, used for the ceremony, together with numerous bouquets.

THE MOST INTERESTING RELICS OF EMPEROR FREDERICK III. OF GERMANY are now exhibited in the Hohenzollern Family Museum at Berlin, where the two new rooms devoted to the late Emperor were opened on his birthday. There is his favourite dragoon uniform, with the general's coat which he wore as a bridegroom hanging by the side of the Empress's wedding-dress and other bridal paraphernalia. His childish playthings, his pipes—one china, one wooden—his favourite riding-whip and sticks—one cut from a lime-tree at the Battle of Sadowna—the State seal used during his brief reign, his Orders, flags, a bomb-shell which he narrowly escaped during the storming of the Düppel redoubts in the Schleswig-Holstein Campaign, are among the most precious mementoes. The gifts on the Emperor and Empress's Silver Wedding fill a cabinet near the picture of the family group on the Silver Wedding day. The second room resembles a mortuary chamber, with its black cloth hangings, and the Imperial bust surrounded by the palm-branches and bows of ribbon used at the funeral. The addresses of condolence to the Empress are shown here, while two cabinets contain *souvenirs* of the dead young Prince, Waldemar and Sigismund. Much interest is felt in the reminiscences of the Emperor just published by the well-known author, Gustave Freytag, who was very intimate with the late Sovereign. Herr Freytag declares that the long inactivity forced upon Frederick III. when Crown Prince sapped his vital energy, causing a depressed tone both of mind and body. The writer dwells on His Majesty's intense devotion to, and admiration of, his wife, and draws the most sympathetic and life-like portrait of the Emperor which has yet appeared.





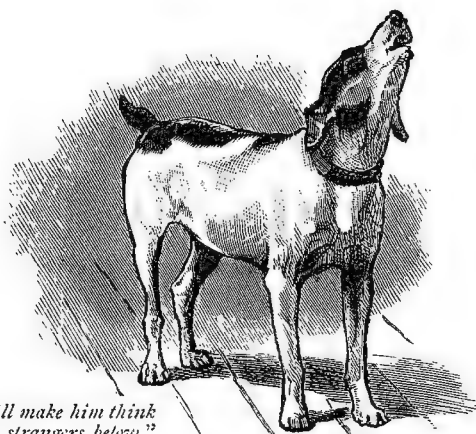
1. Bimbo the terrier played a great trick on Rock, who, although he is three times Bimbo's size, is as innocent as a new-born babe—when he hasn't a bone in his mouth. This is well known to Bimbo



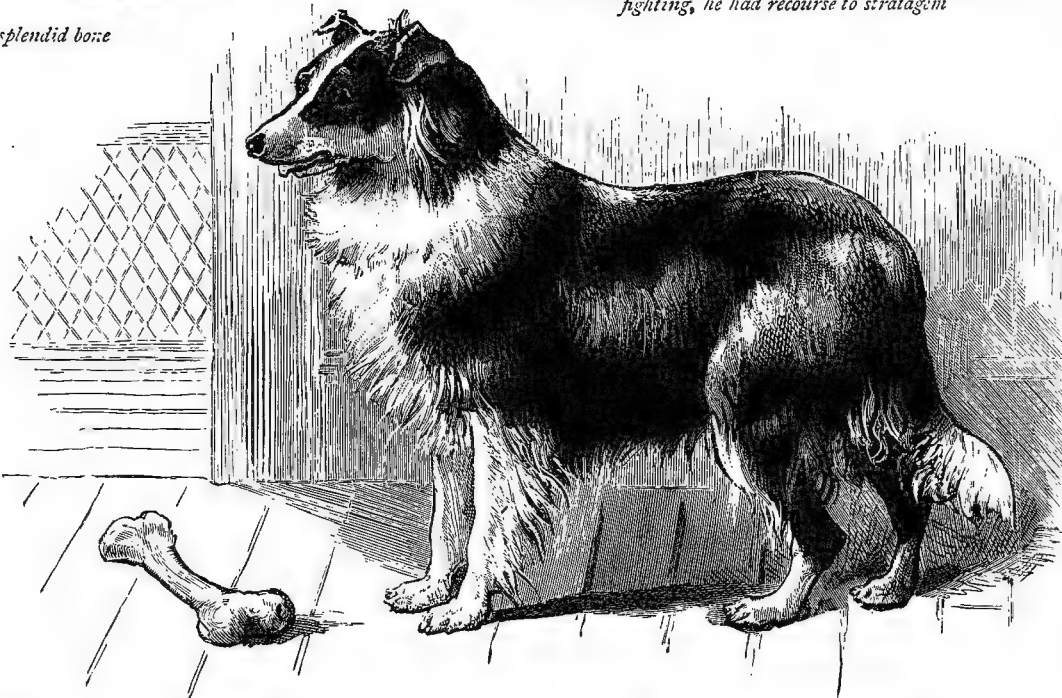
2. The other day Rock had secured a splendid bone



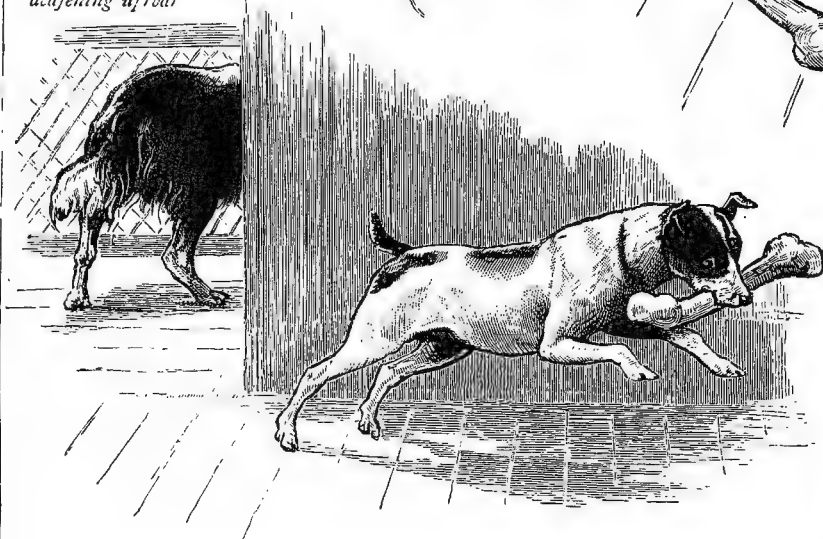
3. Which Bimbo coveted. As it was impossible to get it by fighting, he had recourse to stratagem



4. "I'll make him think there are strangers below," thought he, beginning a deafening uproar



5. "Good Heavens, I must go and see what on earth has happened," thought Rock



6. "Never knew anything so successful before," thought Bimbo: "what an old ass Rock is"





**BOOSEY & CO.'S NEW SONGS**  
Season 1889 and 1890.

**HOPE TEMPLE.**  
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP. Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd.

**MARZIALS.**  
STAY, DARLING, STAY. Sung by Mr. Orlando Harley and Mr. Alec Marsh.

**FRANK MOIR.**  
GOLDEN HARVEST. Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.

**MOLLOY.**  
THE SAILOR'S DANCE. Sung by Mr. Oswald and Mr. Franklin Clive.

**NEW IRISH BALLAD.**  
OFF TO PHILADELPHIA. Arranged by BATTISON HAYNES, and sung by Mr. Philip Greene.

**BOOSEY and CO.'S POPULAR SONGS.**  
SIX O'CLOCK IN THE BAY. STEPHEN ADAMS.  
MONA. Stephen Adams.  
IN SWEET SEPTEMBER. Hope TEMPLE.  
THE OLD MANOR HALL. Hope TEMPLE.  
MARGARITA. F. N. Lo'r.  
THE GIFT. Behrend.  
IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER. COWEN.  
DOWN THE SUNLIT STREAM. MOLLOY.

**MEDELSSOHN'S ELIJAH** and **ST. PAUL.** New Shilling Editions of these popular Oratorios. Demy quarto.—BOOSEY and CO.

**MEDELSSOHN'S HEAR MY PRAYER.** solo with chorus, and AS PATENTS THE HART. New editions in the "Choralist" of these popular choruses, price 1d. each.

**BOOSEY and CO.**

**THE MESSIAH.** Boosey and Co.'s New Shilling Edition, enlarged and improved.

**THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS.**—Full music size, 110 numbers. 1s. each. List of contents gratis post free.

**BOOSEY and CO.**

**THE DIAMOND MUSIC BOOKS**  
45 numbers, 6d. each. List of contents gratis post free.

**BOOSEY and CO., 295, Regent Street, London.**

**PATEY and WILLIS'S LIST OF NEW SONGS, &c.**

**"STORIES."** By A. H. Behrend. Keys E flat, F, and A flat. Sung by Mdm. Winn, Mdm. Kiechelman, Miss E. Maudslayi, &c. The best song written by this Composer since "Antie."

**"WHEN THE SUN WAS LOW."** By J. R. ROECKEL. Keys A flat and C. Sung by Mdm. Patey, Mdm. Hope Glenn, &c.

**"THE WILLOW COPSE."** By MICHAEL WATSON. Keys E flat, F, and A flat. An exceedingly pretty, humorous ballad.

**"THE SPANISH GIPSY."** By MICHAEL WATSON. Keys D, E flat, and F. A special song for Soprano or Mezzo-Soprano.

**"WHEN DAYLIGHT FADES."** By FRANK MOIR. Keys E flat, F, G, and A. A beautiful song. One of the best ever written by this talented Composer.

**UN CHANT D'AMOUR VALSE.** By FELIX BURNS. With Portrait of Miss Hope Temple. The best Valse of the season. Played everywhere. The above may be had of any Music-Seller, 2s. post free.

**PATEY & WILLIS, 44, Great Marlborough Street, London, W.**

**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'**  
PIANOFORTES are the perfection of tone, touch, and durability. JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS, Pianoforte Manufacturers, by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore Street, London, W. Lists free.

**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.**  
Pianos, the most distinctly understood that they are. Part of the Maudslayi and Co. and their only address is 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, London.

**GOOD SECOND-HAND**  
£15  
OCTAVE COTTAGE PIANOS, returned from hire, may now be obtained for 15s. packed free and forwarded.

**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.**

**£20.**  
FOR £20, THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. will pack free, and forward to any part, one of their thoroughly good sound walnut OCTAVE COTTAGE PIANOS, full compass, octaves, powerful rich tone, and warranted for 20 years. Drawings sent free.

**THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, W.**

**DALMAINE and CO.—Pianos and ORGANS.** Absolute Sale. Fifty per cent. discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 25s. to 100s., 10 guineas, &c.

Class 1. 14 7s.	Class 2. 14 7s.	Class 3. 14 7s.	Class 4. 14 7s.
Class 5. 14 7s.	Class 6. 14 7s.	Class 7. 14 7s.	Class 8. 14 7s.
Class 9. 14 7s.	Class 10. 14 7s.	Class 11. 14 7s.	Class 12. 14 7s.

America's Organs, by all the best makers, from 40s. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years, if one of a higher class is taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars sent free. T. DALMAINE and CO. (Established 1845), 91, Finsbury Pavement, London.

**ESTEY ORGANS.** Over 214,000 sold. Unrivalled in Tone. Best in Quality. To be had of all the principal Musical Instrument Dealers.

**ESTEY ORGAN COMPANY**  
(HODGE and ESSEX).  
12, Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, W.  
The Largest Manufacturers of American Organs in the World.

**ESTEY ORGAN TUTOR.** By KING HALL.  
Price 2s. 6d. net; post free 3s. 10d.

**PLEVEL, WOLFF, and CO.'S**  
PIANOS. Every description for SALE or HIRE. Illustrated lists free.

**SOLE AGENCY, 170, New Bond Street, W.**

**JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,**  
3, GREAT PULTENEY ST., LONDON, W.  
GOLD MEDAL.  
INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.  
GOLD MEDAL, SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.  
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 25 to 250 Gs.  
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

**METZLER and CO.'S LIST.**  
NEW SONGS, 2s. net, post free.

**JUST PUBLISHED.**  
**HOURS.** J. L. Molloy.  
New Song by this popular Composer. Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

**I WOULD THAT THE BOATS**  
WERE HOME.  
New Song by J. L. MOLLOY.  
Words by G. CLIFTON BINGHAM.

**DOUGLAS GORDON.** Lawrence KELLIE.  
Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.  
Sung with Enormous Success by Madame Belle Cole, Madame Osborne Williams, Madame Schluter, Miss Jessie Griffin, Miss Marie Curan, Miss Dorothy Hanbury, Madame Madeline Hardy, Miss Marguerite Hall, and by the composer.

**DOUGLAS GORDON.** Lawrence KELLIE. In Four Keys, D, E flat, F (compass D to F), and G.

**ROCOCO.** Mrs. Brunning Maddison. Sung with great success by Mr. Lawrence Kellie.

**ROCOCO.** "Truth" says: "Mrs. Brunning Maddison's setting of Swinburne's song 'Rococo' is a triumph, being original, musically effective, and tender."

**LA CHARMANTE MAR-**  
GUERITE.  
Sung with great success by Miss Liza Lehmann at the Monday Popular Concerts. In Two Keys, D (compass A to F sharp) and E.

**MAGYAR SONG.** Felix Semon.  
The English words adapted from the Hungarian of Vorosmarty by Marion Chappell. Sung by Madame Semon at the Grand Concert, in aid of the Kensington Girls' Industrial School at the Inner Temple Hall, with great success, on Thursday last.

**MEMORIES.** Caroline Lothian.  
Played with great success by Mr. Liddell at all his engagements.

**METZLER and CO.**  
Sole Importers of the Celebrated

**MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.**  
Supplied to Her Most Gracious Majesty THE QUEEN. Her Imperial Majesty THE EMPRESS EUGENIE, and to churches, chapels, and schools throughout the United Kingdom, &c.

**MASON and HAMLIN ORGANS.**  
Prices from £8 to £400.  
May be had on the Three Years' Hire-Purchase System.  
Liberal Discount for Cash.  
New Illustrated List Post Free.

**MASON and HAMLIN PIANOS.**  
THE NEW UPRIGHT MODEL.  
THE NEW BOUDOIR GRAND MODEL.  
Improved method of stringing.

**METZLER and CO.'S BRASS**  
REED, and STRINGED INSTRUMENTS of every description. List Post Free.

**METZLER and CO.,**  
42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON, W.

**THE CHOROLISTHA.** The new Round Dance. Invented by EDWARD SCOTT. The music of this successful novelty with full descriptions of the Dance by the Author is now published. 5s. 6d. net.

**FRANCIS and DAY, 195, Oxford Street, W.**

**WARD, LOCK, and CO.'S NEW**  
SERIAL PUBLICATIONS. Prospectus and Catalogue post free on application.

**A COMPREHENSIVE ACCOUNT OF THE**  
RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.  
ENTIRELY NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD'S INFABILITIES."  
In Monthly Parts, price 6d. each. To be completed in 14 Parts. Part I. now ready at all Booksellers.

**THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS.**  
By G. T. BERRY, M.A. (Camb.), describing the DOCTRINES, RISE, PRACTICES, PRIESTHOODS, and MORAL TEACHINGS OF ALL the PRINCIPAL RELIGIONS of the present day and of past times.

**COPIOUSLY ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-**  
PAGE AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, depicting the most interesting scenes and objects in connection with the various religions.

This work will prove of great value not only to those who contemplate devoting their lives to the noble object of improving their fellow-creatures in distant lands, but also to those who, by their sympathy, prayers, and contributory activity, maintain at home the springs of missionary activity. It is hoped that many in all classes of intelligent religious people will find in "The World's Religions" an indispensable text book.

With Part I. WILL BE PRESENTED TO EVERY PURCHASER A VALUABLE SUPPLEMENT, giving a Pictorial View of the PRINCIPAL RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS, TEMPLES, &c., of the World.

Specimen Copy, post free, for 7d.

**THE MOST COMPLETE and USEFUL BOOK**  
PRODUCED FOR AMATEURS IN CARPENTRY and the CONSTRUCTIVE ARTS.  
(Part I. now ready) Issue in Sixteen Monthly Parts (Part I. now ready) of a NEW, ENLARGED, and REVISED EDITION of

**EVERY MAN HIS OWN ME-**  
CHANIC. A COMPLETE GUIDE TO ALL OPERATIONS IN BUILDING, MAKING, and MENDING that can be done by Amateurs in the House, Garden, Farm, &c.

With HUNDREDS of ILLUSTRATIONS of TOOLS, PROCESSES, BUILDINGS, &c. Corrected and Revised throughout in the light of the latest information, and in addition will contain an APPENDIX of ABOUT 100 PAGES of NEW TEXT and ILLUSTRATIONS.

A VALUABLE SUPPLEMENT EXHIBITING AT A GLANCE the Numbers, Size, and Prices of upwards of TWO HUNDRED SCREWS used in different Branches of Wood Working, is PRESENTED GRATIS with Part I. (now ready at all Booksellers), price 6d.

**A MOST DELIGHTFUL and INSTRUCTIVE**  
WORK FOR ALL WHO WISH TO LEARN the SECRETS of SCIENCE, as explained and illustrated in the most popular and amusing manner, easily to be understood by all readers.

Complete in about 15 Monthly Parts, Sixpence Each. Part I. Now Ready, at all Booksellers.

**WARD and LOCK'S**  
POPULAR SCIENTIFIC RECREATIONS IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, ASTRONOMY, GEOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, &c. NEW and ENLARGED EDITION, WITH MUCH ADDITIONAL MATTER, about 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS.

**CASSELL and COMPANY'S**  
ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**THE**  
PICTURESQUE  
MEDITERRANEAN.

IMPORTANT NEW FINE ART PUBLICATION.  
Messrs. Cassell and Company will publish, in Monthly Parts, price Half-a-Crown.

**THE PICTURESQUE MEDITERRANEAN.** Illustrated with Numerous Wood-Engravings from Original Drawings specially prepared for the work by the Leading Artists of the day.

Part I. now ready, price 2s. 6d.  
An exquisite reproduction in Colours of an Original Painting. "The Rock of Gibraltar from Algiers," by J. R. Foster, R.W.S., is issued as a Frontispiece to Part I.

The leading artists of the day, including J. Mac Whirter, A.R.A., John Fullelove, R.I., William Simpson, R.I., Edward T. Compton, Charles Wyllie, W. H. J. Boot, John O'Connor, R.I., and others have visited the Mediterranean specially to prepare drawings for this work, and have obtained a large number of beautiful sketches, which are being reproduced on wood by the principal English and Continental wood-engravers, and the Publishers have no hesitation in saying that the Illustrations will be found to represent the very highest development which the art of wood-engraving has now reached.

Specimen Page Prospectus can be seen at all Book-sellers, or will be forwarded on application to the Publishers.

**CASSELL and COMPANY, Limited, Ludgate Hill, London; Paris, New York, and Melbourne.**

**THE QUIVER.**  
NEW VOLUME now COM-  
MENCING.

**THE QUIVER, for Sunday and**  
General Reading. 80 pages Monthly.

Now ready, price 6d.  
**THE QUIVER for November,**  
forming the First Part of a New Volume.

Principal Contents:  
**COLOURS OF FRONTPIECE—THE PAR-**  
**SONAGE GARDEN,** after the Picture by M. E. Edwards (exhibited at the Royal Academy).  
**"THE QUIVER" GOOD CONDUCT PRIZES.**

**"BE OF GOOD CHEER."** By the Rev. NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.  
**JOTTINGS FROM A MINISTER'S NOTE**  
BOOK. Illustrated.  
**HOW ST. ELLONS LIGHT WENT OUT.**  
A Complete Story. Illustrated.

**NEVER YOUNG AND NEVER OLD.** By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married," &c.  
**THE FROGS IN THE PADDY-FIELD.** A New Fable. By the Rev. A. J. BAMFORD, B.A. Illustrated.

**ON THE CHURCH FLOOR.** By the Author of "Some Old Church Chests," &c. With Illustrations.  
**LOWELL'S RELIGIOUS POETRY.** With Portrait.

**PROVIDENCE.** By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.  
**THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE**  
**GENIILES.** By the Rev. Prebendary GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.  
**"COME, YE SINNERS POOR & WRETCHED."**  
Music by JOSEPH BARNEY (Precentor of Eton College).

**TERRIE'S TWO COATS.** A Complete Story. By the Author of "A Rose Bedewed," &c. Illustrated.  
**SCRIPTURAL LESSONS FOR SCHOOL and HOME—International Series.**

**"MY GOD SEND THEE HIS LOVE."** A Chapter for the Sick and Infirm.  
**SHORT AID FOR THE NEEDS of Christian Life and Work in all Fields.** Illustrated.  
**"FIFTEEN MILLIONS."** "The Quiver" Free Grant Fund.

Serial Stories commenced in this Part:  
**WORTHY TO BE LOVED.** By E. NEAL, Author of "My Brother Basil," &c. With Illustrations by M. G. GOW, R.I.  
**WINGS OF THE MORNING.** By C. DESPARD, Author of "Into a Larger Room," &c. With Illustrations by W. HATHERELL.

**THE HEART OF THOMAS TITT.** or, the Big Man and the Bigger. By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. With Illustrations by GORDON BROWNE.

**CASSELL'S DORE GALLERY.**  
Now ready, Part I. price 7d.

Containing 250 of the finest drawings of Gustave Doré, with descriptive letter-press. "A comprehensive record of a great artistic career is furnished by Cassell's 'Dore Gallery,' which forms an inexhaustible source of delight to every one so fortunate as to have access to the splendid collection."

**"The Telegraph."** With Part I. is issued, free of charge, a beautiful reproduction in tints, suitable for framing, of one of Doré's most celebrated masterpieces.

**THE CABINET PORTRAIT**  
GALLERY.

Part I. now ready, price 1s.  
**THE CABINET PORTRAIT**  
GALLERY.

Containing a Series of Cabinet Photographs by W. and D. DOWNEY, with Biographical Sketches. Part 2 contains Portraits of George of Wales, Lord Armstrong, and Mary Anderson and Mrs. Stirling.

**THE HOLY LAND and THE**  
BIBLE.

Part 2, now ready, price 7d., of the ILLUSTRATED SERIAL EDITION OF  
**THE HOLY LAND and THE**  
BIBLE.

By the Rev. CUNNINGHAM GRIEKE, D.D. With Illustrations from Original Drawings by HENRY A. HARPER.

Part 2, now ready, price 7d., of  
**CASSELL'S HISTORY OF INDIA,**  
With 400 Illustrations. With Part 1 is issued, free of charge, a magnificent Portrait of H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor.

Just commenced, Monthly, price 6d., The  
**FAMILY PHYSICIAN. A Manual**  
of Domestic Medicine by eminent Physicians and Surgeons of the principal London Hospitals.

"The range of subjects dealt with is wonderfully comprehensive, and the book will be worth ten times its cost."—*Daily Chronicle*.

Now commencing a New Volume of  
**CASSELL'S NEW POPULAR**  
EDUCATOR. With new Coloured Plates, new Maps, new Text, new Type, and new Illustrations. Monthly, price 6d.

"A school, an academy, and a university."—*School Board Chronicle*.

Now ready, price 7d., the First Part of a New Volume of  
**THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE,**  
with several hundred Original Illustrations by Leading Artists.

**DIAMONDS, SILVER PLATE,**  
&c. NOVEMBER, 1889. Public Sales four or five days in each week in the Auction Gallery at DEBENHAM, STORR, and SONS MART, King Street, Covent Garden, London. The property comprises BRILLIANT ORNAMENTS and other costly Jewels, Loose Brilliants, Gold Chains and Jewellery, Antique and Modern PLATE, Gold Watches and Chronometers, &c., and includes consignments from Jewellers, Executors, and others. Catalogues issued on Fridays.

**NEW NOVELS at all LIBRARIES**

By the Author of "The Danvers Jewels."  
**SIR CHARLES DANVERS.**  
In 2 vols., crown 8vo.

By the Author of "Near Neighbours."  
**PAUL'S SISTER.** By F. M. Peard.  
In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney."  
**HER OWN COUNSEL.**  
In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

By the author of "A Daughter of the People."  
**DIANA.** By Georgiana M. Craik (Mrs. May). In 3 vols., crown 8vo.

Second Edition Now Ready.  
**AN IRISH COUSIN.** By Geillies HERRING and MARTIN ROSS. In 2 vols., crown 8vo.

**RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,**  
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

**BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.**  
No. 889.—NOVEMBER, 1889.—2s. 6d.

**MASTER OF HIS FATE.** Chaps. V., VI. By J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

**DIARY OF AN IDLE DOCTOR.** By AXEL MUMTHE.

**EDWARD FITZGERALD: AN AFTERMATH.** By FRANCIS HINDEN GROOMER.

**NOTES FOR AN UNSSENTIMENTAL**  
JOURNALLER. By WALLACE BRUCE.

**ONE WORD.** By WALLACE BRUCE.

**THE BURMAH-SIAM-CHINA RAILWAY.** By HOLT S. HALLETT.

**THE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.** By E. M. JOHNSTONE.

**THE HUNTER IN THE HIMALAYAS.** By CRUTCHLEY, LT. R.N.R.

**LADY BABY.** Chaps. XXXVII., XXXVIII.

**THE OLD SALOON.** By CRUTCHLEY, LT. R.N.R.

**WHAT THE FRENCH ELECTIONS MEAN.** By CRUTCHLEY, LT. R.N.R.

**MOKE ABOUT THE LEPEKERS AT THE CAPE.** By CRUTCHLEY, LT. R.N.R.

**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD and SONS,**  
Edinburgh and London.

**MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE**  
for NOVEMBER, price 1s. Contains:

1. Kirsteen; by Mrs. Oliphant.  
2. James Hogg; by George Saintsbury.  
3. "Ante. The Gardens of Pompeii;" by Mrs. Lecky.  
4. Settling in Canada; by the Rev. A. J. Church.  
5. Dick.  
6. Elton Fifty Years Ago; by C. T. Buckland.  
7. The Ballad of the King's Mercy; by Yussuf.  
8. Leaves from a Note-Book.  
9. Leaves from a Note-Book.

**MACMILLAN & CO., London**

**MISS BRADDON'S LATEST NOVEL.**  
In Three Volumes. At all Libraries.

**THE DAY WILL COME: a Novel.**  
By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. "A terrible story, true to life, as natural as justice, and worked out with unrelenting logic."—*The Athenaeum*, October 18th.

"Once begun, will make other books unreadable until it is finished."—*Scotsman*, Sept. 18th 1889.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.

**NOVEMBER NUMBER JUST OUT.**  
**WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL**

Price 3d., by post 4d. A paper pattern of the Princess of Wales' Dress given away, also Coloured Plate of Mantles, Costumes, Tea Gowns, &c.

**WELDON'S DRESSMAKER.**  
Price 1d., post free 2d. A charming Coloured Plate of Winter Fashions given away. Fifty Illustrations of latest Winter Dresses.

**WELDON'S BAZAAR of CHILDREN'S FASHION.**  
Price 1d., post free 2d. A paper pattern of a Girl's Coat given away. Seventy Illustrations of Winter Styles for Boys and Girls.

**WELDON'S MOUNTMELICK**  
Each Part is complete. 1000 Engravings. Parts 1 to 16 just out, price 6d., post free, 7d., or the 16 Books post free, 8s. 8d.

Weldon's Netting. Weldon's Knitting, 4 parts. Weldon's Crochet, 3 parts. Weldon's Smocking. Weldon's Patchwork. Weldon's Beadwork. Weldon's Decorative work.

**WELDON and CO., Southampton St., Strand, W.C.**

**COLD-CATCHING, COLD-PRE-**  
VENTING, COLD-CURING.  
By JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.  
"A book for the household."—*Christian World*.  
London: JAMES EPIS & CO., 170, Piccadilly.

**MISS BRADDON'S NEW CHRISTMAS**  
ANNUAL. Illustrated, One Shilling.

**THE MISLETOE BOUGH.**  
"The Largest and Best Annual of the Age."  
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and CO.

**SHIRTS—FORD'S EUREKA.**  
"The most perfect Fitting made."—*Observer*.

**SHIRTS—FORD'S EUREKA**  
DRESS SHIRTS.  
A Large Stock. Sixteen different Sizes. In the Finest Linen.  
3s. 3d., 3s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.

**SHIRTS—FORD'S EUREKA**  
SHIRTS.  
Special to measure 30s., 40s., 45s. the half-dozen. Illustrated Self-Measure post free.

**RICHARD FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.**

**OLD SHIRTS RE-FRONTED,**  
Wrist and Collar Banded, fine Linen, three for 6s.; superior, 7s. 6d.; extra fine, 9s. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

**ÆGIDIUS.—Great Speciality in**  
Gentlemen's Elastic and Woven Flanne Shirts that do not shrink in Washing. Write for Patterns, and particulars will be sent, carriage free.

**R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.**

**ÆGIDIUS.—The only Flannel**  
Shirts that will not shrink, not it washed 100 times. See one at our premises, been worn twelve months, and washed some twenty times or more.

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
FURNITURE.  
67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79, HAMPSHIRE ST., ROAD.  
(Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower St. Station)

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
NOVELTIES  
in  
ART-FURNISHING.  
A large selection on show, which will well repay a visit of inspection.

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
FURNITURE.  
Substantial and Artistic.  
Handsome in design, moderate in price.  
A visit of inspection respectfully solicited.

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS in  
HOUSEHOLD FURNISHING.  
A visit of inspection respectfully solicited.  
Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

**OETZMANN'S ILLUSTRATED**  
CATALOGUE, the best Furnishing Guide extant, containing Coloured and other Illustrations, with full particulars and prices of every article required in complete house furnishing, post free on application.—OETZMANN & CO., Hampstead Road

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS,  
DECORATORS, and  
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

**HAMPSTEAD ROAD**  
(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD  
AND GOWER STREET STATION.)  
SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Circus, and Piccadilly.

**"CELEBRATED LONDON HOUSES."**  
**PETER ROBINSON'S**  
FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE.

"This famous house—long established—is unrivalled by any other in London or Paris for select style, endless variety, and for the remarkable beauty and novelty of its goods. A most important feature in its working is its strictly moderate charges, for which it scarcely has an equal."—*Vide press*.

**MOURNING ORDERS.**  
Peter Robinson's experienced Assistants and Dress





MR. JUSTICE FIELD, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Grantham, have been selected by the Queen's Bench Division to be placed on the rota for the trial of Election Petitions in England and Wales during the ensuing year.

**THE SPECIAL COMMISSION.**—Mr. Michael Davitt had not finished his address when the Court rose on Wednesday. It included much of his political and social autobiography, with an agrarian and legislative history of Ireland in modern times, and aimed at proving that the Land League, which he had been largely instrumental in founding, was a "bona fide Constitutional Organisation," that any outrages which had been perpetrated during its existence were "incidental" to the evils of the land system which it aimed at abolishing, and had not been in the slightest degree instigated by its leaders.

**ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.**—The long-talked-of action for breach of promise brought by Miss Phyllis Broughton, formerly of the Avenue Theatre, against Viscount Dangan, was settled on Tuesday in Court before the case was called. Miss Broughton's counsel, the Solicitor-General, intimated that she would accept 2,500*l.* with costs as between solicitor and client. On the part of the defendant, Sir Charles Russell said that Viscount Dangan admitted having made the engagement, and expressly wished it to be known that in breaking it off no reflection is cast by him on either the character or conduct of the fair plaintiff.

**A CLERIC'S REFUSAL TO RECOGNISE THE STATUTORY JURISDICTION OF THE COURT OF ARCHES** has been summarily punished by Lord Penzance, its Dean. The Vicar of Hoo St. Werburgh, in the Diocese of Rochester, declined to administer the sacrament of the Communion to a lady, one of his parishioners, and for ten years a regular attendant and communicant at his church, on the sole ground that she had occasionally visited a Wesleyan place of worship. On being called on to appear before the Court of Arches, the only notice he took of the citation was to write a letter in which he contemptuously pronounced the Court to be "as incompetent to deal with a purely spiritual question as if it were a County Court or a Court-Martial." Lord Penzance has suspended him for a year from the discharge of his functions in his benefice, and from receiving its emoluments, besides ordering him to pay all the costs of the proceedings. The sentence of suspension may, however, be reconsidered if, on the complainant's application, the reverend gentleman concedes her very legitimate claim.

**WHEN ONE OF ITS NOTES HAS BEEN LOST**, the Bank of England is bound, the Queen's Bench Division have just decided to give the owner, or his heirs, another of the same amount on receiving an indemnity, considered by a judicial authority to be satisfactory, against any further liability in regard to it. In the case before the Court, the owner of a bank-note for 1,000*l.*, a confirmed drunkard, lost it ten years ago, and died in 1887. His son, as administrator of his estate, had offered security as required by the Bills Act, but the Bank had refused to accept any, while ready to invest the money and pay interest on it to the claimant.

**AT A MEETING IN LONDON** summoned by the Society for the Prevention of Hydrophobia and Reform of the Dog Laws, and presided over by Sir Henry Roscoe, M.P., statistics were adduced to prove that mortality from rabies has been steadily increasing. Dr.

Fleming, Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the Army, moved, and Mr. Harrison Weir, the well-known animal painter, supported, a resolution, which was adopted, in favour of Sir H. Roscoe's Bill enacting the general muzzling of dogs for twelve months throughout Great Britain.

### IN THE WELSH SLATE QUARRIES

VERY soon after entering Wales, the traveller is made aware that he is in the Land of Slate. Long mineral trains full of slate pass on their outward journey, and in every siding are trucks full of slabs or slates waiting to be despatched to Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, or London. At a station, which is the terminus of a local quarry line, broad, low, wharves covered with slates ranged in closely-packed rows occupy the ground near the line, and between them run the sidings for loading the trucks. The little quarry railway winds upwards from the valley between the hills and into the mountains, branching off at a village some six miles up into the bank or yard of each quarry.

The village has grown up round the quarries, and all the inhabitants are quarrymen. Everything is of slate; the cottages are all built of great blocks of waste slate roughly dressed, and roofed with "moss" slates. The kitchen is floored and shelved with slate, and hearth-stone, door-steps, and garden-fences are all made of slate. In the back garden, the pig frequently sleeps in a sty, made, like a house of cards, of broad slabs; and the gateway into the field opposite is fastened by a block of slate propped against it. Slate is everywhere and everything, and when it is pounded too small for any other purpose is used to mend the roads with. Great masses of rubble, or "tip," as it is called, spoil the hill-side, and the smoke of the engine-house rises above the long shed through which the whistle and whirr of the slate-saws echo all day long.

Within those square openings in the face of the hill are long tunnels driven directly through the "trap" rock, parallel to and touching the slate vein. Every forty yards are the "bargains," or places measured off from which the men quarry the slate, twenty yards being left as "pillar" to support the roof, and twenty yards being excavated by the quarrymen. The work of the miners is very hard, but slate-quarrying has great advantages over other kinds of mining, as the air underground is always pure, and the temperature cool in summer and warm in winter. The life is healthy and the accidents few, the chief cause of illness being the liability to chill to which the men are subject owing to their quitting work in a comparatively warm atmosphere for the bitter cold of the snow-covered mountains during a great portion of the year.

Most of the men live in the little village in the valley between the quarries, but many of them come from long distances over the hills. Should hard times or closing of works make employment unobtainable in their native district, sooner than uproot their families and cause their wives to lose whatever work they may be engaged on, the men will walk to their distant labour, remaining away the whole week, and only returning home for Sunday. Many a quarryman will rise long before the sun on Monday morning, and tramp his ten or twelve miles across the hills in the dim light of the coming dawn to reach the engine-house and quarry levels by half-past six, preparatory to a hard day's work. During the week they lodge in the village with the cottagers, who, of course, are all quarrymen like themselves. The landlord who built the cottages intended that each family should have a four-roomed tenement to itself, in order that due regard might be paid to decency, but the custom of the country has been too much for him. Most of the cottages, especially the newer ones, had out-houses built at the far end

of the garden, but these are all diverted from their proper use, and turned into pigsties, as being at once more useful and more profitable. The opportunity, too, for making a little money easily was not to be lost, and so the family are all crowded together into one or two rooms, and the rest of the cottage is let out to the lodgers from a distance. A little cottage bedroom, intended for two sleepers at the utmost, is made to accommodate four sturdy quarrymen. In each corner of the room is a pallet bed, and each man has his corner, performing his toilet, when he sees fit to do so, in the kitchen or back-yard. On Saturday the week's work ceases at midday, and the weekly lodger tramps off to his wife and children, having lived nearly all the week on tea and bread, and at the expense of one shilling per week for his corner of a bedroom. After work on weekdays many of the quarrymen are to be found sitting round the old oak tables in the kitchens of the inns, drinking a *curry*, or glass of beer, discussing points of interest to themselves, or comparing "bargains" and quarries. As the evening draws on they sing Welsh songs, and compose airs for the competition at the next Eisteddfod. The knowledge of music possessed by the roughest quarrymen is something marvellous; they nearly all read music at sight, and many have a good understanding of thorough-bass.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday the village seems transformed; no more labourers grimed with slate-dust are to be seen, but the place is crowded with men in black broadcloth, or, in the case of the younger men, in tourist suits. Some of them, for the most part the fathers of families, wear high silk hats, but otherwise the billycock is universal. When the quarryman is not at work he does all he can to give himself a complete change of occupation. He washes himself, and puts on his best clothes, and as, during the week his labour is hard and muscle-forming, he eschews cricket, football, and other athletics, and prefers to pass his time leaning with three or four companions over a fence, gazing up the valley, or at the hills opposite. As a rule he smokes, but often only twiddles an unlit pipe in his hands. He does not care to talk; a word or two now and then exchanged with the man next him suffices to break the monotony of gazing across the fields, discussions and conversations being left for the kitchen of the village inn. On Sunday he varies his contemplation over the fence by church or chapel-going in the morning, and by walking along the tram-line in the afternoon.

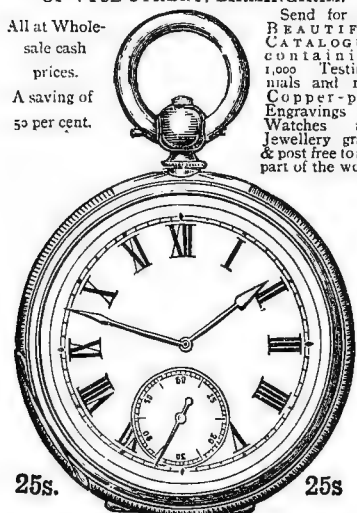
The slate-trade is only just beginning to recover from the general depression, and wages are still low, 4*l.* or 5*l.* a month being fair average earnings for a skilled quarryman. A few years ago, when business was inflated, men earned 15*l.* or 16*l.* a month, but *curry* and smart clothes, added to the invincible delight the Welsh find in burials, fairs, and travelling shows, have left all but the wisest and most provident, who are now the wealthy men of the community, as poor as ever they were.

J. W. P.

**A NEW STAR ATLAS.**—An important addition has recently been made to the number of existing Guides to the Heavens in the shape of a series of thirty-six charts of the constellations from the North Pole to between 35 deg. and 40 deg. south declination. It has been compiled by Mr. Arthur Cottam, F.R.A.S., with the assistance of Mr. Kenneth J. Tarrant, and has been published in a convenient portfolio by Mr. Edward Stanford. The charts show, on a sufficiently large scale (30 by 22 inches), all naked-eye stars, or those down to 6½ magnitude. Variable stars are indicated by means of larger and smaller discs, showing the maximum and minimum in each case. For all those in the Northern Hemisphere who desire by means of the telescope to become more and more thoroughly acquainted with the wonders of the heavens, this series of charts will be invaluable.

### THE MIDLAND COUNTIES' WATCH AND JEWELLERY COMPANY, OF VYSE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

All at Wholesale prices. A saving of 50 per cent.



GENTLEMEN'S FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25*s.*  
LADIES' FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25*s.*  
YOUTH'S FINE SILVER, Flat Crystal Glass, 25*s.*  
LADIES' GOLD LEVERS, chased cases, 70*s.*  
Cheques or P.O.O. to Mr. A. PERCY, London Office and Show Room: 15, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (Mansion House End).

### A New Diversion

FOR PROFIT OR PLEASURE  
150 Imported LOVELY AFRICAN FLOWERS  
Also UNOLIAS, SILVERLEAF GOLDEN GLORY, &c., together with materials for converting same into numerous Bouquets, Wreaths, Vase, and pretty Home Decorations. The whole for Two Shillings. Free per Parcel Post. Address—FLORAL DEPARTMENT, GLOBE CHEMICAL CO., 336, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

### THE CAMEL FOUNTAIN PENS

BALL-POINTED

Constructed to hold a supply of ink sufficient for writing a whole letter with one dip.

In 1/- Boxes of 18.

The "CAMEL" Pocket Penholder, in vulcanite—price 1*s.* Invaluable to business men.

Box of assorted FOUNTAIN PENS with "CAMEL" PENHOLDER for 2*s.* of all Stationers, or post free from,

ORMISTON & GLASS, EDINBURGH.



### LAYETTES.

HAND MADE IN THE BEST STYLE, £12, £25, £47, £63. £3 3 0

Layettees for India, £22, £31

Handsome Christening Robes and Cloaks, Babies Frocks, trimmed real lace, &c. Goods sent on approval with prices plainly marked, on receipt of reference or deposit.

Full Price List of Trouseaux, Layettes, Registered Swanbill Corsets and Belts sent post free.

ADDLEY BOURNE 174 Sloane Street, Belgravia.



### CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

(EXTRA-CONCENTRATED).

The fragrant, delicious, and universally popular new perfume of the

Crown Perfumery Co.

"A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness, and lasting quality."—*Court Journal.*

MADE ONLY BY THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,

177, NEW BOND STREET, W.

JAMES'S DEPILATORY instantly

Removes Superfluous Hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without Injury to the Skin. Of most Chemists, 1*s.* 6*d.* or sent with directions free from observations, post free, 15 stamps.—Mrs. H.R. JAMES,

86, Caledonian Road, London, N.

### WORTH ET CIE, ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

UNDER ROYAL

PATRONAGE

"ART STEPS IN

WHEN NATURE FAILS."



CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2*l.* to 10 guineas.

CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Complaints, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision.

SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea.

Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application.

134, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.

### NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER

What will Restore the Hair of Youth? NUDA VERITAS—NAKED TRUTH.



For twenty-two years I have never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair either in youth or age. It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent and perfectly harmless. In cases res. of all Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars on application. Wholesale Agents: R. HOVEN-DEN and SON, 31 and 32, Berners Street, W.

### BEAUTIFUL TATTOOING, made by POOR GENTLEWOMEN.

Four yards for 18 stamps. Patterns sent. Also POINT LACE, Real Modern Spanish, Honiton, Irish knitted, Plain Sewing done. Fancy Work for Bazaars. Lace altered, mended, and cleaned. Orders earnestly solicited. Established 1869.—Address, Mrs. GREEN, 22, Delancey Street, Gloucester Gate, London, N.W.



### CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NURSERY LAMP FOOD-WARMERS.

With New Registered Pannikin.

By their peculiar construction—the glass chimney conducting and concentrating heat to the bottom of the water vessel—they give a larger amount of light and heat than can be obtained in any other lamp of the same class. Without smoke or smell.

Clarke's New Registered Pannikin.

By this invention any liquid food can be poured out or drunk without scum or grease passing through the spout, and prevents spilling when poured into a feeding bottle, so unavoidable with all other Pannikins. The Pannikins will fit all the old "Pyramid" Nursery Lamps, and can be purchased separately.

Clarke's "Pyramid" Night Lights and "Fairy Pyramid" Night Lights

Are the best in the world, and the only suitable ones for burning in the above, and for lighting passages, lobbies, &c. Sold everywhere.

Price of Lamps, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, and 6*s.* each. If any difficulty in obtaining them, write to CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" and "FAIRY" LIGHT COMPANY, LIMITED, Cricklewood, London, N.W., for nearest Agent's address.



BY THE USE OF THE

### CHAMPION ICE MACHINE

No. 1 size, as shown above, £8 8

No. 2 size, £12 0

Can be obtained from Ironmongers, &c.

or from Sole Licensees,

PULSOMETER ENG. CO., 63, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

Ask for List Number F.

### BY SPECIAL ROYAL APPOINTMENT

### SPEARMAN'S SERGES.

WINTER WEAR.

No Article worn for Ladies Dresses or SPEARMAN'S SERGES in general undresses are worn in

ROYAL NAVY BLUES & WOODED BLACKS.

all plain Colours, and a variety of FANCY WEARS.

INGS. Prices, 1*s.*, 1*s.* 3*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 9*d.*, 2*s.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 4*s.*, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 5*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 8*s.*, 8*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.*, 9*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, 11*s.*, 11*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.*, 12*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.*, 13*s.* 6*d.*, 14*s.*, 14*s.* 6*d.*, 15*s.*, 15*s.* 6*d.*, 16*s.*, 16*s.* 6*d.*, 17*s.*, 17*s.* 6*d.*, 18*s.*, 18*s.* 6*d.*, 19*s.*, 19*s.* 6*d.*, 20*s.*, 20*s.* 6*d.*, 21*s.*, 21*s.* 6*d.*, 22*s.*, 22*s.* 6*d.*, 23*s.*, 23*s.* 6*d.*, 24*s.*, 24*s.* 6*d.*, 25*s.*, 25*s.* 6*d.*, 26*s.*, 26*s.* 6*d.*, 27*s.*, 27*s.* 6*d.*, 28*s.*, 28*s.* 6*d.*, 29*s.*, 29*s.* 6*d.*, 30*s.*, 30*s.* 6*d.*, 31*s.*, 31*s.* 6*d.*, 32*s.*, 32*s.* 6*d.*, 33*s.*, 33*s.* 6*d.*, 34*s.*, 34*s.* 6*d.*, 35*s.*, 35*s.* 6*d.*, 36*s.*, 36*s.* 6*d.*, 37*s.*, 37*s.* 6*d.*, 38*s.*, 38*s.* 6*d.*, 39*s.*, 39*s.* 6*d.*, 40*s.*, 40*s.* 6*d.*, 41*s.*, 41*s.* 6*d.*, 42*s.*, 42*s.* 6*d.*, 43*s.*, 43*s.* 6*d.*, 44*s.*, 44*s.* 6*d.*, 45*s.*, 45*s.* 6*d.*, 46*s.*, 46*s.* 6*d.*, 47*s.*, 47*s.* 6*d.*, 48*s.*, 48*s.* 6*d.*, 49*s.*, 49*s.* 6*d.*, 50*s.*, 50*s.* 6*d.*, 51*s.*, 51*s.* 6*d.*, 52*s.*, 52*s.* 6*d.*, 53*s.*, 53*s.* 6*d.*, 54*s.*, 54*s.* 6*d.*, 55*s.*, 55*s.* 6*d.*, 56*s.*, 56*s.* 6*d.*, 57*s.*, 57*s.* 6*d.*, 58*s.*, 58*s.* 6*d.*, 59*s.*, 59*s.* 6*d.*, 60*s.*, 60*s.* 6*d.*, 61*s.*, 61*s.* 6*d.*, 62*s.*, 62*s.* 6*d.*, 63*s.*, 63*s.* 6*d.*, 64*s.*, 64*s.* 6*d.*, 65*s.*, 65*s.* 6*d.*, 66*s.*, 66*s.* 6*d.*, 67*s.*, 67*s.* 6*d.*, 68*s.*, 68*s.* 6*d.*, 69*s.*, 69*s.* 6*d.*, 70*s.*, 70*s.* 6*d.*, 71*s.*, 71*s.* 6*d.*, 72*s.*, 72*s.* 6*d.*, 73*s.*, 73*s.* 6*d.*, 74*s.*, 74*s.* 6*d.*, 75*s.*, 75*s.* 6*d.*, 76*s.*, 76*s.* 6*d.*, 77*s.*, 77*s.* 6*d.*, 78*s.*, 78*s.* 6*d.*, 79*s.*, 79*s.* 6*d.*, 80*s.*, 80*s.* 6*d.*, 81*s.*, 81*s.* 6*d.*, 82*s.*, 82*s.* 6*d.*, 83*s.*, 83*s.* 6*d.*, 84*s.*, 84*s.* 6*d.*, 85*s.*, 85*s.* 6*d.*, 86*s.*, 86*s.* 6*d.*, 87*s.*, 87*s.* 6*d.*, 88*s.*, 88*s.* 6*d.*, 89*s.*, 89*s.* 6*d.*, 90*s.*, 90*s.* 6*d.*, 91*s.*, 91*s.* 6*d.*, 92*s.*, 92*s.* 6*d.*, 93*s.*, 93*s.* 6*d.*, 94*s.*, 94*s.* 6*d.*, 95*s.*, 95*s.* 6*d.*, 96*s.*, 96*s.* 6*d.*, 97*s.*, 97*s.* 6*d.*, 98*s.*, 98*s.* 6*d.*, 99*s.*, 99*s.* 6*d.*, 100*s.*, 100*s.* 6*d.*

they are most useful. Very excellent quality of manufacture for Gentlemen's Suits and Boys' wear. Price, 5*s.* 6*d.*, from 2*s.* 6*d.* the yard. Pay and for patterns direct to

SPEARMAN'S, PLYMOUTH,

who cut any length and supply Ladies and Gentlemen and Families direct.

SPEARMAN & SPEARMAN, PLYMOUTH.

N.B.—By special arrangement made to take orders for the carriage of all parcels in Great Britain and Ireland.

Export freights at low rates.

This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—Is made in a minute.

Allen & Hanbury's

Infants' Food

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

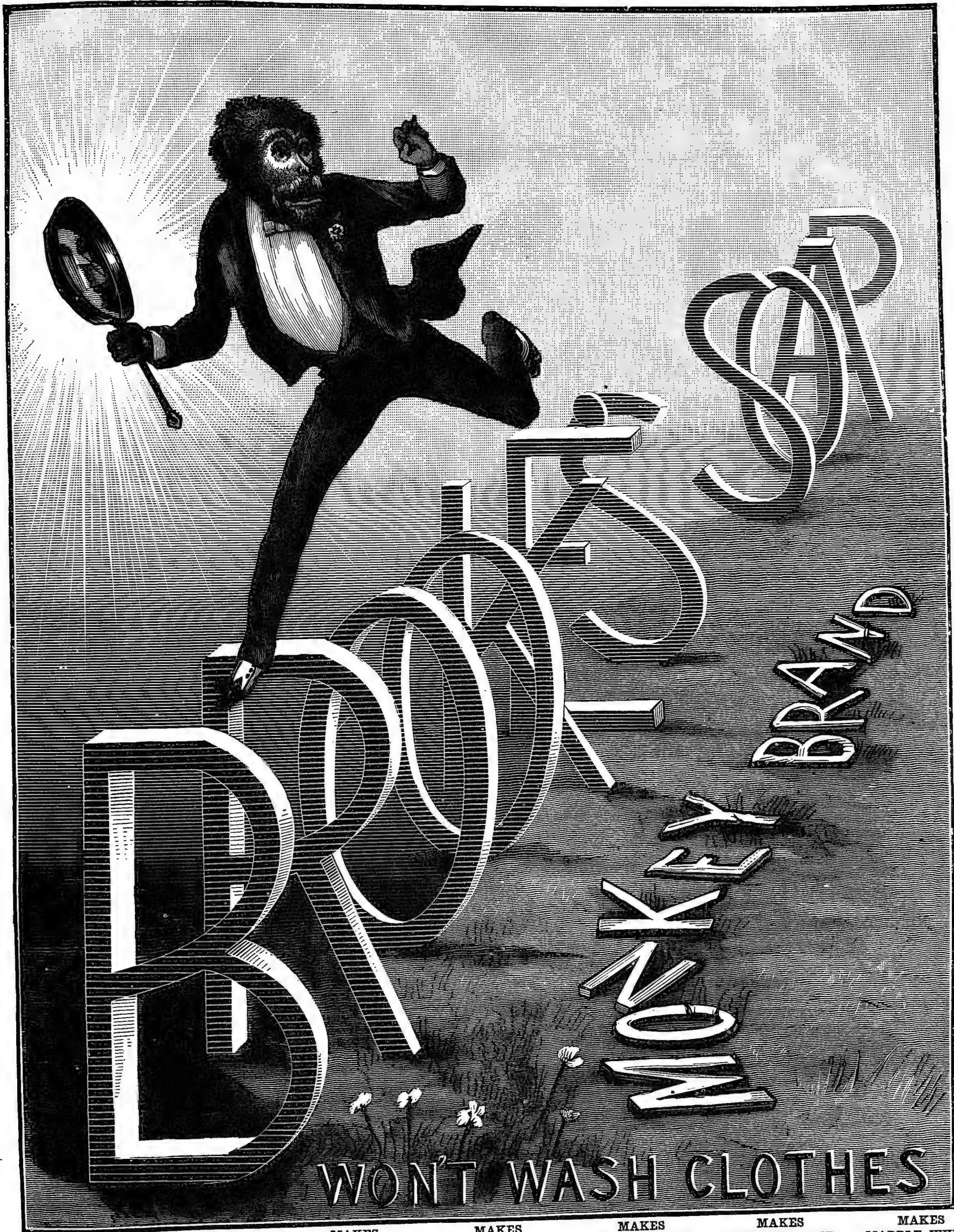
Medical testimony and full directions accompany each Tin.

Price, 6*d.*, 1*s.*, 2*s.*, 5*s.*, & 10*s.* everywhere.

IMPORTANT CAUTION.

As a protection against Counterfeits, so that each Tin bears ALLEN & HANBURY'S Name.





DO NOT WASH CLOTHES

MAKES  
COPPER LIKE  
GOLD  
MAKES  
TIN LIKE  
SILVER

MAKES  
BRASSWARE  
LIKE MIRRORS  
MAKES  
CROCKERY LIKE  
MARBLE

MAKES  
SPOTLESS  
EARTHENWARE  
WILL  
DO A DAY'S WORK  
IN AN HOUR

MAKES  
SPRING-CLEANING  
EASY  
MAKES  
BRIGHT  
FIRE-IRONS

MAKES  
SHINING POTS  
AND PANS  
MAKES  
SPARKLING  
GLASSWARE

MAKES  
WINDOWS LIKE  
CRYSTAL  
MAKES  
POLISHED  
STAIR RODS

MAKES  
MARBLE WHITE  
CLEANS, SCOURS,  
BRIGHTENS,  
POLISHES  
EVERYTHING

Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, and Chemists. If not obtainable, send 4d. in stamps for full-size Bar, Free by Post, or for 1s. three Bars (mentioning The Graphic) to

**BENJAMIN BROOKE AND COMPANY,**  
36 to 40, York Road, King's Cross, London, N.





**THE SEASON** is forward. The work on the farm is not often so well advanced at the beginning of November as it is to-day. The present promise is of an unusually early curtailing of the wages bill by the reduction of the list of labourers to a winter minimum. Should this reduction at the end of a mild November prove coincident with a change to wintry weather in December, the outlook for the farmer would, indeed, be favourable, but the distress among the agricultural labourers would be severe. Wages even now range only from twelve to sixteen shillings in the Shires, and from ten to twelve will be the winter average. It is not wonderful that the toward movement of population continues, especially when we see Dock labourers strongly supported by public opinion for refusing to take anything under 4s. a day. Moreover, the dockers' hours, eight to the day, are shorter than those of the agricultural labourer, and the exposure is less. A slight set-off is to be found in the Allotment movement, which is fixing the better class of labourers to the land. The work on the farm now consists of carting and rising roots, of planting cabbages, drilling in autumn grain, including rye to be cut green for stock, also cleaning the stubbles, hedgerows, and coppices, and burning up the debris of the year. In the garden asters still survive, owing to the mild October, and a few single dahlias remain to gladden us with the delicate variety and beauty of colour which in this, more than in any other flower, the botanist has been able to attain. Chrysanthemums equal the single dahlia in many tones of colour, but not in the reds. Growers of the Japanese flower, however, are now achieving a success which puts even colour triumphs into the shade. The scented chrysanthemums which this autumn has produced vary in odour; but the sweetness without cloying which has already been obtained is very great, resembling that of the delicate Persian rose, with a slight addition of some aromatic element. The heavy scent of the gardenia, hyacinth, and lily is not even suggested.

**WHEAT.**—The average production of wheat in the United Kingdom during the last five years has been 9,297,322 qrs., the average of the thirty-two years previous (for which we have reliable data) being 12,485,369 qrs. This serious decline is due entirely to the fall in the area under wheat cultivation. This fall is from an average area of 3,681,153 acres to 2,539,489 acres, and much more than merely effaces the good effect of an increase in the mean productivity of the land per acre from 27 to 34 bushels. This latter increase is of itself sufficient to vindicate the British grower from the charge of declining skill. In no other country does the average come so high as in the United Kingdom by 5½ bushels—the average of New Zealand being only 24 bushels, and of Canada (new land) almost the same; while the old lands of Canada yield only 12 to 16 bushels, and in Australia even less is obtained.

**FOREIGN COMPETITION** has sent 1,142,000 acres of wheat-land out of cultivation since 1873. The imports of breadstuffs—which in the thirty-two years 1852-84 were on an average 9,761,894 qrs.—were, for the five years 1885-9, 17,623,342 qrs.; and, for the year 1890, Sir John Lawes estimates that imports of 18,838,416 qrs. will be required. Consumption has risen in the same period from 21,203,818 qrs. to 26,206,435 qrs.; but while our increased dependence on the foreigner has been augmented to the extent of five million quarters, our use of foreign wheat has been increased to the extent of eight millions. This gives us the exact measure of false economics, the five millions more imported being the legitimate, the three millions the illegitimate, extension of our indebtedness to foreign sources. Farmers appear this autumn to be sowing wheat

over much the usual area; but "the stream of tendency" seems, on the figures of thirty-seven years, to show that wheat cultivation is a declining industry within these islands.

**SIR JOHN LAWES**, whose estimate of wheat imports we have already quoted, has quite startled the agricultural community by his low estimate of this year's home yield. The estimate of an average crop in the United Kingdom taken by Sir John is 28 bushels, this being, as we understand, on a period of forty years. It will be seen to be a low average, 1¼ bushel below that to which the past five years have accustomed us. It is, therefore, a matter of real surprise to find the wheat crop of 1889, which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred assumed to be a full average, assessed at 28 bushels only, or, at the weight of 61 lbs. to the bushel, at even less. Sir John Lawes is inclined to think that his estimates are this year rather pessimistic, but he evidently thinks also that the pessimism will prove justifiable, and, therefore, he cannot "make any direct numerical correction" on figures which give the yield of wheat for 1889 at 8,733,725 qrs. of 61 lbs. to the bushel, or 8,887,700 Statute quarters of 480 lbs. to the quarter. This is nearly a million quarters under the estimates of the leading agricultural journals.

**FARMYARD MANURE** seems to have been the most useful stimulant to grain production in 1889. The weather, rainfall, and other causes co-operating with the influence of fertilisers are very difficult to trace in their action, as combined with that of the artificial additions to the soil, but it is evident that the conditions of 1889 have been extremely favourable to that very numerous class of farmers, whose reliance for field-manures is on their own stock. Land well manured with farm-dung has yielded 40½ bushels to the acre, against an average of 34 bushels for land artificially manured, and of from 28 to 30 bushels for the whole country. On the other hand guano, nitrates, and salts of ammonia have not fertilised the land to the extent which they usually do. The disappointment is about two bushels on the acre. As to nitrate of soda, it has not raised the average yield at all this year, though in years which suit its application it will increase the yield by four to eight bushels on the acre.

**THE ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** have done good service in the autumn Show of seed-corn, recently held under their auspices at Colchester. Special prizes of good value were offered for the best samples of an excellent old-fashioned white wheat grown over a large area of Essex and Suffolk—the Rough Chaff. The winning sample of this weighed 63 lbs. to the bushel, and is understood to have been sold for 40s. per qr. There were several other sorts shown, but the display was not so large as we should have expected to find, from the great wheat-growing reputation of this part of England. The whole question of good seed is a vital one. A small Society with the motto of "One Sale" has existed for a great many years, with the supply of guaranteed seed to its members as a principal *raison d'être*. Farmers, however, for the most part either select for themselves from their own growing, or else send to one of the big advertising seedsmen. The latter treat them well, and supply fine seed, but their charges are enormous—80s. per qr. for seed-wheat, the same for seed-barley, and 72s. per qr. for seed-oats.

**THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY** ought to be flourishing. Gloucestershire is a great agricultural county. It is the chief wheat-growing county west of the Thames and Trent. It is noted for its dairy farming, for its cheeses, its sheep, and its swine. Good herds of Herefords, of Jerseys, and of Shorthorns thrive within its confines, while it has excellent sea-way for exports, and a first-rate market for produce at Bristol. How is it then that the County Society languishes, and can barely pay its way? Why have four successive Shows resulted in loss? They have not all had bad weather. The reasons suggested for the present state of things are diverse, but the principal seems to be the large expenditure of prize money on the exhibits of "specialists"—as an agricultural journal politely calls them—"pot-hunters," as we believe the sporting world would say. It is

true that the whole system on which our agricultural societies are conducted should be overhauled, for the proposal to wind up the Gloucestershire Society has simply brought to a head in that district a state of affairs known to exist in a number of other counties.

#### MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY

WITH the exception of Sir Frederick Leighton's "Sybil" and "Girls Playing at Ball," which were seen at the Academy this year, nearly all the best works in Messrs. Tooth's Exhibition are of moderate size. The smallest of them, M. Meissonier's recently finished "Le Liseur," though wanting vitality, shows mastery in its treatment of light and colour, and its firm expressiveness of touch. In a picture of semi-savage life—on a smaller scale than anything we have seen by him—the Serbian painter P. Joanowitz has depicted with a great deal of dramatic power the anger and indignation of a man seated in a tavern at the very complacent way in which a comely serving-maid receives the attentions of the other guests. Every head is life-like, and the attitude of every figure natural and expressive. M. W. Bouguereau's poetical composition "The First Whisper of Love," representing a young girl seated in an attitude of classic grace, and listening with childish wonder to the whisperings of a winged Cupid, though not very novel in subject, is an excellent example of his cultivated style. Among the landscapes Mr. Peter Graham's "A Mountain Torrent" is the most surprising, and in many ways the best. Whilst evidently a faithful rendering of the scene under a particular atmospheric influence, it is stronger, and at the same time more restrained in style, more poetical in feeling, and more impressive than anything we remember to have seen by him. Mr. W. L. Wyllie's spacious landscape "Harvest Time" is as suggestive of moving atmosphere and daylight as any of his sea-coast or river scenes. Landscape and figures are artistically combined in the adjoining picture "Hay-Time," by M. Léon Lhermitte; who also sends a charming little study of a rustic child "Returning from the Fields." The other very small works include two views in Venice, by A. Pasini; a capital sketch of a little Dutch girl, by Artz; and two strikingly characteristic and elaborately finished pictures of Oriental life, by A. Ferrari.

#### MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY

ALTHOUGH Sir John Millais's large "Afternoon Tea," which was intended to form the most important feature in Mr. McLean's Exhibition, is disappointing, several of the smaller pictures, especially those by foreign artists, well deserve attention. Of two Egyptian pictures by Ch. Wilda, both showing a very great advance on his previous work, "The Courtyard of Ablutions at the Mosque of Mahomet Bey" is perhaps the better. The numerous figures, variously engaged, are true types of Oriental character, natural and expressive in their gestures, and admirably grouped. The picture is full of carefully considered detail, and, though each individual fact is rendered with rare imitative skill and completeness, every part bears its right relative value to the rest. An excellent example of M. V. Chevillard's remarkable skill in depicting the humorous side of French clerical life is to be seen in "A Critical Moment," showing a *curé* trying to photograph a group of restless acolytes. Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's small picture of "A Royal Stag," suffused with mist; M. Harlamoff's picturesque interior of "A Breton Cottage," with figures indistinctly seen in the gathering gloom; and Mr. H. Moore's vigorous study of a stormy sea "Off the Isle of Wight," are excellent in their various ways. Sir John Millais's picture, hanging at the end of the gallery, looks well from a distance by reason of its well-balanced composition, its skilful arrangement of light and shade, and its broad and vigorous handling. On closer examination, however, it is seen that the three quaintly-attired little girls seated in a garden have not the charmingly child-like character and expression which he has so often succeeded in rendering. The attitudes of two of them are constrained, and their faces inanimate. The best of the other English pictures in the collection have been exhibited before.

BY HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

## DOLLIE DAISIE DIMPLE

And Her Trunk of Smart Clothes.

ALL TO TAKE ON AND OFF.

Pretty Frocks in brilliant Colours and Hats in the latest Fashions, to suit all occasions and all seasons. PETTICOATS, BODICES, TIPPETS, SKIRTS, APRONS, CORSETS, and a great variety of UNDERCLOTHING—all to take on and off, and many other pretty things, only to be found in a properly appointed Dolly's outfit, together with a little Book, all about Miss Dimple's Birthday and early History, Beautiful Designs and Colours. The Dress Materials are of durable, highly-glazed cloth.

SAMPLE OF MANY THOUSANDS OF UN-SOLICITED TESTIMONIALS:—

FERN LODGE, HERNE BAY, KENT.  
DEAR SIR,  
I am very glad to see that you have issued more of your charming Toys. "The Dimples" I ordered from you some time ago gave universal satisfaction. Please to send the Toys in a package. A P.O. for 3s. 8d. is enclosed.

Yours faithfully,  
T. DAWSON  
(Captain).  
All Testimonials published we guarantee to prove authentic, under a penalty of £50 to a hospital.

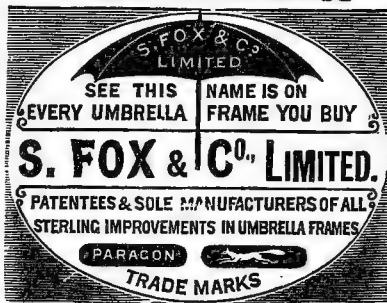
PRICE ONE SHILLING.

3d. EXTRA BY PARCEL POST. BY POSTAL ORDER PREFERRED, OR BY CASH. Telegrams to "DIMPLES—LONDON."

THE ENGLISH TOY MFG. COMPANY, LTD., 5, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

A Beautifully Illuminated Toy Book (12 pages), large size, containing many Coloured Illustrations for the Children, sent for 1d. stamp. Money willingly returned if any dissatisfaction.

### UMBRELLAS.



**SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited**, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased stability and greater neatness to the Umbrella.

**SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited**, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames, and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION



**CAMOMILE PILLS**  
Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for

**INDIGESTION.**

See Testimonial, selected from hundreds:—  
CROYDON, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same."

"J. WILKINSON."

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines  
SOLD EVERYWHERE, price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., & 11s.

### TIME-CHECKING MACHINES

FOR ALL PURPOSES  
ABSOLUTE ACCURACY.

GREAT ECONOMY.

CHECKS OVERTIME WORKED.



"A 3" Class for Workmen.

INDICATING, COUNTING, AND CLOCKWORK  
MECHANISM A SPECIALITY.

EXPERIMENTAL WORK FOR INVENTORS UNDERTAKEN.

PATENT BUSINESS TRANSACTED BY  
W. M. LLEWELLYN, C.E.

LLEWELLYN MACHINE CO., BRISTOL



Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING the SKIN ever produced. It soon renders it Soft, Smooth, and White. Entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c., and preserves the SKIN from the effects of SUN, WINDS, and HARD WATER more effectively than any other preparation. No Lady who values her Complexion should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING.  
Bottles, 1s., 2s., 6d., of all Chemists.  
Free for 1d. extra of the Sole Makers—  
**M. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists,**  
CHELTENHAM.



**MESSRS. HUNT AND ROSKELL**

(Late STORR AND MORTIMER),

**MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS AND JEWELLERS TO HER MAJESTY.**

Respectfully solicit an inspection of their magnificent Stock of the finest Brilliant and Gem Ornaments, Pearl Necklaces, unique Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, Catseyes, &c., selected with the renowned judgment of the firm at the closest market values, also Second-hand Diamond and Pearl Work at very low prices. Massive Silver and Gold Plate, both New and Second-hand, for Presentation and Household purposes.

A large variety of pretty and inexpensive articles in Silver Plate and Jewellery for Christmas and Wedding Presents.

ARTICLES SENT FOR INSPECTION.

156, NEW BOND STREET, W.,

Manufactory: 26, HARRISON STREET, GRAY'S INN ROAD.

ESTABLISHED IN THE LAST CENTURY.

# YOUR CLOTHES WILL LAST LONGER

WITH the old adulterated soaps clothes wear out quicker than lightning. The "SUNLIGHT SOAP" takes the dirt out without injuring the finest material.

# YOUR BUTTONS WILL STAY ON

FOR by using the "SUNLIGHT" SOAP the old process of dollying is unnecessary, and thus the buttons are not torn off or broken.

**TO STOUT PEOPLE.**

Sunday Times says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to ERADICATE, to CURE the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes DOES NOT LOWER, BUT BUILDS UP AND TONES THE SYSTEM." Book (128 pages), with recipes and notes how to pleasantly and rapidly cure OBESITY (average reduction in first week is 5 lbs.), post free 8 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store St., Bedford Sq., London, W.C.



SILVER MEDAL HEALTH EXHIBITION.  
**HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN** Gold Medals, Paris, 1878  
Est. 1818. **CHERRY BRANDY.** London, 1885  
9 Prize Medals. **PETER F. HEERING, BRANDY.**  
PURVEYOR BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURTS, AND H.R.H THE PRINCE OF WALES.



Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY AT ALL AGES.

**SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.****DR. EDGAR SHEPPARD,***Professor of Psycholog. Med., King's College.*

"Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil has the rare excellence of being well borne and assimilated by stomachs which reject the ordinary Oils."

**DR. SINCLAIR COGHILL,***Phys. Hosp. for Consumption, Ventnor.*

"In Tubercular and the various forms of Strumous Disease, Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil possesses greater therapeutic efficacy than any other Cod Liver Oil with which I am acquainted."

**DR. PROSSER JAMES.***Lecturer on Mat. Med., London Hospital.*

"Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested."

**DR. THOMAS NEDLEY,***Phys. to the Lord-Lieut. of Ireland.*

"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach, is Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by all Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNEES—

**ANSAR, HARFORD & CO., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.**  
CAUTION—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

# Yes! Yes! Yes! SALT REGAL

Is the purest and ONLY Antiseptic Saline in the Market absolutely FREE from all injurious ingredients whatsoever.

Extract from A. NORMAN TATE'S Report.

"There is an element in this compound not found in other compounded effervescent Salines that I have examined; and this is not only a novelty, but will, I have no doubt, add much to the efficacy of Salt Regal."

"The ingredients used are free from impurities and injurious substances, and the results of their admixture is a very satisfactory preparation."

A. N. TATE, F.I.C., F.C.S., Analyst.

A supply of Salt Regal should be kept in Every Nursery, Every Bedroom, Every Family Medicine Cupboard, Every Hotel, Every Institution, and Every Traveller's Trunk—All the World Over.

Say NO, emphatically, to all old-fashioned worn-out Salines, and all Counterfeits of Salt Regal.

# IRISH LINEN COLLARS.

4/6, 5/6, 6/6 each. Unshrinkable Flannel Shirts, 4/6 and 5/6 each. FISH NAPKINS, 2/5 and 3/5 per doz. DINNER NAPKINS, 4/6 and 5/6 per doz.

# IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS.

Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/9 each. REAL IRISH LINEN SHEETING, fully bleached, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yd. Surplice Linen, 7d per yd. Huckaback TOWELS, 4/6 per dozen.

# IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.

Ladies' Size, 2/3 per doz.; Hemstitched, 2/11 per doz.; Gents' Size, 3/6 per doz.; Hemstitched, 4/11 per doz.

IRISH TWEEDS. All Pure Wool unsurpassed for Strength, Durability, and Style. New Patterns now ready 27 inches wide, 1/10½, 2/6, and 3/6 per yard.

ALL PARCELS SENT CARRIAGE PAID. SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS FREE TO ALL PARTS.

G. R. HUTTON & CO. LARNE, BELFAST.

# HIERATICA—THE ANCIENT WRITING PAPER OF THE PRIESTS.

A PARCHMENT PAPER AT MODERATE PRICE. Hard and Smooth Surface, delightful to write upon.

For Private Correspondence, 5 quires, Note size, 1s.

Court Envelopes, 1s. per 100.

Thin, for Foreign correspondence, ruled, 5 quires, 1s.

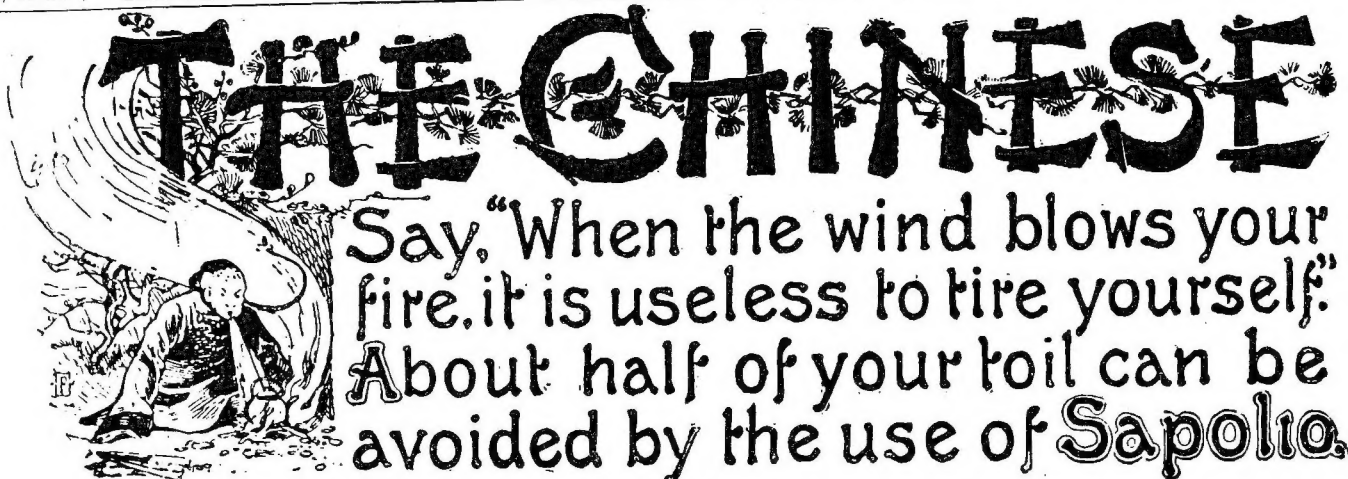
For Sermons, Ruled or Plain, 5 quires, 1s. 6d.

Each Sheet bears the Water-mark, "Hieratica."

Reject Imitations. Insist on having "Hieratica."

Of all Stationers, or send stamps to HEIRATICA WORKS, 68, Upper Thames St., London.

Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.



Say, "When the wind blows your fire, it is useless to tire yourself." About half of your toil can be avoided by the use of Sapolio.

**TEN GOOD USES FOR SAPOLIO.**

1. To Clean Bicycles.
2. To Scour Kettles.
3. To Polish Knives.
4. To Remove Rust.

5. To Renew Oil-Cloth.
6. To Wash out Sinks.
7. To Brighten Metals.

8. To Renovate Painted Work.
9. To Clean Dishes.
10. To Scour Bath-tubs.



## AMONG THE STUDENTS AT HEIDELBERG

SPENDING my holidays this year at Heidelberg, I made the acquaintance of its students through casually strolling one evening into a beer saloon which I found given up to members of the University. On discovering my mistake I apologised for the intrusion, and explained that I was an Englishman ignorant of local usages. Not only was the explanation accepted, but I was invited to remain, and join them as their boon companion. The invitation was gladly assented to, and courtesies were interchanged. Heidelberg students seem to pride themselves on their chivalrous bearing towards foreigners. Certainly nothing could have surpassed the cordiality of my reception. In less than five minutes I was made to feel as much at home as if I had known these good-natured fellows all my life. A beaker of foaming Münchner beer was called for, and my health drunk with musical honours, performed in first-rate style. No mere "Hoch" or "For he's a jolly good fellow," but an orchestra of some half-a-dozen musicians, stationed at one end of the hall, struck up some lively air in which the students freely joined. As quickly as one could say:—"Eins, zwei, drei; Salamanderei," glasses were drained, and a pretty, pert barmaid, named Bertha, was called to replenish them. Most people know that the Heidelberg students are divided into five corps, distinguished by the colours of their caps. The whites are the Prussians, the greens the Westphalians, red denotes Vandals, blue Rhinelanders, and yellow Suabians. The only students in the saloon at the time were the Rhinelanders, whose guest I accordingly was, and they were dispersed about three tables. Presently, however, Bertha came in to announce that another corps—the Whites—wished to enter. So the Blues concentrated themselves at two adjoining tables, leaving the third free for the newcomers. The proceeding puzzled me a little, as I was not aware of the etiquette observed among the students. Since then I have learnt that the customs at Heidelberg and other Universities are most stringent. The members of different corps never fraternise, but quite ignore each other when they meet in public. I, being a guest of the Blues, would have offended my entertainers if I had spoken to the Whites, or remained at the table assigned to them.

It was now my part to return the compliment which had been paid to me. So I mustered sufficient German to make it understood that I was drinking to the health of the Rhenania corps. The toast was, of course, received with enthusiasm, and more beer was called for. Then followed, in my honour, the health of Queen Victoria, which was replied to by my giving the toast of the German Kaiser. All this occupied but a short while, and I soon began to feel that I was out of my element. At the best of times (that is to say, even when I am in Germany, where the beer is weak, and the example of well-brought-up young ladies sitting in public places, with their tumblers of Pilsener in front of their knitting, proves infectious and encouraging to Englishmen) I am but a poor beer-drinker. There is a hall at Königs-winter, on the Rhine, inscribed with the following witty epigram anent the wondrous imbibing powers of the Germans:—

Die alten Deutschen am Ufer des Rheins,  
Sie tranken immer noch eins,  
Und menschenheils das Vorletzte.

—which a friend has thus rendered into anapestic measure:—

Germans ever of old, where the Rhine's waters run,  
Had their glass; 'twas not water, but always 'twas one.  
And in this it was queer, that, if drunk slow or fast,  
It was always the one that preceded the last.

And such seemed to be the humour of my pleasant friends. For my own part, I would have preferred to make my one flagon subserve the duties of the entire evening. But the laws of hospitality are inexorable, and I was informed that it was not considered polite

to drink less than half a tumbler at each draught. So, like a bad player who is reluctantly playing for higher stakes than he can afford, I tried to cut my visit short. This was far from easy. So warmly was I pressed to stay that I had to think of some excuse for getting away. I pleaded an appointment, which my neighbour, who understood English, mischievously translated to the others "a rendezvous." Of course there was loud laughing at my expense, but I was suffered to depart, having previously obtained permission from the captain of the Rhinelanders to witness some University duelling on the following morning. The orchestra again struck up in my honour, caps were taken off, and the whole corps rose as I made my adieus. A couple of them even accompanied me as far as the street, expressed the hope that I was satisfied with the welcome extended to me, and bade me farewell with the most deferential politeness.

On the following morning, punctually at nine o'clock, I wended my way to the well-known students' inn in the Hirschgasse—a narrow turning by the water-side. It may seem strange that though duels are regularly fought here twice a week, to the number of about 250 a year, they are not legal, and render those who take part in them liable to imprisonment. The proceedings are therefore invested with a certain amount of secrecy. The rooms upstairs in which they take place are carefully locked, the general public are excluded, and they are supposed to be kept from the knowledge of the police. Having sent up my name, I was admitted into a long room which served as an antechamber to the duelling-room. The duels at the Hirschgasse have been so vividly depicted by Mark Twain in his "Tramp Abroad," and the institution of University duelling has been so well described in "Greifenstein" and Motley's "Correspondence," that little is left to be added. But an object never produces exactly the same impression on two different people. Each observer sees things with his own eyes, and notes features which others overlook. The duels that I saw were certainly not the cushion affairs they are said to be. On the other hand, they were not as sanguinary, nor did they last as long, as those referred to in the "Tramp Abroad." About five minutes appeared to be the limit of each encounter, and this was long enough to allow of some awful gashes being given and received. With the same deference that my hosts had shown the previous night, all the students made way for me, that I might enjoy a good view of the combat. As before, I had some difficulty in resisting their well-meant attentions, and mounted a chair at the further end of the room. Truth to tell, my courage failed me even before the contest began. The combatants presented a ghastly spectacle as they entered the room, leaning on the arms of "novices." They were gloved, and padded, and wadded, covered in front with a large blood-stained leather apron, and protected around the eyes by awful-looking iron goggles. After an elaborate series of salutations between those who presided over the function, the word of command was given by one of the seconds, who shrieked at the top of his voice, *Auf die Messur*. Hostilities then commenced. Rapiers gleamed and clashed as if they would cut one another in twain, and the clang of steel continued amidst breathless excitement until a red seam began to trickle down the face of one of the combatants. Forthwith the seconds cried "Halt," and knocked the contending swords up with their own. The hair of the duellers was smoothed back, wounds were examined and stanchied, and the contest was resumed until the seconds again intervened. When the fight is over, a rush is made for the antechamber, where the surgeon is in readiness to dress the wounds. This attracts almost as much attention as the fight itself, so that I am again pressed to get a good view of "so interesting" a performance. However, not being a surgeon, nor having any idea of embracing that noble profession, I cannot affect to be edified by witnessing surgical operations. So I again decline, assuring my hosts that I

can see very well from a distance. By the time the wounds are dressed, another pair are ready for duel number two, and there is a rush for the duelling-chamber.

Like Mark Twain before me, I could not help admiring the Spartan fortitude which the combatants displayed, for it must be confessed that these fine fellows behaved throughout with perfect equanimity. Bleeding and slashing, ripping and sewing, all were endured without the slightest sign of pain. I was informed that these encounters are intended to develop the animal courage of the students, and there can be no doubt that, if this be their object, it is completely attained. Besides, German students do not indulge in cricket, football, tennis, boating, or any of our ordinary college games, so that with them duelling takes the place of our English sports. Perhaps, as the Germans are a nation of soldiers, the substitute is not a bad one, from a German point of view. We, however, as a nation of shopkeepers, find that field-games and water-pastimes furnish a more suitable training for our youth.

There were eight duels on the programme that morning, but two were as many as I cared to witness. So I shortly took my leave—again amidst a marked exhibition of politeness—musing, as I descended the staircase, upon the strange combination of refined breeding and repulsive barbarism which the manners of the Heidelberg students presented. Every member of a corps is expected (so I was given to understand) to fight not less than twelve duels during his stay at the University. The narrow coloured ribbon slung across the breast denotes that the wearer has gained a certain number of victories at duelling. Indeed, the impression made upon strangers is that students divide their whole time between duelling and drinking. You scarcely ever see a student abroad whose face is not either bandaged and plastered, or tattooed with duel marks; and, unless he is driving or walking, he is sure to be boozing. One student in particular, whom I came across, took my attention. His right cheek presented the appearance of having been ruled from mouth to ear with four parallel crimson lines. And such is the force of public opinion, that the men are proud of their disfigurements, and the women share their feelings. Say to a German lady:—"So-and-so is very handsome, what a pity he is gashed!" and she will reply:—"Indeed, I don't agree with you, I think his good looks are enhanced by his wounds." Such being the sanguinary proclivities of the fair sex, it is, perhaps, hardly surprising that students have been known deliberately to tear open a wound that was mending too well. And nearly all of them retard the healing process by the excessive quantities of liquor they imbibe. Let me conclude this notice with the following brief anecdote. Said a Dutchman once to a sage professor, speaking of the habits of the German student:—"C'est le reste du barbarisme." To which the professor aptly replied:—"Non c'est le barbarisme même."

B. Y.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE SPIRIT WORLD are to be minutely studied by a special Swiss Society, whose members will shut themselves up in a monastery on a mountain above Locarno, on Lake Maggiore, to pursue their investigations quite undisturbed. A Company has been formed to provide the money and make all arrangements for the "Fraternitas" Association.

ICE OFTEN CARRIES INFECTION, particularly the seeds of typhoid fever, according to a Paris doctor's report to the French Committee of Public Health. Now that ice is so much used in illness, people rarely inquire whence it comes, yet it may be brought straight from contaminated ponds or rivers, and may prove quite as dangerous in transmitting infection as impure water. The doctor recommends that only artificial ice, made from boiled water, should be given to sick people.

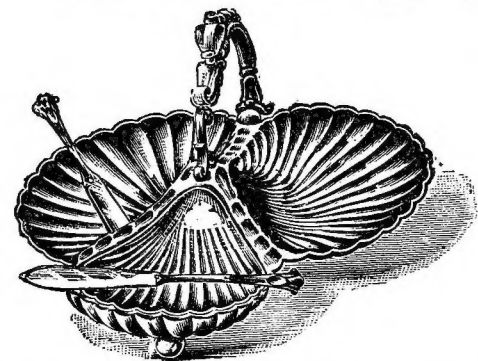
BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, MR. EPPS has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

# EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

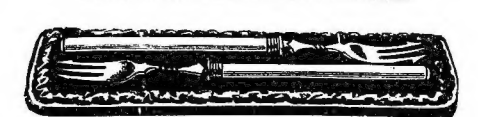
a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

## MAPPIN & WEBB'S

## SILVER PLATE.



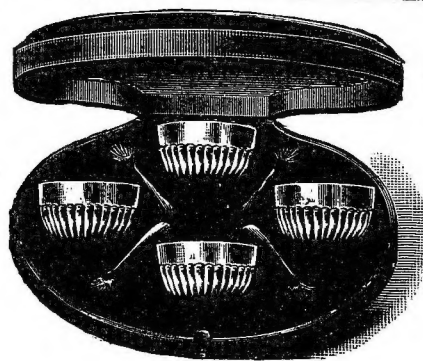
Richly Fluted Biscuit, Butter, and Cheese Stand, 2 Compartments Gilt, and glass lining to Butter. Heavily Plated, 42 5s. Two XVII Century Knives, 5s. the two extra.



Pair of Pickle Forks, Ivory Handles, in Best Morocco Case, Sterling Silver, 41 3s.; Electro Silver, 15s.



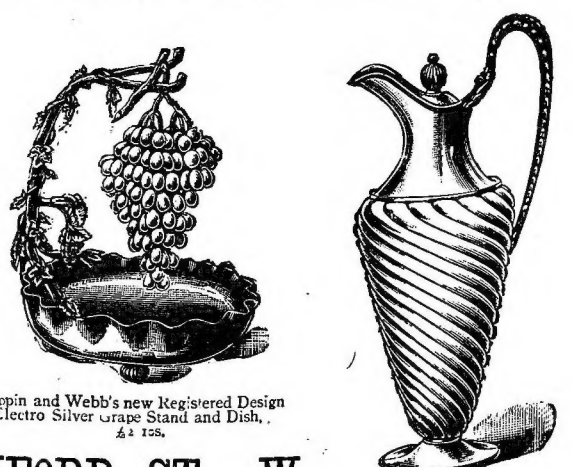
Queen Anne Kettle, with Spirit Lamp and Stand complete, richly engraved, as illustrated. 2-pint, 46 15s.; 3-pint, 47 5s.



Sterling Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons. Case of 4, 44 6, 55 15s.

Goods forwarded on approval to all parts of the country.

ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUES  
POST FREE.



Mappin and Webb's new Registered Design Electro Silver Grape Stand and Dish, 44 15s.

Solid Silver Claret Jug, gilt inside, 41 18s. od.

OXFORD ST., W.  
AND  
POULTRY, E.C., LONDON.  
Manufactory: Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, SHEFFIELD.



# "IVY" SOAP

## FLOATS ON WATER

Mistress Mary  
(quite contrary),  
How does the  
washing go;  
With dainty lace,  
and pillow-case,  
And dresses  
all in a row?  
Their whiteness surely shames the snow  
Twas "IVY" Soap that made them so!



"IVY" Soap cannot possibly  
be lost when in use. It  
FLOATS in the Washtub! It  
FLOATS in the Bath! It  
FLOATS in the Wash-bowl!  
and FLOATS away with all  
Stains and Dirt from the  
Clothes.

IT IS A LUXURY FOR  
THE CHILDREN'S BATH.  
A Washtub without "IVY" Soap is like a  
Home without a Mother.

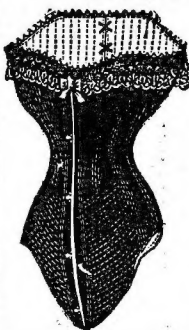
Already acknowledged to be  
**THE FINEST  
LAUNDRY SOAP**  
in the World.

A SAMPLE CAKE will be sent, POST FREE, on re-  
ceipt of Address. If there be any difficulty in obtaining  
"IVY" Soap we will send a Large Cake on receipt of 4  
Stamps, or 3 Cakes for 12 Stamps—POST FREE.

Sole Makers:  
**GOODWIN BROS.,  
MANCHESTER.**

## THE DUCHESS

(THOMAS'S PATENT).



Is constructed on a grace-  
ful model for the present  
style of dress, the shape  
being permanently re-  
tained by a series of nar-  
row whalebones placed  
diagonally across the  
front, gradually curving  
in, and contracting the  
Corset at the bottom of  
the bust, whereby the  
size of the figure is re-  
duced, the outline im-  
proved, a permanent sup-  
port afforded, and a  
fashionable and elegant  
appearance secured.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,  
YOUNG, CARTER, AND  
OVERALL,  
117 and 118, WOOD ST.

## ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.



**'TWIXT PLATE  
AND LIP**, or the  
Common Sense of Eating,  
with which is incorporated  
the 12th Edition of  
ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS,  
with notes on  
COOKING, MASTICA-  
TION,  
PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGES-  
TION,  
REMARKABLE CASES  
OF INDIGESTION,  
GLOSSARY of MEDICAL TERMS, &c.  
Post Free One Stamp from the Publisher,  
45, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

**Allen & Hanburys'**  
**A Castor Oil**  
Tasteless. Pure. Active.  
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/.

## AT HOME and ABROAD

ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS  
INSURED AGAINST BY THE  
RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE Co.  
Annual Income £248,000. Compensation already  
paid, £2,600,000.  
Moderate Premiums—Favourable Conditions—New  
Concessions.  
West End Office: 8, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS,  
W.C. Head Office: 64, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.  
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

## HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT

Is a CERTAIN REMEDY  
For the CURE OF  
BAD LEGS, OLD WOUNDS, SORES & ULCERS  
For BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,  
GOUT, RHEUMATISM, GLANDULAR  
SWELLINGS.

And all Skin Diseases, it has no equal.

HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR  
PIPE, engraved or plain, in leather-  
covered case. Free by Parcel post,  
in United Kingdom for 3s. 6d.—A.  
W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edg-  
mont St., Birmingham  
Wholesale  
Manufacture of To-  
baccoist's Fancy Goods. Illustrated Catalogue Free

**BILLIARDS or  
BAGATELLES!** All  
those requiring New or Second-  
hand Tables, Requisites, or  
Billiard work done, should be-  
fore going elsewhere, send for new  
Price List, Cloth and Cushion  
Samples to HENNING BROS.,  
29, High Street, Bloomsbury,  
London, W.C. Estd. 1862.

**DR. J. COLLIS  
BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE**  
DR. J. C. BROWNE (late  
Army Medical Staff) discovered  
a remedy to denote which he coined  
the word CHLORODYNE. Dr. Browne  
is the sole inventor, and it is there-  
fore evident that, as he has never published  
the formula, anything else sold under  
the name of CHLORODYNE must be  
a piracy.

**ALL ATTEMPTS AT  
ANALYSIS** have failed to dis-  
cover its composition.

**DR. J. COLLIS  
BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE**  
is the great specific for

**CHOLERA,  
DYSENTERY,  
DIARRHŒA.**

"Earl Russell communicated to the  
College of Physicians that he had received  
a despatch from her Majesty's Consul at  
Manila to the effect that Cholera had been  
raging fearfully, and that the ONLY  
Remedy of any Service was CHLORO-  
DYNE."—See *Lancet*, December 31, 1889

**THE GENERAL BOARD OF  
HEALTH**, London, reports that it acts  
as a charm, one dose generally sufficient.  
**FROM THE VICEROY'S Chemists,**  
Simla, January 5, 1880.

J. T. DAVENPORT, London.  
Dear Sir, We congratulate you upon  
the wide-spread reputation this justly  
esteemed medicine has earned for itself  
not only in Hindostan, but all over the  
East. As a remedy of general utility, we  
much question whether a better is im-  
ported into the country, and we shall be  
glad to hear of its finding a place in every  
Anglo-Indian home. The other brands,  
we are happy to say, are now relegated to  
the native bazaars, and judging from their  
sale, we fancy their sojourn there will be  
but evanescent. We could multiply in-  
stances ad infinitum of the extraordinary  
efficacy of Dr. Collis Browne's Chloro-  
dyne in Diarrhœa and Dysentery, Spasms,  
Cramps, Neuralgia, and as a general seda-  
tive, that have occurred under our per-  
sonal observation during many years. In  
Choleraic Diarrhœa, and even in the more  
terrible forms of cholera itself, we have  
witnessed its surprisingly controlling  
power. We have never used any other  
form of this medicine than Collis  
Browne's, from a firm conviction that it  
is decidedly the best, and also from a sense  
of duty we owe to the profession and the  
public, as we are of opinion that the sub-  
stitution of any other than Collis  
Browne's is a deliberate breach of faith  
on the part of the chemist to prescriber  
and patient alike.

We are, Sir, faithfully yours  
SYMES and CO.,  
Members of the Pharm. Society of Great Britain.  
His Excellency the Viceroy's Chemists.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE**—Vice-Chancellor Sir  
W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court  
that Dr. J. Collis Browne was un-  
doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne,  
that the whole story of the defendant  
Freeman was deliberately untrue, and he  
regretted to say that it had been sworn to  
—See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE**

is a Liquid Medicine which assuages  
pain of every kind, affords a calm  
and refreshing sleep WITHOUT  
HEADACHE, and invigorates the  
Nervous System when exhausted.

**COLDS,  
BRONCHITIS,  
COUGHS, ASTHMA.**

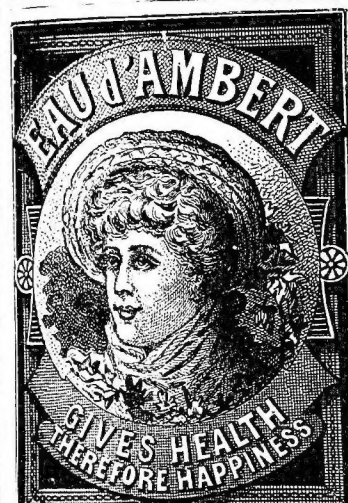
**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE** most effectually  
relieves those often fatal diseases  
CROUP and DIPHTHERIA.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S  
CHLORODYNE**

Rapidly cuts short all attacks of  
**EPILEPSY, PALPITATION,  
SPASMS, HYSTERIA, COLIC,  
AND IS THE TRUE PALIATIVE IN  
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,  
GOUT, CANCER, TOOTHACHE.**  
**IMPORTANT CAUTION.**  
Every Bottle of genuine CHLORO-  
DYNE bears on the Government Stamp the  
name of the

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.**  
Sold in Bottles 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d.  
J. T. DAVENPORT,  
33, Great Russell Street, W.C., Sole Manufacturers.

**WHAT TO GIVE for a PRESENT?**  
—Few Art manufactures offer such a large  
assortment of articles combining novelty and beauty,  
and of such use, as CHINA and GLASS, and fewer  
of such much for so little! Special list on appli-  
cation.  
ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill,  
London E.C.4.



THERE IS NO QUACKERY ABOUT THIS.  
EAU D'AMBERT is prepared according to the  
French Pharmacopœia, under scientific su-  
pervision, and has just gained a  
**PRIZE MEDAL**

at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, granted by the  
Jury of Experts as a valuable and effective  
remedy for  
**INDIGESTION, SPASMS,**

**BILIOUS HEADACHES, and  
ALL STOMACH DISORDERS.**  
It is guaranteed to give IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Numerous testimonials on application. Of all  
Chemists.

**EAU D'AMBERT CO.,**  
32, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON.

1/4 an 1/2 9d. per bottle.  
Great Preservative against Low Fevers

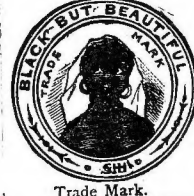
**NERVE FORCE**  
ACTUALLY RE-CREATED  
Without any build continuous currents of Electric-  
ity—unperceptibly generated by simply wearing one of  
HARNES'S  
**ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.**  
Scriptures call and see them scientifically tested  
and persons report the thousands of unsolicited  
Testimonials received from the grateful multitude who  
have been permanently restored to health by this natural,  
simple, and powerful means of cure. 5,000 Comple-  
mentary Testimonials. Pamphlet and Advice free,  
on application to the  
Medical Battery Company, Ltd., at their  
Electro-pathic and Zander Institute,  
52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.  
(Corner of Rathbone Place.)  
All communications must be addressed strictly private,  
and should be addressed to the  
President, Mr. C. B. HARNES.

**Bouillon Fleet**  
PURE BEEF AND NOTHING BUT BEEF.  
FOR BEEF TEA A delicious Cup can be made with the addition  
of Boiling Water only.  
**SOUPS** (Made in the shortest possible time without the  
aid of Butcher's Meat.)  
**GRAVIES Enriched.**  
Sold everywhere in Bottles. Greatly Improved.  
(no Stockpot Wanted).  
Ask for the Book, "A FEW PRACTICAL COOKERY RECIPES."



**TRELOAR'S CARPET CIRCULAR.**  
Giving Prices, Particulars, and Coloured Illustrations of Floor Coverings, post free on application  
**TRELOAR & SON, 66, 69, & 70, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.**

**S. & H. HARRIS'S  
EBONITE BLACKING**  
(WATERPROOF)  
FOR BOOTS and  
SHOES.  
ASK FOR IT.  
Does not injure the leather.  
Requires no brushing.  
The Best in the market.  
Sold by all Shoe-  
makers, Grocers, &c.  
MANUFACTORY—  
LONDON, E.



**THROAT and COUGH.**  
Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation  
inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these  
symptoms use EPPS'S GLYCERINE JUBBERS.  
In contact with the glands the moment they are  
excited by the act of sucking, the glycerine in these  
agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold  
in boxes, 7d., and tins, 1s. 11d., labelled "JAMES  
EPPS and CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

**HAIR DESTROYER** for superfluous  
Hair on the face, 3s. 6d. Sent, secretly packed,  
50 stamps. Complexion Pills, 2s. 6d. Golden Hair Wash,  
2s. 6d.—ALEX. ROSS, 21, Lamb's Conduit St., London

**GREGORY'S PATENT INVISIBLE  
HAIR CURLER.**  
The most perfect ever inven-  
ded. The best and cheapest.  
Made in all shades to match  
the hair. Soft and pliable.  
Simple in construction. Will  
not break the hair or hurt the  
head. Thousands of Testi-  
monials. 6 Curlers in hand-  
some Metal Case, 6d. OF ALL  
HAIR DRESSERS & DEALERS.  
Wholesale—51, Firth Street,  
Soho, London, W.

"EXCELLENT—OF GREAT VALUE." *Lancet*, June 15, 1889.

CONCENTRATED  
**PEPTONIZED  
COCOA**  
AND MILK  
(Patent).  
**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.**

GOLD  
MEDALS,  
1884, 1886.  
DELICIOUS  
FLAVOUR.  
MOST  
NUTRITIOUS.  
REQUIRING  
NO  
DIGESTIVE  
EFFORT.

TINS,  
1s. 6d. & 2s. 6d.  
OBTAINABLE  
EVERYWHERE.  
FOR  
INVALIDS.  
DELICATE  
CHILDREN.  
AND ALL  
OF WEAK  
DIGESTION



# BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

*"A Great Luxury"*



## CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS!!

CLEVER COOKS can add to their list of dishes the preparation of choice dainties for the dinner and supper table by consulting the pages of a little book entitled "Pastry and Sweets," given to all cooks sending their addresses to Alfred Bird and Sons, Birmingham. Every lady and housekeeper in the land should have "Pastry and Sweets" handy for reference. There is nothing to pay, and the book will be forwarded by return of post, free to any address. Dainties in endless variety can be made from Bird's Custard Powder—the choicest dishes and the richest custard without eggs. A Sixpenny Packet will produce Three Pints of Choice Delicious Custard, a Shilling Packet Seven Pints. Sold Everywhere. Original Recipes are given away with every Packet of Bird's Custard Powder.

N.B.—GROCERS CAN HAVE COPIES OF "PASTRY AND SWEETS" FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THEIR CUSTOMERS ON APPLICATION.